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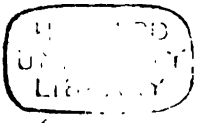

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CHAPTER I.

Louise sapped.—Suspicions.—Lectures on virginity with live illustrations.—Drugged for inspection.—Camille's hesitation.—Absents herself.—The house in G..d.n Sq..e.—Baudy prints.—A feel, a sniff and a kiss.—Out shopping.—Garters.—Dinner and after.

I went to work to get into Louise, having no compunctions, it seemed to me the most natural thing in the world. I had read about the naughtiness of seduction, but my associates had taught me, that every girl wanted fucking, and was longing secretly for it, high, or low, rich or poor, it was the same. As to servants, and women of the humbler class, that they all took cock on the quiet, and were proud of having a gentleman to cover them. Such was the opinion of men in my class of life and of my age. My experience with my mother's servants corroborated it; and so to get into Louise seemed both natural and proper.

I suppose there is but one way ordinarily of beginning with a woman. A man must first make himself agreeable, then successively familiar, endearing, coaxing, loose, bold, baudy, determined, then if needs be fierce, or even violent. This order comes naturally to man cunt-hunting, and ends in fucking. It does not follow that if the early stages pass easily, that the last shall ensure success. Occasionally the woman is scared, put on her guard against herself, and the man, and the chance is lost.

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This course had become familiar to me at home, and I began. No person in the house except Camille and Madame Boileau spoke French; there was no other to speak at all, so my conversation was acceptable. At the end of a week I had kissed her to her contentment. No strong, healthy woman of eighteen is otherwise than gratified by the kisses of a young man. Money I knew now told much, and I gave to her who had never perhaps had five shillings to call her own. She gave me a kiss in the dark passage, I hugged her and pushed outside at her cunt, she ran upstairs angry, but had forgot it the next day.

Looking at her and longing used to make me randy, then if near, Camille's cunt got the benefit of it. The girl used to eye us when we went into the bed-room. She had a quarrel with her mistress, and said she should go home. Camille said she might; but speaking only French, and without money, how could she? Just then, through change of climate and living, she fell ill.

We were very kind to her. I got her everything. When asleep one day, Camille partly uncovered her, and showed me her limbs naked; they were so fine, and so excited me, that but for Camille, I think I should have ravished her. She soon got well, and I said, that if I did not soon have her, I should cease seeing her. "Who hindered?" Camille asked. There she was, I might have her.

Then I had a suspicious fit. All the old Major had told me about fellows being sold, and taken in by women who were not virgins came to my mind. The girl was never out but for a few minutes at a time to fetch things, yet other men saw Camille, and some

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might have seen and had the girl. Camille had once taken her out in a cab; she might have been to some man's. So I said I would not give the money unless I saw her virgin cunt first. After a day or two, Camille agreed to it if I would give her ten pounds down, and would swear never to disclose it to the girl.

I thought still I was to be fooled, so I called upon my old schoolfellow, who used to say, "Snatch at her cunt, and show her your cucumber." He had been one at the frigging match, and had just been appointed assistant-surgeon at a hospital; he was a bachelor and baudy-minded as ever. "M. . .", said I, "have you ever seen a virginity?" "Many", he replied, "I have dissected them, and if girls have anything the matter with their wombs, or cunts, we get a look, they don't mind a doctor. If a girl has piles, I make her turn up, and have opened several fine women's virgin cunts, asking questions all the while, if they feel this or feel that. They say yes or no, which of course I knew they would say, but they think I am very clever for asking. Some like a young doctor's fingers on their privates, though they say they object. Assistants only get the chance with the poor, the better classes have older married men."

I asked him to explain one to me on a woman, and he did. We went home with the same women; they were astonished, for instead of pulling our pricks out, we both merely felt and looked at them, and he gave me a full lecture. It was an odd sight to see him explaining the situation of a virginity, I holding a candle to see better. One of the girls roared with laughter, the others fancied they had some ailments, when they found out he was a doctor, and he gave them advice.

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I don't mean ailments of their cunts. We did not fuck either of the women.

From reading, his descriptions, his sketches and what he pointed out on three different cunts, I felt satisfied that I should know a virgin, and told Camille what I had done. She was then good enough to point out to me on her own cunt, where her virginity had been, as far as she could recollect it. She was quite sure about Louise, and explained that girls being with their parents in France were well watched; that the loose pricks about a town were all taken by the married women,—which I did not believe.

One night I was to see it, I waited for a signal from a window, of two lights, rushed across the road and was let in by Camille. We went into Louise's bedroom. There the girl lay in her night-dress on the bed, insensible. "We must be quick", said Camille. Then she threw the girl's clothes rapidly up above her naval, gently pulled apart her legs, and held open the lips of the girl's cunt. It was such as had been described to me. My excitement was fearful. She was a splendid limbed woman, looked twenty-five instead of eighteen years old. Her cunt-hair jet-black, crisp and thick as on a negress' head, grew up her mens and down besides the lips. The vermillion stripe in the midst of it was enough to drive any man mad. I put out my hand to touch it, but Camille pulled it back. "No, no", she said in a suppressed voice, "you must go, you promised me." "Let me fuck then." "No, go at once." She pulled me towards the door, the girl was breathing heavily. Wild with lust, I pulled out my prick. "Come away, you promised, she must see neither of us." "One look more then." Again Camille opened the cunt-lips.

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As she did so, Louise gave a groan, and turned round on one side opening her eyes wide. Camille blew out the light, and pulled me into the sitting-room. "You must go", she said. I wanted to fuck her, but she would not let me.

I met a woman in Regent street, it was raining hard. Much as I still hesitated at going with strange, gay women, I went home with her, threw her down with her clothes on. The instant I saw her cunt, and almost before I could get my prick out I spent over her bum and thighs. She remarked, "You did want it, and no mistake." I left, got down to the Italian Opera. Crowds of women walked under the Colonade, they often then wore low dresses walking. I went to a baudy house with one, and fucked her thinking of the black-haired motte and lips between the thighs of the unconscious Louise.

I never knew what Camille had given the girl. She said she had made her drunk with champagne. Louise on a subsequent day said she had got drunk with champagne, but she never knew that I had seen her on that night. I believe that something else had been given to her to make her insensible. There was a convulsive movement in her body as she turned round; her limbs before she did so seemed dead, her breathing resembled a groan, her breast heaved distressingly, she opened her eyes, but saw nothing. The more I reflected, the less I understood the agitation of Camille, who usually was so calm.

I had seen the girl's virgin cunt, and recollect the look of pussy, belly, thighs, and slit. The cunt-hole as I held the candle near it seemed to be covered, excepting a little perforation just big enough to put a little

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finger through, corresponding with my surgical friend's description; yet I seemed to have less recollection of it than of all the rest of her body. It was confused, strange, like the remains of a dream on my mind. So much had suspicion taken possession of me, that I was by no means now sure I was not being done. I paid Camille the ten pounds. When she had got them, she said she expected the fifty pounds all the same, that the cunt inspection was a preliminary she had not bargained for. I thought I was being cheated, and said so. We had a row, but such a fool was I, so much desire had I to get into this girl,—simply because she was a virgin,—that at last I agreed to it.

The girl could not get up the next day. I saw her in her bed by myself; she said she had been ill through eating something, and had had champagne. I caressed her, and in spite of her struggles, got my hands on her breasts and half-way down her belly, spoke baudy, pulled out my prick, was repulsed, and gave her a sovereign. Camille came back and I fucked her. I recollect telling Camille, that there was a wonderful likeness in face, colour of hair, eyes, limbs, and even in cunt, between her and her servant. Camille laughed and said, the two families had always been thought to be much alike, and were related.

Louise became inquisitive about my intimacy with Camille. "Was I her lover? Was I fond of her?" "Yes I had been, but was not now." "Why did I come there?" "To see you, my dear."

When Louise first arrived Camille was particular in not exposing her own legs or breast to me. Before that she used in warm weather to be with naked breasts, a chemise and slippers often being her only

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garments. Now she got into slipshot dressing again, and began to talk baudy. She had told Louise how she got her living, and talked about making money by fucking, so she told me; but she would not let me take any liberties with her before Louise. She went out leaving me alone with her, taking my money when she returned. It is a wonder to me now how I stood all this, felt I was being humbugged, played with, and yet things went on as I describe. Three weeks had elapsed, or more, and yet I had never felt Louise's cunt. So I told Camille she was humbugging me. Louise got funny in her behaviour to Camille, said she would or wouldn't, and one day they had a quarrel, in which Louise insolently remarked about something she wanted, that Camille would do well not to show the point of her nose in the village any more. When alone I said to Camille, I was not to have the girl I supposed. Who hindered me? "Help me." "How?" Being in a blackguard humour I said, "Make her drunk, and then I will have her." No, it should never be said that that happened in her rooms; if a woman let a man of her own free will, well and good; if he got into her fair and square, good; a woman might do what she liked, —it was natural to have a man;—if Louise liked it, it was not her business; but she would not have her made drunk.

I said she was always in the way. She said she must live there. "You would like me to go out of town for a fortnight." Said I, "That is the best thing you can do." She said she could not.

I insisted, and at length she agreed to go for ten days, I paying her I think fifteen pounds for her lodgings. Off she went, and I dare say went to a friend's

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close by, I never knew. She said she was sorry she had brought the girl to London. Louise was not to know that I was aware of her departure. The last words she said to me were, "I suppose when you have her you will leave me." I replied I had no such intention, nor had I; but a gay woman is a good judge of the future.

I must now describe the lodgings more closely. The ground-floor was occupied by a cloth merchant; there was no shop, but in the windows were some bales of cloth, a brass name-plate was on the inner door, the top of the house was the cloth-dealer's store. The man was rarely in England, the entrance to the shop from the hall was always locked, and I never saw more than one man enter it.

The first floor Camille had. On the second floor was a grumpy old woman named Boileau; she took charge of the house. I scarcely ever saw the old woman excepting when she opened the door, and then she neither spoke or looked at me. Until Louise came, Camille had had a French servant. Some years afterwards it turned out that the woolen shop was used by the foreigners for forging foreign notes; the cloth business was but a mask. Camille had been there two years.

Off Camille went. That same day I was at the house. Madame, Louise said, had gone for ten days into the country, and had left word that no one was to be let in. I went upstairs saying I should come when I liked, that as Camille had gone, we could do as we liked. She looked hard at me.

"I expect Madame has gone off with some man," said I, "she will get a good lot of fucking." She had heard me talking baudy, and knew that word in Eng-

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lish and French. Then we had breakfast together, and I made love to her.

Louise was as vain as a peacock, and excessively fond of her stomach. When she had a glass of champagne, she used to swallow it as fast as she could. This weakness and inclination in any woman places her at the mercy of a man who will spend his money; and though I did not then see the advantages of money as plainly as I see it now, I instinctively used it.

"This is jolly", said I, "we will go and have dinner, then go to the theatre, do what we like afterwards." Her eyes sparkled, but she feared to go, for "Madame was such a demon when offended." "Who would know? The people in the house would not know what we did", I replied.

It was yet only mid-day. "Nobody can interrupt us, let's have luncheon here, I will get the wine. A french restaurateur sent in a hot luncheon. I fetched champagne, then bethought myself of something which had not occurred to me before.

Camille had as said a big album full of voluptuous pictures. When she went to fetch Louise I asked her to leave it with me till her return. She said, "I will pawn it to you for ten pounds." I lent that sum. Since her return she had not asked for it, maybe thinking I would ask for my ten pounds. I knew now well the effect of baudy pictures in exciting lust, so I fetched it. We had luncheon and champagne, she laughed, talked, objected to sit down with me, but at last was thoroughly at home with me, and for the first time talked freely of her mistress, whom she feared. She disclosed a deal of simplicity and a very great deal of

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vulgarity, for she was an utter vulgar peasant girl; but I didn't mind anything to get up her cunt.

Good living heats the body and stimulates randiness; there is fifty times as much danger in leaving a young couple together with their stomachs full of good food, than when they are empty. A gentle heat, a sense of fullness, a gentle swelling, creeps up the stem of the man's prick, the knob feels tender and voluptuous; a gentle moisture distills in the woman's cunt, heat and an alloverish feeling, from clitoris to arsehole overcomes her. Both are then ready for fucking, and only restrained from going at it by various social reasons, which determine our actions in every-day life. Such was our state when kissing and laughing we put away the things. Then we sat side by side on the sofa, with my arm round her waist.

I produced the book, which I had brought with me. I recollected how, pouring over it with Sarah or Susan, the pictures in my "Fanny Hill" used to throw them into a state of randiness which it was left me to appease. Susan used to say, that she only had to look at the pictures for a minute, to make her want "to forget herself." I took the book out of the paper; it was a large square book, which immediately attracted her attention. "What is that?" she asked. "Pictures." "Oh! show me." "Come on then." She sat on my knee, I put my left arm round her waist. "Give me a kiss." She gave it. "Now let me look." I had placed my right hand on her thigh outside her clothes, and was thinking, what a nice chance I had for throwing her back on the sofa, but I opened the first page. It was a fine, large coloured print (how well I remember it) of a bed-room. On the bed knelt two young women

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side by side, their petticoats thrown over their backs, and showing their backsides to their waists. Close by stood a middle-aged woman looking at them; through the door were the heads of two men peeping at the posterings, lust was on their faces. One of the girls had a much fatter bum than the other, both cunts were visible, the hair of one black, the other, light. It was a bet as to who had the handsomest posterior, the woman to decide was saying, "Marie a gagne, ell a la plus vonde et la plus belle."

Louise gave a loud "oh!" as if taken by surprise, her face changed blood-red, she turned the cover over and burst into a fit of laughter, tried to get away from me, but I held her fast, so she put her head over my shoulder and laughed, I laughing with her. "You have as nice a bum as the dark one", said I. "There is nothing more like that, look through it." I opened the book again; under her eyes was a picture of a woman undressed, laying at the edge of the bed, her legs open, her middle finger on her cunt; by her side a man with trowsers down, his prick out stiff and crimson-tipped, one hand on the woman's thigh, and intensely looking at her cunt.

"I want to do that with you", I said. "Fi done! c'est villain", said she, and pushed the book violently away. It fell on the floor, and at the same instant she attempted to rise. I held her tightly, and pulling her back on to the big sofa, her legs flying up, I threw up her clothes in front, showing her fine pair of thighs, and the next minute I had my mouth and nose buried in the hair, kissing and sniffing it, my hands roving about wherever I could feel warm flesh.

With a shriek,—then another,—she twisted round

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(in doing so my nose rubbed on her clitoris), her petticoats fell down, she got across the room to her bedroom, and bolted the door.

I stood shouting, "What a beautiful form, what thighs, how dark the hair on your cunt, how lovely my nose has rubbed on it; let me see it again, let me fuck you, have pity on me." All that suggested itself to a man whose prick was ready to discharge in his breeches did I say, but fruitlessly, she made no reply. I went back to the sofa and considered what to do. Soon I heard her moving, crept to the door, and heard the rattle of piddle. "You're piddling out of that dear cunt", said I, "how I wish I could feel it." The rattle stopped, and again I went back to the sofa.

I had told her that I would take her out, and called to her to get ready, she never answered. A few minutes afterwards I wanted to shit; it was needful to go down-stairs into a yard. Thought I, "If she hears me go down she will come out;—ah! if she does, there is the book, I wonder if she will look at it. I opened it at a picture she had not seen, tearing up little bits of newspaper, I placed them between adjoining pages, so that if opened the bits must fall out, then said, "I am going downstairs; if you won't go out, I will go without you."

I stayed at the shit-house some time, went up quietly, and heard her door close as I went up the stairs. When I entered the room I looked at the book; it was just as I had placed it, but two of the bits of paper had dropped out. "Louise, Louise, you have been looking at the book." "You lie", said she quickly. "You have, I put bits of paper in, and they have fallen out, so you must have." "I have not", said she.

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"I wanted to take you to see the shops, to the theatre, if you won't answer I shall go alone, and dine alone." "I shan't come then." "Don't", said I in a huff, then went to Camille's bed-room and washed. "I am going, will you come? In another minute I shall be gone without you".

"Will you promise not to be mechant" (the French term). "I have not been wicked", said I. She was yielding; I knew she was wild to go out with me. "Will you promise to leave off talking so." "Not for ever; how can I when I have seen what I have." "I have no boots, only my thick shoes." "Come in those." "Camille has left a pair they are too big, and there is a hole in them." But it ended in her putting them on. Dressed, she looked an odd mixture of a peasant and a servant, who had got on some of her mistress' things. I was ashamed to walk out with her; she saw something in the expression of my face which wounded her pride. "You don't like walking out with me", she said, and sitting down big tears came into her eyes, "but I am handsomer than Madame, my feet are smaller although my leg is bigger; my shoes are shameful, she would not let me have boots like hers, she said she would send me home; *she* won't go home again, if I tell them about her." Thus she jabbered on in a fume, till she had exhausted herself, her pride wounded, excited much by feasting, by the baudy book and my kiss on her cunt. She talked so fast in her provincial French, that I could scarcely understand what she said.

I did not care what I spent, so that I could spend up Louise. "I am proud to walk with you, and I will buy you a pair of boots." She jumped up with delight. "But you shall let me do one thing." "What?" "Let

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me feel your leg, which you say is so big." "Volontiers", said she, "there is no harm in feeling a leg; in my country our clothes only just come below our knees", and so with joking, kissing, and a promise to let me put the boots on, out we went in a cab.

I took her to a boot-maker's, and fitted her to perfection; she was delighted, and in the cab did nothing but put up her feet to look at them. She let me feel her legs, after she had pulled her petticoats tight round the knee; I wanted to go higher, "No, no", she said; but I pushed up, on to her thighs.

I bought her a bonnet, but it had to be altered and was to be sent home in the evening; I got out of the cab and going into a shop without her, bought (guessing the size) white silk stockings and showy garters, without telling her. Then I bought her gloves, a collar, and one or two other things, and then we went to dine.

As I bought each successive article I told my wants coarsely enough. I felt her in the cab, and got so excited, that I pulled my cock out, keeping it covered with my handkerchief, removing it from time to time as I thought the sight of the cock would excite her. "The omnibus, the omnibus" she cried out suddenly. Forgetting myself and all but my wants, I had exposed my randy doodle just as an omnibus passed, and as I looked up, there was the conductor laughing at me. I went to the N....n hotel, then just opened, and ordered a dinner; there the collars, cuffs, gloves, and other things, she fitted on and looked at, and laid them down, so that she could see them when dining. Gloves she had never put on in her life before. The anticipation of the bonnet filled her with delight; it was hand-

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somer she was sure, than any one she ever saw Madame wear; did I not think she would be handsomer than Madame, if as well dressed? she was wild with conceit, and told me again how Madame had refused to buy her things she wished; saying, that a servant could not be allowed to wear them. This grievance had sunk deeply into her mind. Meanwhile talking, laughing, joking, sometimes saying, "fi! fi! donc", sometimes, "oh! villain!" sometimes giving me a kiss, sometimes saying, "be quiet", she ate a good dinner, drank more champagne than she was aware of, got more and more talkative, whilst I got more and more lewd.

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CHAPTER II.

Undressing.—Silk stockings and garters.—The attack.—Foiled on the outside.—A battery.—A breech.—A tough virginity.—Triumphant.—Sanguinary proofs.—The second entry.—My foreskin.—Twenty-four hours fucking.—Gamahuching.—Six days pleasure.—Camille returns.

"The bonnet will be home", said I, "let us go." "Allons, allons", so off we went. It was dusk when we got in the cab. "I am to put on the stockings if I give you a pair, and to feel", I said. "No man has, c'est trop fort, you ask too much; you may put on garters below the knee." "Why not above?" "Oh! quite different", said she, "in the fields no girl minds putting her garter on before all the world below knee; but above, sh! that is disgrace." Such is fashion, I have seen an Italian market-woman stoop forward and piss whilst talking to a man (a neighbouring stall-keeper): she saw no harm. An English woman would burst first; yet if the Italian had put his hand rudely up her legs, that man might have been stabbed by the woman. Louise saw no indecency up to the knees, but above was a disgrace. "Put your boots up", I said, up they went. "I may put garter to there?" said I feeling outside. "Yes." I shoved my hand up her petticoats on to her thighs, they closed, and down went the legs: a squeal, a struggle, but on her thighs I kept it until I got to the house.

We let ourselves in, the bonnet had not come, Louise

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opened the window to look out for it, although it was dark. A ring came, it was the bonnet; down she rushed for it. "Bring lights, bring lights", said she taking one in her hand herself, the bonnet in the other; and rushing into Camille's room where there were large glasses; she put on the bonnet, clapped her hands for joy, and kissed me saying, I was so good. She put on her gloves, and collar, turning round to me each time, and asking how she looked. "Let me sleep with you, and I will buy you a dress to-morrow morning", said I. "Impossible, impossible, was I not going now", said she thoughtfully on a sudden. "No", I meant to sleep there; and as I had fetched a valise, I pulled out my things, took off my boots, put on a dressing-gown. "There", said I, "I shall sleep here till Camille comes home." "There will be a row then, and what will I do? Madame Boileau (the old woman upstairs) must know, and will tell Madame", and she looked hard at me.

Then she was attracted by my dressing-gown which was showy, but soon began looking at herself again, and took off all her finery with a sigh. "I am so hot and thirsty", said she. It was not wonderful, for she had fed twice heavily, and been champagning off and on for hours, her hands were burning, heat was throughout her frame. "Let's have some more champagne", said I, and opened a bottle; I pulled my trowsers off,—it was so hot,—being then in dressing-gown, drawers, and slippers, I made up my mind to force her, if I could do it no other way. Then my eye caught sight of a white muslin wrapper which Camille wore, it was tied down the front with blue bows.

"Put on Madame's wrapper, if you are hot, you

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will look handsomer than she does." She went into Camille's room, bolted herself in, and came out looking splendid, and had only on beneath the wrapper, her coarse chemise, which I could see (as indeed I knew before) just reached below her knees. My heart palpitated, I was in my dressing-gown, she with but the thinnest garments on.

The champagne was before us, we were on the sofa, my arm was round her waist; through the thin folds of her light dress I could feel her firm haunches and well-moulded body; I talked baudy, squeezed her to me, pressed her thighs with one hand, and put the other down her bosom. Every now and then there was a scuffle, a cry, and forgiveness; then resistance grew fainter, another glass of champagne, and her head dropped on my shoulder, subdued by amourousness, and when I asked her to let me sleep with her, she only said, "Oh! I dare not. I must not." I slipped my hand up to her thighs, she put her hand down stopping its progress. "If I could only get her into the bed-room, and on to the bed", I thought and went to Camille's room, the candles were still burning. "Would you like silk stockings? here they are." "Is it so?" said she bounding up. I held them up before her. "Let me put them on." "The garters above knee, mind." "Yes, yes", said she impatiently, "Give them me".

She sat down on the side of the bed, and let me put them on, putting one leg up after the other, pulled off her new boots and old stockings, I saw her thighs, but she never heeded, so anxious was she to get the silk stockings on. I had thrown off my dressing-gown, and knelt in front of her as a boot-maker does in fitting on boots. I was so slow, that impatiently she said,

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"Give it me, give it me", pulled it on herself, and then put on the boot. I sat down on the floor, lowering my head and looking. Her silks and boots engrossed her. My prick came out from under my shirt, stiff, standing, and pointing up to her; she never saw it, but got up directly one garter was on, contemplated one leg in the cheval-glass, laughed with delight, turned round, kissed me; then on went the other. As I put that garter on, I kissed the thigh just above it, up she got, lifted her robe to see her legs, strutted up and down in front of the glass until tired of looking. Her fine limbs looked exquisite in the silks and boots.

I cuddled and kissed her, put my arm round her. "Do let me dear", I said. I got my hand up her clothes and between her thighs, she crossed her legs without replying. "I will fuck you, I swear I will", said I as I forced my hand still closer in. "Oh! oh!" she said, and nothing more. I pulled her backwards on the bed, my cock stiff, standing, was under her eyes, drew her lips close to mine kissing rapidly: my fingers rubbed the warm slit, her bum began to move uneasily, her breathing was short, her thighs unclosed, my finger slipped farther. "Oh! don't hurt me", she said sharply. Pressing her backwards on the bed, I lifted her limbs, she was yielding, meant fucking. I ripped open at once the slight blue bows which fastened the muslin gown, threw up the chemise, saw the well-rounded limbs in silk, the bright red garters, the thighs above, the black hair of her cunt, rolled on to her, was between her thighs, my naked belly on hers, my prick touching the cunt-lips.

The accumulators of my ballocks must have been gorged with sperm. Off and on all day my prick had

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been on the stand, I had feared to touch it lest it should go off, nor had I put the girl's hand on to it; the last-hour my prick had been erect without subsiding. As my belly met hers a tremor shook my whole frame. "My God, shall I spend outside?" thought I; my prick like an iron rod touched the top of the wet slit and slid right down on its passage. Is she virgin? a sharp cry, "Oh! don't hurt me", I felt an obstacle, pushed violently again and again, "oh! oh! don't", and then throb, throb, throb, with each throb a jet of sperm shot out against the mouth of the orifice I had not penetrated, I lost my power in the contentment of a copious emission, and the pleasurable certainty, that no prick had yet been up the hole against which mine had been battering.

Next was fear lest she should get up, so rapid had the spend overtaken me, that I had not got my hands under her, they were on the side of her smooth haunches. To keep her under me until my powers returned, I slid one hand under her bum, the other under her waist, and squeezed her to me, then gently loosening my belly a little from hers I pushed again where my prick laid. With what delight I found it still stiff, with an obstacle in its front; I nestled gently in the spermy lips, the heat, the smoothness gave me a tittillation as if a spend was again not far off, and that I need not have feared my manhood. With pride and power I clasped her, feeling sure she was virgin. There she lay in all her beauty, submitting to my will, I enjoying my sense of power, wriggling gently for a minute, till my prick demanded its right of entry. I pushed, a sharp "oh!" a harder push, a louder cry, the obstacle was tight and hard indeed, I had never had such difficulty

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before; my lust grew fierce, her cry of pain gave me inexpressable pleasure, and saying I would not hurt, yet wishing to hurt her and glorying in it, I thrust with all the violence my buttocks could give, till my prick seemed to bleed, and pained me. "Oh! mon Dieu! ne faites pas ca, get away, you shan't". she cried, "oh! o-o-oh!". My prick moved forward, something which had tightened round, and clipped it gave way; suddenly it glided up her cunt, still tighter I clasped her, as she moved with pain beneath me, my balls were dangling on her bum, my sperm shooting against the neck of her womb, and I had finished the toughest virginity I ever had yet.

The job was done, months of anticipation, hopes, fears, and desire, were over; my prick was in the cunt of a French virgin, at a cost of two hundred pounds. After my second poke, I had a feeling of pleasure and tranquillity, a weight off my mind, a future of voluptuousness before me. My cock still lingered in her cunt, I moved it about, excited and full of lusty vigor could have gone on fucking; but letting my penis withdraw, I lay thinking about her cunt, then with a kiss lifted myself off the beautiful creature who lay under me with eyes closed. I saw the gauzy dressing-gown lying open, the blue bows torn, a coarse white chemise in a well pressed heap, above a navel, an ample belly, finely formed thighs, of a slightly brown tint, and on the chemise beneath large spots of sperm, patches of blood, and spunk streaked with blood in quantity filling and covering the space between the cunt-hole, getting off I seated myself by the side of the bed; Louise seemed to awaken to consciousness, and with the instinct of a modest woman covered herself by drawing

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down her chemise, carelessly, half-sleepily and unconsciously; more as if from habit than of thought to hide her charms. Then she drew herself to the edge of the bed, put one leg higher up than the other, resting her elbow on it, her head upon her hand, she looked at me wistfully without uttering a word.

A newly fucked woman rarely looks at the man, sometimes turns away, rarely speaks, but avoids a man's eyes. Louise did not speak, but she looked as if she was collecting her senses, looked so long and in such manner, that it made me uncomfortable, until her fine legs, in an attitude I had not yet seen them in recalled me to myself. "What lovely legs", said I. She pulled the chemise down lower, but the chemise was short, and she was sitting on it; she never took her dark eyes off me, but with her head still leaning on her hand, said slowly, "You have promised me never to go into the bed-room with my sister again!"

"Your sister!" What a revelation! the likeness to Camille. I wondered it had not struck me more completely before, the hesitation of Camille to let me get the girl, her wish that she had never fetched her, her half intention to send her home, the oath she made me take not to disclose my having seen Louise's cunt when she was insensible: all struck me at once.

Louise jumped off the bed in a fright, "No, no, no", she said, "not my sister, my mistress; did I say sister? I didn't mean it, it's my mistress, don't say I said sister."

I was certain she had spoken the truth: the likeness, Camille's anger when I suggested making Louise drunk, her desire to be out of the house when her virginity was taken, and other things crowded on my

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mind. "Deny it as you like, ma chere, but you *are* her sister, the very image of her."

"Don't say so." I swore I would never tell. "She will murder me if she knows. She is a demon, you don't know her,—mon Dieu! mon Dieu! what shall I do? I must run away."

I calmed her, told her no one need know, I would never tell. She believed me, seemed comforted, but still kept assuring me she had made a mistake: she meant to say mistress.

This was a funny episode, a funny conversation between a woman carrying her first male spunk in a bloody cunt, and a man with a cock still dripping with cunt-juices on to his shirt, sitting by her side.

We talked by the side of the bed; then for a minute she put her head on my shoulder and cried; it was over-excitement, nothing else, no regret.

Was I going? My reply was to put on my night-gown, say I meant to sleep all night with her; I showed her my shirt, dabbed with bloody semen, and gloried in it, told her her chemise was in the same state. She begged me to leave her, and pushed me into the sitting-room, wiped her bloody quim, and changed her things. She could not find Camille's night-gowns, her own were dirty, so she put on one of Camille's beautiful chemises, and over it the white robe. What a difference that entry of my prick had made: twelve hours before, a refusal to let me put on a garter, a struggle, a fight to do it; now my hand rested tranquilly on the smooth thighs, whilst she listened to the pleasures I meant to have with her. I drew her towards the bedroom, pulled off her boots and stockings, her robe, then her chemise, and she got into bed naked, and I

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with her. It was a hot night, cuddling was close work; lying by her side, my mouth to hers, my belly to hers, my doodle pressed close into her thighs, my hand on her bum, our legs touching their whole length, I was talking of fucking, and she listening lewdly. What a difference! I guided her hand to my prick; oh! my delight in that, and hers! how quietly it laid where I placed it.—then under my balls, her hand was quite full of them, and there it lay, then again round my pego. Again it was beginning to swell, she lay with her long black hair floating on the pillow, her eyes closed in baudy reverie. "You have got my prick in your hand, it has been in your cunt and spent in it." She moved her head close to mine and kissed, my cock stood stiff at once.

I closed to her, feeling every part of her body, excepting that which I had just injured. That came in now for its share: thrusting one knee between her legs I lifted hers so as to leave room for my hand between them. She prayed me not, she was sore, ill, it hurt her. Hurt her? I longed to hurt her, knew I was going to give her pain whilst I lied saying that no pain more would she feel, and then with a little gentle force, my finger slipping over her clitoris, I felt the cunt-hole gently, went up it, she wincing and moving her bum in an inciting manner, then up her orifice went my cock again, amidst murmurs and prayers to leave her alone, a glorious fuck.

Then I dozed, dropping off on one side from her sweet firm body; but excitement would not let me sleep, I kept awaking as fast as I fell asleep, a burning heat pervaded my penis, my mind dwelt on the day's work, her limbs were close to mine, cunt in reach of my fin-

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gers, smell of her body in my nostrils. The lights were out, she was slumbering with quiet regular breath. Up came my prick again, my fingers slid between the cunt-lips, felt the signs of my last pleasure, she awakened. "Oh! don't." She was ill, sore, very sore, I was unkind; but what woman can refuse the cock which has just wetted her. Now was a prolonged fuck; then overcome with fucking, worn with excitement, I fell sound asleep.

When I awakened the sun-light struggling through the red curtains cast a pink tint over every thing. We had slept eight hours, were laying rump to rump, naked and touching, for after much fucking, the fondest lovers turn their arses to each other. What a sight she was as she lay on one side, as sound asleep as a top, there had been but a sheet over us, that was off, and she was naked. She had a pretty foot, the leg was perfect, thighs and bum thinner than Camille's back-side, and thighs taken on fullness at later age, or after one or two years good fucking which serves quite as well; her breasts were superb, firmer and handsomer than Camille's. On one side I saw the black crisp hair which shaded her seat of pleasure; on the other I could, by putting my head on the bed, just see the dark hair creeping between her bum-cheeks, her flesh had the slightly brown tint common to French women; on the bed lay rounds of spunk mixed with blood, a smear of it was on her thigh on the bum-side. My prick rose again to stiffness at the sight, I wanted to piss violently, but could scarcely accomplish it. I looked at my shirt tail. Spunk and blood were thick on it, I found under the bed her chemise; on it profusely were the bloody seminal marks of her virginity. I felt a pain

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in my prick, and found the foreskin a little raw. I had paid for hurting her by hurting myself; but what did that matter; I was the first that had been up that cunt, had torn it open, my spunk was in her then, the bloody indications were all around me. I awakened her.

She looked at me, then conscious that she was naked, clawed up the sheet; in a minute I was close to her. She went across to her own room to piddle, then into bed again she got, and in spite of her I put it into her. I felt the cunt tightening, looked at her: her manner was different, I felt her clasping me, she was doing it involuntarily, her breath came quickly, she was spending as my spunk came, her first pleasure with me; all before had been pain,—I knew that.

Then was more fucking, then she made coffee, we had eggs, bread and butter, again to bed, and more fucking. We went without luncheon, spending the entire day in bed, feeling, kissing, cuddling, fucking, and sleeping. We were both worn out, and perhaps might not have got up, excepting that I had to dress, to go downstairs, and then felt hungry, so we both dressed, went to the same place as the day previously, had a jolly good dinner as fast as we could and directly it was over went back. I kept my finger on her cunt when in the cab, both going and coming; the instant we returned we went to bed (it had not been made), and fucked, and fucked, and fucked, and then slept a dozen hours without awaking. A lovely time it was.

Next day I was used up, I never could accomplish the wonderful fucking bouts I have heard men brag about, but dare say in those thirty hours I had fucked her twelve times. She was very tired with it, and was so sore; I was also sore, my prick had slightly bled,

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the foreskin was torn, and through that fucking bout my prepuce was easier ever afterwards, I could pull it down better than I could before I had torn open her virginity.

The difference between the ways of a woman and man towards each other after they have fucked is wonderful. On a previous night a woman may have refused his kisses, and his embraces, and revolted at his hands touching her quim. He although longing for her, eager to join his body to hers, may have been timid, cautious in his language, hesitating in action, and until passion got full sway, might as soon of thought of putting out his doodle, and attempting to force it up her, as of trying it on his aunt. But what a change a night has made: they sit at breakfast he with satisfaction on his face as he looks at her and thinks, that her most secret parts have not been strangers to him, has felt between her thighs, the lips hitherto untouched by man, has been up her cunt, and spent inside it the essence of his blood. "She has given me pleasure, I have given her pleasure." She looks at him wondering how she came to allow it, how she forgot her resolves, there need be no more disguise, nor hindrance in the way of their pleasures, of the pleasures she first tasted with him; all that she has been taught to hold most sacred from man he has seen, felt, kissed, pierced, violated, and wetted in. The virginity she prided herself on he has destroyed, she no longer shuns him, but is ready to comply with all his wishes, hopes he will compel her soon to yield again. This is the work of a few hours, and as she sits drinking her coffee opposite to him she thinks with him, what a change has taken place.

That was my state of mind with Louise. I had had

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virgins before without pride in having them, they came in my way, but never had I sought them. Two certainly had never been breached before, but it gave me no pride nor special gratification. This woman I had thought and thought about for months, coveted and paid for the sole pleasure of piercing her hymen. I had now the delight of experience, of leaving my sperm where man had never left it before. This girl of sufficient age, growth and form, I had bored with difficulty and pain, to her and myself, she had bled, I had bled, I had torn up her cuntal diaphram, had given her sexual pleasure, had revelled in her body. Shirt, and chemise, spunk and blood slobbered lay there. I was rested, she was fresh, and I sat at breakfast with as much complacency and jollity as a man could; yet beyond fucking, I felt that I did not care one damn about her, and even felt sorry. I cannot explain why I felt that, but recollect it.

We had seven days before Camille would return, in those days I more than fulfilled my word to the girl, bought dresses, a ring, brooch, umbrella, parasol, in fact I don't know what I did not give, and must have paid fifty pounds; we dined out, went to theatres, ate, drank, and fucked like blazes.

French women when they have given themselves up to a man, do so with all their heart and soul. One day as luncheon began to operate on her, she nothing loth, she strong, healthy, and with passions roused, feeding daily in a way she had been unaccustomed to, yielded freely to my wishes. I placed her on the bed-side, threw up her chemise, kissed the dark crisp hair of her motte; her thighs separated, her limbs went up, and I saw the adorable vermillion gap, the ragged tear my penis

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had made. It was a small cunt for so fine a woman. What enticed, and incited me I don't know, I never shall know why dozens of women I have had I never have done it to, but I was taken with the feeling now. I looked, fingered, tittillated, kissed it, out went my tongue; it played lightly over the clitoris, then baudy frenzy seized me, and I licked and sucked her cunt. She wriggled, scarce knowing what I was about, when pushing my head away she cried out, "oh! mon Dieu, ah! quelle bete! aho!"

I had never done it willingly but to Martha, now the letch seized me furiously, every day afterwards I had my mouth to her, and when I was so fucked out, that I could come no more, would lay and lick her till she was worn out too with spending.

We had indeed no other amusement than fucking, talking about it, eating, drinking, and sleeping, which was to us all the charm of a honey-moon. I think I see her now, making my cock stiff under my direction, her amusement at pulling the prepuce up and down was great, I almost feel her bum now as she used to sit on my knee, looking at the pictures in the baudy book; we used to talk it over until we went to bed, and eased our passions, what fun when we did not mind washing each other's privates, as we did.

We used to lay on the bed with my head between her thighs, licking her quim, she playing with my prick, but I never put my pege into her mouth, nor did she ever do more than kiss it.

On the day but one before Camille returned, we went to bed, had a fuck, then a second, her cunt felt funny, and I found her courses had come on, or as she called them, her periods. There was an end of my fun,

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nor was I sorry. Not having left her day or night, nor been to my lodgings, nor to my mother's, I was fucked out, and so was she,—so that her reds came on most opportunely.

Next day we were duller, there was nothing in her to make her a companion when not in amorous amusements. She became tiresome, and annoyed me by putting on her things one after the other, all day long, and asking me, how she looked in them, if she did not look better than Madame. Then how to tell her mistress she had got the things? what to do, if her mistress refused to let her wear them? how was I to see her again? At length we resolved to tell rousing lies about everything,—my behaviour was in fact most absurd.

The following day, a letter came to say Camille would be home that night. I took away my trunk and clothes, went to my virtuous lodgings; it was a relief to be away from cunt for twenty-four hours, and I could not bear a woman with her courses on.

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CHAPTER III.

Camille at home.—Her little game.—My greenness.—The house in O..d.n street.—The glove shop.—Louise fatigues me.—Fred on the scent.—A cigar shop.—Three into one.—A clap.—Serious reflexions.—The sisters disappear.

A day or two recruited me, I wrote to Camille who met me in the street, she had sent the girl to the theatre with a friend, so I went indoors with her. "Have you done it to her?" was the first question, as if she did not know, I told her all. She questioned me with strong interest. I gave her the fifty pounds. Then she asked me if Louise had told me where she came from, and other questions, which I saw were put to see, if Louise had told about their relationship. As we talked I looked at her, comparing her with Louise, and saw the likeness stronger than ever. "Why stare so?" she asked. When she had heard of all our bum frolics she gave a sigh and said, "Well, if I had not brought her to London, she would have gone to Paris with A.... (mentioning some French name), and have had it done to her there,—so it comes to the same thing."

Then suddenly, "Are you never going to have me again?" "No", I had promised Louise. She looked amorously fascinating. "She won't know it, I have never had it since I left." She was half reclining on the sofa, by intention or chance her legs raised up on the sofa, one flat, the other foot on its heel, exposing the recumbent limbs from foot to knee. "Do now",

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said she. "No", but I moved from the chair to the end of the sofa, and began stroking her leg with my hand.

She lifted the clothes just above the knee. I saw the large thigh nearly up to her quim, my hand involuntarily slipped higher, and began smoothing the flesh just above the garter. "Do it now", said she falling right on to her back.

I thought of Louise, of my promise; I knew the look of both their cunts,—of Camille's the best,—desired to see, to compare it. I had been feeling Louise's cunt eight days, now thought I should like to feel Camille's to feel the difference, I knew her cunt was looser, and more hairy, her bum and thighs bigger, yet was I right in my comparison? my cock got uneasy, I helped it to rise in my trowsers by giving it a push outside.

"I won't have her", I thought, "but there is no harm in feeling", and began playing with the hair of her motte. "Your hair is longer than Louise's." She laughed, "Do it, baisez-moi", said she.

My fingers touched the slippery cunt, it was irresistible, the next instant they were groping and feeling. "Your bum is bigger than Louise's", I said. She laughed again.

Sitting where I was, and playing at stink-finger, my position was inconvenient. "Come up closer", said she. Then I sat by her hips, on the sofa-edge, she lifted her clothes right up: there was the quim, the jet-black bush, the fine round thighs, my cock was restive, my hands wandering, she unbuttoned my trowsers, gave my prick a squeeze, sending up the blood and completed my randiness.

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"Louise won't know, you shall kiss me", and she raised herself to throw her arm over my shoulder. Like a young virgin who says, "no, no", whilst she yields, I kept repeating "no, no". The thighs had opened, I was pulling open the lips and trying to see the red inside; and still saying "no", slid on to her, on to it, up it, and spent before I well knew what I was about. "Oh! you are so quick", said she. "you have spoiled me, I was just coming."

She did not mean to be spoiled, trying her most baudy endearments, she held me tight, caressed me, as a French woman knows how,—better than any other. Forgetting Louise, my mind fell into its baudy dreams, I fucked her again, and then she let me get up.

And then to business. "What are you going to do for the girl?" she asked. "Nothing, I have given her money and things worth about a hundred pounds, and have paid you, when I have her again I shall give her money." "You promised to do something more, if not what will become of her?" I did then recollect, that she had made me promise, but had attached no definite ideas to it.

"I relied on you, or would never have brought her; are you going to keep her, or let her be gay like me?"

I did not like either; to keep her I had no intention, did not even like the girl, though I liked plugging her. Said Camille, "We have had a row already, she won't work, and says she will wear the clothes she has got, although I have only seen a few of them." "What do you expect?" I asked. "Set her up in business, selling gloves or perfumes, a small shop somewhere."

Not liking the aspect of affairs, I left, it was the

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first time such propositions had been made to me. I felt inclined never to go near the house again, but had promised Louise to be with her soon, and always kept my word, so thought over the matter.

Keeping her was out of the question, I had heard that men who kept women, did so for other men; besides I had no idea of tieing myself up that way. I was not pleased with her: a fine girl, a fine fuck, a fresh woman who shivered with delight the instant the prick entered her, who was randy-arsed enough to learn anything in the way of copulation; she had been delightful to me eight days, and might for more; but she was coarse, vulgar, and had not two ideas in her head, was evidently violent tempered, and excessively vain. Set her up in business! why she had cost me hundreds to get her, why should I?

I could not make up my mind, and resolved never to go near her again; but two days afterwards, that funny sense of fullness came over my cock-knob, then the tingling, then the desire for cunt, then for Louise's cunt, the ragged slit made by my cock was before my eyes, and instead of quenching my wants in the channel of some other woman, I went there. Camille was just outside the door, and we conversed together in G..d.n Sq....

She suggested my seeing Louise alone, and paying her (Camille) as I had done before. I did not mean to submit to that restraint, nor to keep her, but let her go her own way. "What does it matter, she must know you will find it all out, so why not at once?" I said.

"If she knows that I know it, I must turn her out ("I don't think you will turn your sister out", I

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thought), "then I must put her into lodgings, and she will be gay." "I can't help that." We came to no conclusion, I left her, went to the door, rang, and Louise opened it. She kissed and hugged me in the passage, a minute afterwards she was on my knee grasping my prick, my fingers were on her cunt, our lips together; in another with tongues lapping together I was up her; in two or three minutes more we were quiet.

(I should so like to experience the feeling a woman has as she sits and talks with her cunt full of sperm, does it feel so very pleasant sitting so?) She poured out her griefs, Camille had asked questions, who had been there? how did she get the bonnet, the new boots? she had refused to tell anything, Camille had said she had better go. "Why not tell Camille?" I said, "if she did not like it she might lump it, as far as I was concerned"; but the girl was evidently afraid,—or was it sham?

Next day I wrote to Louise who met me, and I took her to a house into which I had never been before. For three weeks I met her on writing to her, and we spent hours together. She now had frequent rows with Camille, each time she came to meet me she put on more of her new things; at first she only came with a dress, then with the bonnet and something else, and at last with all the finery; she looked a handsome swell, but a vulgar one. I ceased paying Camille.

One night she said Madame had had no one visit her for a long time, nor was she much out but often was all night, where she went she did not know; there was one man who came, a gentleman, she thought he was a lover of Camille's.

We came out of the house in **** street one night

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after a surfeit of voluptuous pleasures, when a woman stepped across the road, and lifted up her veil. "Oh! my God, it's Madame", said Louise, and she got right at the back of me where I stood. "So", said Camille, "I have found you out, you have been in a baudy house with my old friend." She burst into a laugh, turned, and went away without saying another word.

I don't know what actuated me in my course of conduct, at that time I knew well what I did, but my reasons are not so clear, I cared nothing whether Louise knew that her mistress or sister knew I had had her, yet I did not go to the house, firstly because Camille wished me not, unless she was out, and it did not suit me to be waiting for a girl who was burning to let me have her, and also because Louise was in a funk when I was with her in the house, and Camille was out. I was convinced they were sisters, and had a glimmering, that Camille would not like Louise to know she had been got for me by her; yet I thought that it must be found out.

As Camille walked away Louise began to cry, I could not get a word from her; we walked up and down A... street, she was frightened to go home, we went back to the baudy house, and there we slept. The next day we stopped there, and I went home with her, —Camille was within.

"So you have been to a baudy house?" said she, "so you have been fucked, fucked by my friend; you are a nice one to speak ill of other people." "I am not a whore", said Louise taking cheek. "Ain't you?" said Camille, "I don't know that." "Say I am a whore, and I'll hit you", said Louise going up to her. "Have it out by yourselves, I am not going to stop for a row",

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said I, "Camille be good to the girl." "If I had not brought her from France she would not be what she is." What was I going to do with her? "Nothing." Then the sooner Louise went out the better."

Louise sat down, and began silently crying. I hate to see a woman cry, and always had one remedy,—could champagne be fetched? Mother Boileau condescended to fetch some. We drank, I got communicative, and began to tell Camille. She cut me short, wanted to know nothing, we had been in a baudy house together, it was enough. What was I going to do? the girl would no longer work, and she was going into other lodgings, I might take hers for Louise if I liked.

It gradually shaped itself to this: I was to take the lodgings, Camille to stay rent free, a servant to be got, but one particular friend only was ever to visit Camille there; Louise took Camille's bed-room, Camille Louise's, I had in fact the pleasure of keeping both. The next night I slept with Louise in Camille's bed, slept there several times, and one morning Camille said, "You have got the girl with child, I quite expected it."

This annoyed me. I had been getting tired for some time, did not like the girl, who became so jealous of Camille, wanted so much admiration, that she quite fatigued me. She wanted to walk in the streets to be admired. I had given her more clothes, she got careless, wanted to go to theatres, and I took her. The Argyle was just opened, and I took her there, she wanted me to go there often. I had seen one or two other women I lusted for, but above all wanted to go to France with Fred who had returned from India; so her being in the family way bothered me. I got it

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into my head, that it was a plant, and took her to my friend the doctor who said it was a fact.

Camille asked me to meet her in G..d.n Sq..e, for convenience I took her to the baudy house; she had got mighty particular, made me go in first, and came in afterwards with her veil down,—she always now wore a veil. She again asked me what I was going to do. She had got the girl, and was sorry for it, at length she said, "I am going to be married, go into business, and will take her with me, if you will help, or I will get her home again to France, if you will give her money." I agreed to think of it.

We sat on a sofa. As I looked at her I began to feel a desire for her. "Let us have a kiss", said I, for old acquaintance sake." "No", said she, "I am going to be married, am perhaps watched, am frightened of being here. I expect my friend back from abroad daily, he may have come back now. Madame Boileau knows him, I must be careful."

But how can a woman resist a man who has had her often, who knows every crack and cranny of her body, has looked at her motte long enough to count every hair on it, a few rubs on her clitoris, and back she fell on the sofa. We were both dressed, but plunging up her, and grasping her ample rump, I was soon enjoying her; when thinking of Louise, and I suppose comparing her mentally, I said in the height of my pleasure, "Oh! I like fucking you better than your sister after all", or something to that effect.

"What?" said she with a start as her cunt clipped, and jerked my prick out. Cursing, and damning at my interruption I drove it up again, and consummated.

"What did you say about being like my sister?"

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said she as I still lay with my doodle up her, "what sister?" I replied she looked so like Louise, that she must be her sister. "But she is not, although she is like me." Then the matter dropped, and she slopped her cunt clean. I used to like a woman whom I knew not to wash it, when I was going to fuck her again, Camille had humored me in this, and as my lust came on for my second poke, used to bring my amatory pastime by looking at the cunt with my pleasure signs on it. So Camille washing astonished me. "I am going to be married, and must". said she.

We had more fucking before we left. She was all anxiety about Louise, for I would say nothing. "You will never see me here again", said she, "nor have me again, and may do with Louise what you like, I shan't be here, you will throw her on the town". Then she veiled closely, and made me go out first. I waited at the top of the street ten minutes, out she came, veil down, and shot off in the direction of G..d.n sq..e like an arrow.

I now with perversity longed for Camille, instead of Louise, but never had her afterwards, never sent my tallow up her, although I tried once or twice.

I began going about elsewhere, sleeping with Louise at times; but she was always pestering me about being in the family way, which annoyed me; and wanted such a lot of ballocking, that that annoyed me also. My cousin Fred wanted me to go to Paris with him, Louise said I was going to forsake her. One night after dining with her, coming out we met my cousin Fred, nothing put him off, and he would walk with us. The next day he said in his old unchaste way, which some years in India had not improved, "So that is the wo-

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man your mother says she fears has got hold of you." It was the first time I had heard, that my mother had any such suspicion, for although she had spoken to me about my wildness, she had never referred to a woman; but she had told my aunt, who told my cousin my mother was awfully astonished. For that six years I had shagged all our servants under her very nose, yet she had not the faintest suspicion of it, my pranks now coming to her ears, shocked her extremely. I told Fred, that I had had Louise's first, to which he replied, that he should like to rattle his stones against her arse. "Is she a good fuck? where does she live?" I did not mean his stones to knock against her arse as long as mine did, I replied, "Oh! you are fond of her then?" "No", but I preferred her to myself. "Lord, what does it matter?" said he, "white women are scarce in India, there was one that all in my regiment were fond of, there was not an officer who did not stroke her, none of us minded; we say "the more a cunt's buttered, the better it grinds." I did not see it in that light, so with the remark from him, that she was a damned fine piece, we parted.

Two or three days afterwards he spoke of her again, said he knew where she lived, so I thought he was hunting after her which annoyed me; not seeing that if he had got into her, I could have left her with good excuse.

I had tried to learn from Louise if she knew where Camille went all day, but could learn nothing, one night in bed with her however, whilst handling each other's privates, and under the sympathy generated by the rub of my fingers on her clitoris; she on my solemn promise of secrecy, told me that an old friend

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of Camille's had opened a glove and lace shop in O.f..d street. I saw a small shop, there was a Frenchman in it whose face I seemed to know. I waited near it one night, and saw Camille leave the shop closely veiled, and take the best way towards G..d.n sq..e. Madame Boileau was like an oyster I could get nothing out of her, although she took my money. I was sure that Camille went to the shop daily, or nearly so, and as no man came to the house, suppose she got her cunt plugged in the shop parlour.

Afterwards Fred talked so much about Louise, that I said I kept her. "There are two there, do you keep both?" "Yes." "Then you are a fool, you can't be sure of one woman's cunt if you are not with her always, but two together are sure to make a couple of whores,—no wonder your tin goes so fast."

Meanwhile I went out with him of a night, and we had different women. One night three of us went to a cigar-shop kept by two women just by ****, it was not an unusual thing then for two to have a cigar-shop, with a big sofa in a back parlour, one keeping shop whilst the other fucked. From talking we got to business without intending it. Fred began joking the girls, we went into the back parlour, and had wine, one asked my cousin if he did not want to lie down and rest himself. He said "yes", but wanted warmth to his belly when he rested. "You may have my belly to warm you", said she. "What here?" "Oh! they can wait", said the girl, "and your quiet friend can find his tongue with my sister" (the other girl). I had not spoken, being at times timid at first with a woman, and especially a gay one.

We said jokingly, that we had no money. "I will

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take you all for a sovereign", said she, "and the one who I say is the best poke shall give me another half-sovereign." It was agreed, we tossed up for the order of the fucking, two went outside while the other had his pleasure. My turn came last, the excitement in thinking of what was going on made me in such a state, that I was no sooner up her than I spent; when I went out the other girl said. "You have been in a hurry." My cousin was pronounced the best fucker. Whilst the strumming was going on in the parlour, people bought cigars, and tobacco—for it was really sold there,—little did they guess the fun going on behind that rod curtain of the shop-parlour.

A night or so after I slept with Louise, I felt uneasy in the tip of my prick, and saw unmistakably that it was the clap. It was not Louise's gift, for great was her surprise when I saw her twice afterwards, and never attempted to have her. She was annoyed, and said she supposed I had another friend, and put herself in such luscious attitudes, that I got a cock-stand, and could scarcely resist putting it up her, but saying I was ill went away. Fred said he should go to Paris without me, I was to join him in a fortnight. What with being indifferent to Louise, annoyed with her randiness, her vulgarity, and temper, being in fact tired of her and the expense, and now having the clap, I determined to break off; so wrote to Camille to meet me.

I told her I had the clap. "I thought there was something wrong", said she, "but Louise I can swear has never had any other man than you, take her to any doctor you like." Then she told me, that in three weeks she meant to leave England, and Louise must do the best she could, she had taken means to bring

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on the girl's courses, would I send her back to France, or must she go gay in London.

I could not bear the idea of the girl being gay, so agreed to give her money to take her abroad with her, and she accepted. By her advice I wrote to Louise, said I had the clap, and feared I had given it to her, that she would not forgive me I was sure, and so never meant to see her again.

I sent a cheque to Louise, it passed through my bankers, and suppose the girl had it. Then went to Paris, my illness kept to me, so returned to London, got a little better, longed for Louise, stood opposite the house one night, nearly crossed over to have her, but resisted, and seeing a nice woman in Regent street went home with her. I was so impatient, that I pushed her to the side of the bed directly I was in the room, felt for her cunt, and spent in her in a minute, she had not taken her bonnet off. My spending hurt me, my doctor had told me I could go with a woman without fear of injuring her, but that for my own sake I had better abstain. She got up, and took off her bonnet, to see if lying down had hurt it. "I'll have you again", said I. "Let me wash, you've spent such a lot, it's all running down my thighs." Again I fucked her; and next morning my ailment came back. My doctor said it served me right.

Shortly after "lodgings to let" was posted up in Camille's windows, on calling, Madame Boileau came to the door. The two women had left, the shop in Oxford street was shut up, and I never heard of the women afterwards.

I am astonished now, that I was wheedled out of so much money for a French virgin. How I could have

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done much that I did makes me now laugh, I must have been very green, and Camille very cunning; but I was also rich, and generous, which accounts for much. I see now how largely I was humbugged, but cannot explain or reason about it. I am telling facts as they occurred, as far as I recollect them, it is all I can do. Certainly I had a splendid full-grown virgin for my money, the toughest virginity I yet have taken, a regular cock-bender, and had an uninterrupted honey-moon. Camille was a most superior harlot, genteel, clever, and voluptuous, such as are not usually found; with her and her findings I had a year's enjoyment, leaving me lav, blaze, and a half-cured clap. What with women, horses, carriages, cards, dinners, and other items, I was a few thousands poorer than at the beginning of my acquaintance with Camille.

It's my fate to have sisters,—how curious!—and thrice to have had the clap, and yet not three-and-twenty,—how hard!

I was very much used up, and needed rest for body and mind; never had I been so much so before. Up to the time of getting my fortune want of money curbed my lascivious tastes, and although I had servant after servant in my mother's house, the difficulties of getting them, gave me frequent rests, and prevented me generally from exhausting myself; perhaps I got just enough fucking to keep me in health. The year's rioting with Camille and her troupe, would have tried a strong man; I never counted them, but think, that in that year I must have poked something like sixty, or seventy different women, I poked everyone of Camille's acquaintances, I am sure,—so it was time I had a rest.

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CHAPTER IV.

Enforced chastity.—A sticture.—Health restored.—Mrs. Pender.—A peep from a hay-stack.—In a cow-house.—Stable and barn.—Mother's satisfaction.

My clap brought on a stricture, obliging me to have a bougie passed every other day to stretch the pipe often, and causing me to piss clots of gruelly blood, about an hour afterwards. I dared not fuck, but once frigged, and it brought on the inflammatory stage again. At length I got better, but with a gleet which wetted the tail of my shirt through daily; doctors advised me to get a change of air, I went to my aunt's place in H..tf..dshire where I took cold baths, and did all I could to get myself well,—I was forbidden to touch a woman until permitted by the doctor.

Touch women I did not, think of them I did eternally, and deplored the time that I was wasting. I used to look at my female cousins, and long for them; my aunt whose flabby, brown-haired, thick-lipped furrow I glanced at in my boyhood I used to think about and should not have hesitated in getting a pleasure up it, had no other cunt been ready for me. I eyed the farm-women (coarse, strong, healthy bitches) with lust that made them look beauties in my longing eyes, I was boiling over with spunk, at the closet one day my turds were hard, and hurt me; the irritation affected my ballocks, my prick stiffened rigidly, I could not piss for it, the tip looked dry, as if gleet had ceased, I merely

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touched the top (not frigged), and out shot my sperm as I sat on the privy seat. What a relief! but what a loss of pleasure not to have injected into some dear little cunt nicked in some smooth white bum! My prick seemed quite well, and I wanted to go into the fields to get hold of some girl doing field-work, or any woman, old or young, who had a cunt available; so I went to town to see my medical man about it. He pointed out to me how needful it was to restrain myself, I followed his advice, in two weeks was much better, and had determined to go to town to see him again about it, when I got well without him.

Some years before I had seen a farm-girl whose name was Pender, a fine lass with a merry face, and lightish brown hair; she must then I suppose have been about seventeen years old. From ogling and laughing, I got to kissing, with that she was pleased enough, and often I think put herself in my way to get it; a pinch on the bum she did not resent. Thinking all safe, I one day poked her near to her notch, and she only saying, "Adun now sir, do", my hand went up her petticoats, I struggled with her, and we both fell on the grass near a barn, when my fingers touched her cunt. She set up a yell, my fingers were stained with her monthlies (not the only time that has occured in my life), she sat for a minute crying, then walked away, leaving me in fear lest she should tell my aunt. She never did, but avoided me, and would not look me in the face. When older, I only thought of her when there, or when my memory ran back on the quims I had touched in my then short career.

Having now nothing to do, but to read, and idle about, I was wandering in the farm, fields, stable, cow-

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houses, everywhere, and soon knew all the faces on the estate. Among them was Pender, still so named, she having then been married about a year to a man bearing her own maiden name, and was then about twenty-three years old; a tall, strapping woman, with a bum as big as a washing-tub; brown she was from working in the sun, but fucking regularly as I supposed had cleared her complexion, she was a good, comely country-woman. Our eyes met, both at the instant thought of the day when I got my fingers red up her petticoats; she curtsied, and blushed, I laughed with a baudy look I expect, and said, "Well you still here."

I spoke to her again on other days, her husband worked on the farm, and she was dairy-woman. Whenever I saw her my prick stood, and I avoided her, for fear of an erection increasing my gleet.

There was hay-making,—lolling about with a book I went to look on, it was at one or two fields off from a large rick-yard which was near to the farm buildings. There was a half-made hay-stack with a ladder against it, up which without any object I went idly, and laying down went on reading. It became cloudy, the headman calling out said, "We'll have rain, cut off all on yer, and get the hay up into cocks, yes you,—you,—yes you too" (I did not know who he was talking to.) Men and women crossed the rick-yard, and went off in the distance, Pender was one, and was well ahead, when he called out, "You had better get the dairy-work done though." She turned, and coming slowly back stood still a moment, then comfortably squatted, and pissed.

I laying half buried in the hay was not visible to her, but seeing her piddling, raised myself, and looked.

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As she finished she gave her clothes that usual hitch against her cunt, looked up, and saw me, turned round quickly, went away from the yard, and then as if she had forgotten, turned round with her head hanging down, and came through the rick-yard. I slipped from the stack, and met her at the foot of it,—we were surrounded with stacks.

Her face was red. "A comfortable piddle you had", said I stopping her. "Adun sir", said she. "A kiss, for old acquaintance", snatching one. "I am married", said she. "Don't care, so much the merrier, it's not so wet as it was, when I felt it some years ago?" "Oh! lawk don't, I'm married."

We had moved a little, were by the hay-stack then making, a heap of hay had fallen as they had lifted it from cart to the stack. I closed with her, kissing and hugging, gave her a push, and we both tumbled into a sitting position together on the heap, she half laughing, half resisting; then kissing her, suggesting pleasure, pulling out my prick, seeing a thick pair of legs in dark stockings, big thighs, a belly, some brown hair at the bottom of it, I felt cool flesh, a wet warm split, and was on her, up her, and spent in her.

I came to myself with a tingling aching sensation inside my prick, the stiffness, and spending had hurt the urethra which had been split by the bougie. I had a notion that blood must be coming, and still stiff pulled it out of her; the little lingering sperm on the tip looked all right, she had not spent, for I don't think I could have shoved more than once before I had emitted my semen. I threw myself on her to put into her again, but she baulked me. "Oh! now for God's sake if my husband caught us there would be

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murder", but I was burning with want, it was more than two months since I had clutched a woman's backside, and spent up a cunt. Furiously I pulled her back, rolled over her, and fingered her; she rose spite of me, and went off. "Pray don't come with me, we may be seen, I wouldn't for the world we were seen coming out the rick-yard together."

A minute's reflection made me wiser. I got upon the hay-rick again, saw men and women in the hay-field a long distance off, I called out names of one or two I knew,—no one answered, went into the farm-yard, hollowed there, no one answered, thence went into the cow-house,—there was she milking.

I stood by the cows, pulled my prick out, begged her to let me do it again, talked all the baudiness I could, reminded her of when first I wetted my fingers in her red-stained cunt, lifted up the cow's tail, swore if she did not let me I would put my prick up the cow. It was funny to see a woman whose cunt was full of sperm pulling vigorously at a cow's teats, whilst a man with his prick exposed was holding up a cow's tail, showing its cacked arse, and not too clean cunt. What absurdity will not a lewd man do?

"I must get this done, I am frightened, we shall be seen, we shall be caught", said she. I dropped on my knees, and as she went on milking, put my fingers up her petticoats, the slit was wet with my leavings. I pulled her face towards me to kiss, whilst she kept tugging at the cow's teats.

When the cow was dry she took the pail across the yard to the dairy, emptied it, and came back, looking in all directions, called out some name, but all were at the hay-making, heavy drops of rain were falling.

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"Come to the stable", said I, and laying hold of her pulled her in that direction.

I partly coaxed, partly pulled her, she looked uneasily round the farm-yard, and we entered the cow-shed. At one end of it was a cart-horse stable, close to that a large barn. With arm round her I led her towards the barn, there was straw and hay there; but in the stable in the first empty stall was a heap of fresh straw. I pushed her down on to it, the next instant I was fucking her, and what a fuck! I shall recollect it to the last day of my life, it was delicious. It was two months since I had had a woman; here was a stout, fat-arsed, hard-fleshed, healthy country woman; rough, dirty with work, but whose thighs were white, and whose cunt was a clipper, who was randy, had every capability of giving a man delight. No highly fed woman clad in silks and satins, could have ministered to me as she did, as replying to my thrusts her cunt sucked my prick up her, and we spent together.

I raised myself up without uncunting; the straw rustling and crushing under us, too excited to lay still, after I had spent. She lay in quiet enjoyment, till putting down one hand to feel round our bellies, I roused her, then she wriggled, and out slipped my cock. "I must get up, for God's sake let me."

We got up. I don't suppose that more than twenty minutes had passed between my first, and my second poke, still my prick remained stiff. She went quickly to the cow-shed, put down the milking-stool, sat down and began again tugging at a cow's teats, I again standing by her side with my privates hanging outside my trowsers.

I wanted to see her limbs, to feel her breasts. The

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idea of her cunt squeezing out its moisture on to her chemise as she sat on the stool, the desire to see every part of her, that irresistible want to see all, feel all, and satisfy every sense which springs up in the mind of a man when a woman has satisfied his voluptuousness for the first time overcame me. She tugged at the teats. "Oh! go, pray do,—I won't,—you shant,—ye've done me over.—oh! if you are seen here what will be said?—don't now get a poor woman into trouble, the milking must be done, if it's not what shall I say?" and tug, tug, went both hands milking.

Said I, No one would come back until they had raked up the hay out of harm from the rain. She knew better. "Yes they will if they are kept late, some one will go to the Hall for beer, and they come back through the rick-yard for cans; go away for God's sake." I went back to the rick-yard, and saw a man coming as she had said, did not know which way to make off, but the hay-stacks helped me, and I dodged up to the Hall; it was about three minutes only from the farm-yard, and led to it by a lovely shady walk.

Female servants only were in the house, even my aunt and cousins had gone to the hay-meadow; soon a man emerged from the Hall with two huge cans in his hands: it was Pender's husband. He went off with them filled I suppose. I walked across the lawn and pleasure-gardens which the fields surrounded, saw him in the distance, then made my way to the cow-house again. "He's gone." "I have been so frightened", said she,—but did not say it was her husband. She was still at the cows teats.

I would not be repulsed, nearly upset a pail of milk, and swore I would have her again. She refused,

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prayed me, then promised she would, if I would let her take the milk into the dairy. Permitting it, she stayed a few minutes, then out she came, looked all round, again called out a name before entering the stable. The next minute we were on the straw, my hand between her thighs. "You have washed your cunt", said I. "I did it in the dairy", said she.

I had a grope, tickled her clitoris, got my mouth on to her belly, my lips outside her cunt, we fucked, and again she went to her cow's teats. All this was in broad day-light, although evening was coming on.

She finished milking. "I ought to go to the hay", said she; but I would not let her, held her back, and swore if she went I would follow her. "What have I done?" said she, "I must be mad." Then she took as was her custom, milk up to the Hall, I awaited her return, looking at my cock from which to my delight, all signs of gleet had gone.

For some time I had had mostly gay women, this was a return to old times. It was pleasant to have a fuck on the sly, with a woman who showed real pleasure, who shivered with delight, and grasped me like a vice. Besides there was the stinging element of adultery. I laughed to myself at the idea of her husband's prick going up where I had been three times; my prick began to stiffen, and then droop, then rise again. I felt sure that, at the feel of her quim I should be all right. "If I can once get it up her, once feel her cunt-lips closing round it, get a good clip round her buttocks, I am sure I can fuck her again before they come back from the hay-field", thought I gently frigging my cock, and looking through a crack in the door.

She came back. I went at her in the cow-house; the

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only immediate fear now was that a servant might come from the Hall. To make the story short, I got her into the barn, where the light was less; and she let me do more as I liked. I had a look at a thick brown-haired motte, a belly, and a pair of white round thighs a duchess might have been proud of, I kissed her cunt, and fumbling about from her navel to her arse-hole, fucking her with a long lingering fuck which left us both silent, and enervated. My cock lingered up her as I lay quiet, squeezing my belly up to hers, my lips still against her rosy mouth, and said, "You will have a boy this day nine months."

And she did have a boy that day nine months. A second time that prophecy had come true alas!

With a kiss we parted; men were returning from the fields. I got to the Hall. At dinner my aunt said, "Walter you should have given us help, all should help hay-making, when rain comes on; but you are too lazy; what have you been doing?" "Dear aunt, I have been reading steadily ever since." Said she, "How fond of reading you are for a young man of your age; how you can like to be so much alone, as you have been lately I cannot imagine, it would be better if you took more exercise." She did not know the condition my cock had been in. And my mother was delighted at my being in the country, thinking I was getting steadier, and away from bad company.

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CHAPTER V.

Aunt at the dairy.—Morning amusements with Pender.—Female hay-makers.—Mrs. Whiteteeth.—An exhibition of cock.—Against a field-gate.—A night on the grass.—A sight from the barn-loft.—Robert the page.—Molly.

I could scarcely sleep that night. Pender seemed to me the most delicious woman I had ever poked. What if excitement had brought back the clap! what if I had clapped her! I had never after the clap had a woman until the doctor said I might. When I awakened, to my joy my prick was as dry as a bone; a woman was what I had wanted to complete my cure. The next minute my prick was stiff as I thought of Pender's charms.

It was a lovely morning, every available hand in house and farm was sent off to scatter the hay which on the previous night had been heaped up, Mrs. Pender excepted, whose dairy duty kept her at the farm. I caught her in the cow-house to her astonishment, for it could not have been more than six A.M. To rush up to her, and kiss her was instantaneous. She repulsed my wandering hands. "Oh! sir, don't now,—no never, never again (married women always say that), Missus will be coming,—no never,—I'm a married woman,—now pray,—you shant." I got her back up against a wall, my hand on her fringe, my mouth pressed to hers; how was it possible to resist? At ten paces was the stable, and the friendly hay. What a ballocking I

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gave her, with the summer sun shining through a window on to us, as we lay together in the early morning.

She sat down to milking with her cunt full of me. "They be all up at the hay", said she, "but Missus comes every fine morning to the dairy (that was true), she won't be here for an hour; but if she were, what would I do? my husband will be back, he'll take breakfast to the fields, to save time, in chance of wet again coming on. Oh! do go." There was certainly all those chances. Off I went across the rick-yard, round the belt of trees which skirted the house and gardens, so that I seemed to enter from the opposite side to that where Pender sat milking.

"Is my aunt up?" "No sir, she won't be down till seven o'clock when she goes to the dairy." I took a book, sat down till the servant disappeared, then running by the path soon to be described, was in two minutes in the farm-yard. Pender was in the dairy, resistance was vain, and with her back up against the dairy wall we fucked. I cut back to the house, and sat outside reading. Soon after aunt appeared.

Said she, "What is the matter, that you are up so early?" (I usually was asleep at that hour.) "I could not sleep, dear aunt." "It would do you good if you always got up early, come with me to the dairy." In five minutes aunt and I were there. Lord, how Pender looked when she saw us together!

Aunt took pleasure in her farm. Every morning if well she walked down to it, saw how many eggs had been laid, and if butter-making, etc., went on rightly. Pender attended, whilst aunt with spectacles on was looking at the cream-pans, and asking questions, I looking as if deeply interested in the matter, was pinching

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Pender's bum as she stood besides my aunt. "How hot you are Pender", said my aunt looking at the woman. "It is hot ma'am", she replied, perspiration streaming down her face. How very uncomfortable she looked.

At breakfast aunt said, "What do you think Walter has been to the dairy with me." "Lor'!" said my lady cousins, "that is wonderful; he to get up so early!" "Have you had that dairy-maid long, aunt?" "Why don't you recollect she was housemaid here once?" "No." Then aunt told the history, which till then I did not know.

At the time of my unsuccessful attempt at a feel, she was engaged to a young man; they quarrelled, he left the village to go for a soldier, came back; again a quarrel, and again off he went. After a time he wrote to say, he meant to marry another girl. Pender was in great grief. Just then a head-man on the estate, about fifty-five years old, offered her marriage, and in a reckless state of mind, she accepted him. Directly afterwards her sweetheart came back, his statement was a false-hood, told to try her. It was too late, and he went to America. "She is a very nice, steady woman", said aunt, "they lead a quiet life, but I don't think she is very happy, twenty-three and fifty-five are not a good match."

Food was sent to some of the farm-laborers at a meadow half-a-mile off. I had the pleasure of seeing my cousins, aunt, and two of the female servants in big straw hats, go off to the field. They thought hay-making good fun. I promised to join them, and directly they were out of sight cut off to Pender, dodged all round the rick-yard to see if I was alone, and found her tranquilly churning butter. The stable still ap-

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peared the best place. Thither we went, and for the first time quietly, so to speak, I saw the article, and all its surroundings, which had given me several pleasures; and after fucking her I went to join my aunt, as I had promised her.

I had soon enough of hay-making myself, so laid down in the shade watching the hay-makers (nearly all women). As they moved along in rows, lewd thoughts occupied my mind. One biggish woman attracted my notice by her magnificent white teeth; looking at her short petticoats, and thick legs, lewdness increased to a cock-stand. I stared so as she approached me, that she could not fail to notice it. "It's hot", said I. "It be sir." She stooped with her bum towards me, and lying down as I was, I saw nearly to her knees. "What would I give", I thought, "to be close up to your bum-cheeks." Dirty linen, dirty clothes, sweaty flesh, none of those objections occured to me. Then I moved farther up the field to get nearer, for working along the ridges, they had got away from my resting place, and again laid down reading a newspaper. I covered my lap with it, feeling my prick beneath it, then I pulled my prick out (what risk!), and just as she heading the file of women came towards me, and began turning round; I again spoke to her. She stopped, the others went on; I lifted the newspaper; there stood my prick, red-tipped as a berry. She looked at it, at me, and putting one hand up to her mouth as if to stop her laughter, turned and followed on the others with her work. Soon returning she was again facing me, I saw her white teeth as she smiled, and her eyes fixed on me; the other women turned round, she stopped for a moment, off went the news-

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paper, and she gazed at my doodle for a second or two again. She was further off then, and I saw her speaking to the woman just in front of her, who looked round; I thought she had told, and in a funk left the hay-field.

In the afternoon in the farm-yard, there were people about, and no chance of having Pender. My desire to have her was intense. After dinner I went to the farm, Pender had gone home, so I strolled into the lane which the farm-buildings abutted on.

Between the Hall and farm-yard was a shrubbery path; laurels, hollies and evergreens nearly met over head. It joined a belt of walk and plantation which skirted the lawns, gardens and a small paddock, and hid the farm-yard from the house. It took two or three minutes to walk from the farm to the house. The farm-yard on the other side opened on to a lovely village lane running between fields for a mile or so; on one side the land belonged to my aunt, the other to another proprietor. No one scarcely went along it but farm people. At one end were the two cottages in which I had fucked the two sisters years before; lower down past the farm-gates, were one or two other cottages in which lived farm-labourers, and in one of them the Pender's. The lane then joined the high-road, which led by a half-a-mile to the front of my aunt's house, and to the village. The farm-gates were always closed at dark. A great bell which when pulled set a dog barking was the way of getting in, after dark.

Leaving the wicket-gate ajar, I went down the lane, it was darkish, a fine summer night, but no moon. I knew where Pender lived, and by cunt attraction

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strolled in front of the cottage, though fearing to be seen.

As I left the farm-gate, female hay-makers who had worked till dark, passed, curtsying as they recognized me. I thought of Whiteteeth but saw her not. Turning back from Penders after I had strolled past the cottage, I went up the lane languishing with lust, and leaned against a field-gate. I heard a step,—it was the woman with white teeth.

"Good night." "Good night sir." "Come here." She stopped, came close, I laid hold of her arm, and drew her close to the gate. "Come into the field with me, I will give you five shillings."

A slight chuckle, the white teeth show. "I dare not." But as she spoke I had got her back up against the gate, and my hand on her grummit.

"My old man will be waiting me,—I can't." Lifting her clothes I tried to impale her as she stood. "No, no,—some one will pass", said she in a whisper. I put my hand on the latch, the gate opened, and we were in the field; the gate closed with a snap. I led her along by a ditch to a turn in the hedge; she made no resistance, in a minute we were buried in deep grass, my doodle buried in her cunt, we had spoken in whispers, all was silent excepting the insects which chirped in the hot summer's night.

How delightful these chance pokes are; there was my prick which had not been washed since it had left Pender's cunt, now wetting to its roots in the cunt of an unknown woman,—and I'd only just recovered from a clap. Not a word had we spoken from the moment we entered the field. We copulated in quietness. My prick did not uncunt, but I moved my arse out-

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wards, when with tightening grasps, a heave up, and a tightening of her cunt, she whispered, "Go on doing it."

I could see the white teeth, but indistinctly, there was just sufficient light to see outlines, and anything white, but no colour. "I don't think I can, I have been doing it all day", I said.

"You've had one of the other women", said she in a whisper, "if I'd knowed it, you should not have had me", and with a jerk she uncunted me.

"No," said I, "it's a joke." She raised herself slightly to look me in the face, but it was too dark. "I thought not", said she; then she caught hold of my prick, fell on her back again, I saw indistinctly a broad expanse of thigh and belly. "Let's feel,—let's look." Wide open were her legs in a minute, I felt a great, cool belly, strong, thick crisp hair, my fingers moved easily up the buttered love-trap, I could not see the opening.

"Hush!" said she, "there is a footstep." Quiet on the grass we lay; tramp, tramp it came, past, and died away. "I wonder who it be", said she.

She had kept hold of my prick, and soon our bellies met. When done she hurried me not out of her, seemed to like my indulgence, till she whispered, "I must go, keep here till you can't hear my footsteps before you come out, we be near the yard, and if I be seen I don't know what they will say."

"My old man's at the "Lion", but I'll go straight home." "Perhaps he'll have gone home." "Not he,—they allus sticks at the Public late, when they works late." And with her cunt reeking, off she went.

I followed, intending to walk round to the front of

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the Hall. Passing Pender's house, to my astonishment she was standing at the door. I went up to her. "Oh!" said she, "Pender will be home, I expect him every minute." She could hear his footsteps a mile off, but she would not let me into the house.

Opposite to Pender's was also a field-gate, I persuaded her to come out and stand there with me; the hedge hid anyone coming along the lane. "At the first sound of a footstep", said I, "I will go into the field, and you can cross to your house." I was longing for the woman, but scarcely thought I could do it after my day's fucking. The idea of putting my prick still wet with Whiteteeth's juices, into Pender's quim, stimulated me; my cock stood (in those days if it stood it was sure of doing duty). I closed up to her whispering love, and frigging her, she gradually getting besides herself with pleasure. At length up went my prick into her, and after a quarter of an hour's ramming, finished.

Meeting her husband in the lane might have caused suspicion, so into the field I went, intending to wait till he passed, laid down, fell asleep, awaking when it was broad daylight. I then waited two hours, walked round to the Hall, waited in the front till the door was opened, then went up to my room, and to bed. The servant saw me go in, and I imagine thought I had been out in the grounds without her knowing it,—certainly it never was known that I had been out all night.

I went to bed to rumple it, then down to breakfast, all the time thinking of some lie as an excuse for being out all night. "You were tired, and went to bed

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early I expect", said aunt. "Yes," said I. My limbs were aching from exposure to night-air, as I spoke.

Three days had made a great change in me. My prolonged abstinence from women, and now my recovery, my taking more to animal food, wine, and my usual mode of living, the quiet life I was leading, all my physical forces at their highest. My cock stood from morning till night, not a woman passed me, young or old, without my desiring them. I thought of nothing else, and to this perhaps is due the variety of poking I got. Luck usually falls to those who look out for it.

I have said there was a shrubbery round the grounds connecting with that from the Hall to the farm; quite on the other side of the Hall were the stables, and the gardener's house. None of the stablemen or gardeners were on the farm-side. The servants of the Hall slipped down to the farm to gossip, but it was not allowed. The only person who regularly traversed the shrubbery was Mrs. Pender, who twice a day took milk, and dairy produce to the Hall.

Half-way down this shrubbery-path was a path connecting with that which went quite round the grounds. Cunningly contrived, and leading out of it was one to a large privy, usual in such grounds as my aunt's. A large octagonal house covered with ivy, with a door and two glass windows, a house devoted to shitting, but large enough to hold a dozen people.

One or two days after I had had Whiteteeth and Pender, I dodged about after the latter, but there were people about. I went off to the hay-making, but there were only men carting hay; so I went sniffing about the servants in the house, but nothing came of that. In

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the afternoon I went to the farm-yard, and prowled about to find some chance, and place to get Pender, and went up into the big loft in the barn over the cart-shed. Why I went up there I don't know, and had not been there a minute before I heard a scuffle, and a kiss. "I shant, now—you saucy boy", said a female voice. Another kiss, and a scuffle. "I must go to the house", said the female. I peeped: it was a nursemaid, and my aunt's page. The girl ran off, leaving the page. They did not see me.

My aunt's male in-door servants consisted but of a middle-aged butler who had been in her service many years, a slow, solemn man, a widower, and a page taken on when small, who had recently grown rapidly, and was a heavy, stupid, gawky lad, between fifteen and sixteen years old, too big for his place. My aunt, although always intending to dismiss him, kept him on out of kindness, but at length had said, "Page must go, I shall not give him a new suit, it will be waste of money." He looked stupid as an owl, and as if an idea about cunt would never have entered his mind.

This boy stood still reflecting, then unbuttoned his trowsers, pulled out a stiff, big prick, and after pulling the prepuce down once or twice, buttoned it up again; stood still, again unbuttoned, sat down on some straw, reflected, and then frigged himself. After wiping his fingers on the straw he went off, leaving me wondering at his lust, the size of his doodle, and the quantity of spunk he shot. "That lumpish boy to do that!" forgetting what I did, when only a little older than him.

"Hullo! what are you doing here?" said a voice.—it was Pender's. He made no reply. "You'd better be

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off to the Hall, you've no business here." "I was fetching the nurse-maid." "Well she's no business here; you cut, they will be ringing for you." When the voices ceased I descended, and went to the Hall.

The head farm-man had recently died, he, his wife and daughter, had lived in the cottage in the farmyard. Pender's husband had taken his place, but still lived in his cottage in the lane. The woman whose husband had died attended to things in general, the daughter assisted in the dairy, and worked very often up at the Hall. A pretty girl of a common, rustic style of beauty, and about sixteen years old; she used to curtsy to me when she met me, but I had never cast my eyes at her. As I skulked out through the rick-yard into the shrubbery-walk leading to the Hall I met her, stopped, and had a chat, a joke, and finished by a kiss, which she took in very bad part, and wiped away with her hand, as if I was quite disgusting. She was an only child, her name Molly.

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CHAPTER VI.

Joey and nursemaid.—The privy in the laurel-walk.—Scared.—Whiteteeth in the ditch.—The nursemaid's bed-room.—Robert amusing her.—A lost virginity.—Aunt and Joey.—Nearly caught.—Amatory instructions to nursemaid.

Lusting worse after the kiss, I went to the house. My cousins were out, my aunt taking her afternoon's nap. I rang my bed-room bell for something, simply to get a woman near me, in the shape of a housemaid who was as ugly as sin. I pulled out my cock when she left, and thought of imitating the page, but did not; from my window saw the nursemaid was out with the child, and strolled out to meet her. I must mention that the child (about four years old), was a married cousin's child who had gone to India with her husband; leaving the infant in charge of her mother, my aunt.

Nursemaid was a dry, plainish little woman whom I had scarcely noticed until the previous three days. I talked to the infant, and played with him, asked her if she would like a child, if she would let me be the father, and got a chaffing reply. Suddenly it struck me from the scuffle I had heard in the barn, that she and the page were very intimate, and said as a random shot, "You would not mind Robert cuddling you, would you now?" She coloured up, looked confused, then said, as if she did not recollect, "Robert?—who is Robert?" "Fat Robert the page." "Pough." said she, "that big boy!" She took up the child, and walked off,

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—not to the house, but a long way away from it. After a time I followed her; she entered a grotto, or very large summer-house which formed part of an artificial ruin in the grounds, and which was the scene of an amusing adventure with this very child some years later on in my life. There she sat down.

I saw what a good blind the child was, so went into the grotto to talk to him. He was sitting in her lap. In a minute said he, "I want to pee-wee." "Hush!" said she, "I will take you for a walk." "I will pee-wee", said he, scuffling down from her lap, running outside the summer-house; turning round, lifting his petticoats, and pissing in front of us.

"You naughty boy", said she. "What a little cock he has", said I. She snatched up the child, went towards the house, and there was an end for the time of my talk with her.

I dodged from hay-field to farm-yard, thence to the house, saw Pender, saw the young wench (Molly) I have named, looked out for Whiteteeth; it was all no go. I had dinner, then strolled down to the village, saw Whiteteeth outside the public with her husband. Back to the house, saw nursemaid, said in a whisper. "I shall come and sleep with you to-night." "That you won't", said she, "Master Joe always sleeps in my room." Randy and weary I went to bed, after nearly spending in my trowsers as I looked at my cousins' white necks in the drawing-room, and thought to myself, "I will go to *** (the market-town a few miles off to which I have before alluded), and have a woman to-morrow." During the hot night thought of cunt, cunt, cunt, would not frig myself, slept. Awakened again with a stiff one, frigged, and then got repose.

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The next morning I increased my acquaintance with the young wench Molly, chaffed the nursemaid, and besought her to let me sleep with her. Again went to the hay-field, but hay-making was finished, the weather dull, and further hay-making postponed till finer weather.

Keeping a sharp eye on page Robert, I soon saw he was spooning nursemaid; detected him kissing her, and putting his hand on her belly outside her clothes. She seeing me, gave him a violent slap on the head; when I chaffed her, turned up her nose again and said, "A boy like that indeed; I beg you won't talk like that to me sir."

She slept in a room which was properly entered from the servant's corridor, which connected with the best part of the house through folding doors. But a door had been made in the room from best part of the house, so that my aunt, who had had a large family could more easily see how the children when there, were being looked after. This door was just by a lobby which led to the W.C.; any one going there might seem to be either going towards the W.C., or towards the servants' staircase, the nursemaid's room therefore could be entered from either door, and on two sides.

By the door on the servants' side was a house-maid's W.C. and the servants' staircase which led also to the attics, where some slept, and to a lobby with rooms mostly used for lumber, and where the page had been put to sleep, away from females, or anyone else. The butler slept in a little room adjoining the pantry and plate-room, on the ground-floor.

Several days passed, I did not get a gay woman,

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but hunted incessantly in hopes of getting Pender, or Whiteteeth, or the nursemaid. Young Molly I did not much think of; she seemed too young, so chaste, so looked after, that I had no expectation, but do not recollect what my views about her exactly were. Then I did not care about young ones. A full-grown woman, large-arsed, with a full-sized and fully-haired cunt was my greatest delight; above all I liked room inside it for my cock to swell out, a tight cunt had no delights to me.

After a few days my luck came as it mostly has. I went again with my aunt to the dairy. Whilst she was talking to Pender a notion occurred to me. I did not go into breakfast, but waited in the turning leading out of the shrubbery between the Hall and farmyard; and hiding, saw Pender take up the milk; a few minutes later heard her returning, and stepped out. I had made up my mind to have her in the privy; have had women in similar places before and since, and daresay that other men have.

She gave a start. "Come here." "No." But I clutched her. "Oh! now pray,—if anyone comes?" "But there won't you know that,—come this way", and I pulled her out of the main-walk. "Oh! don't, there's a dear gentleman,—hush! perhaps some one is near." "Why they are all at breakfast." "I don't know where my husband is."

I had edged her down the path, and pushed her into the large privy. Pender was randy, that I see now. A woman in fear yields reluctantly, but she yields when she wants a man.

I locked the door and pressed her up against the wall. "Oh! I am so frightened", said she, "later on

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I'll let you,—oh! if we should be found." She was in a funk, but what can any woman do, who feels a man's warm prick outside her belly, and his hands fumbling at her clitoris? the sensuous touch goes through her like lightning. Soon we were both spending.

My head was on her shoulder, my prick oozing its last drop of sperm, when she clutched me violently with a stare of terror in her face. it scared me. "It is he, it's he!" she said in a screaming whisper, "oh! my God!" Tramp,—tramp, went a heavy male step in the shrubbery. "Oh! my God, I know his step!"

My prick flopped down, her petticoats dropped, but we stood close against the wall breathless. Tramp,—tramp, nearer, nearer it came, it passed the door, and died away in the distance. As he passed I peeped through the little red curtains over the window, and saw it was her husband's cap.

She sat down on the privy-seat, and buried her face in her hands. "My God", said she, "What would have happened, if he had found me here? But what does he do up this path? he has no business here", she added.

After a few seconds I went off in one direction, she as she told me, to her cottage, where she found her husband, and they had breakfast together; the good man not suspecting, that his wife's cunt was full of sperm. Such are the chances of me.

I went into breakfast. My aunt was annoyed at my being so late. A female cousin,—a pretty girl,—whom it was wished I should marry, poured out my tea. I thought, "Ah! my dear girl, if you knew where my prick has been a few minutes ago, it would astonish you."

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I went through the farm-yard a little before midday into the lane, and passed Pender without speaking. I met Whiteteeth carrying a mug and other things in a basket in the lane. She smiled, I followed to the memorable gate, then stopped. "Come into the field," said I. "I can't, I'm taking my good man his dinner, some of the women may come this way." "I owe you five shillings, I'll make it ten shilling,—come." "I don't want your money." "Come for love then." "We must be quick", said she following me, and cautiously she looked round. We passed through the gates to the place where we had laid down before; now in broad day it seemed dangerously near the lane. There was a sinking in the surface a little further on where cows had trodden the ground down to get to a ditch; there she put down her dinner-basket. Throwing up her petticoats, I saw her cunt was dark-haired. We fucked rapidly, no fumbling, stink-fingering, or frigging. I gave her ten shillings. "Give it me in silver", said she, "if I change it in the village it will be known." I took it back, gave her all the silver I had, owing her some. She said she would meet me again in the evening, unless her husband was working in the same field with her; he was mowing then.

I had luncheon, and a cock-stand again, walked round the grounds, and saw the nursemaid with the child. A cunning little bitch she was,—I did not see that plainly then,—she was rolling on the lawn playing with the child, her clothes went up to her knees; it was carelessness, she believing herself alone with the boy. She had a thin pair of limbs in nice boots. I peeped out from the shrubs, expecting to see higher, but did not. The little boy again wanted to piddle, she pulled

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out his cock, and held it. Whilst so interestingly engaged I advanced, she put his clothes down. I walked by her side. "You like holding that?" said I. She turned away. "Let me sleep with you." "This is my bedfellow", said she laughing, and went towards the house, I in the opposite direction of course.

I waited in the lane in the evening. Whiteteeth came along with others, eyeing me with a smile, and there was no opportunity. It was lightish. I thought to get Pender in the privy again next morning. It was not probable that her husband would pass that way again at that time. I went to bed. In the middle of the night was obliged to go to the water-closet, and sitting there thought of the housemaid, recollected that my aunt had said she would have Joey, who was not well, sleep with her that night. "Why, she will be alone that nursemaid, she is a randy one", I thought; but was by no means sure I should succeed, having known others who would go a long way, but stop short at fucking. If she resisted and there was a row, I should be obliged to leave my aunt's. All this ran through my mind whilst sitting on the water-closet. Water-closets had not long been known, they were quite proud of having them in my aunt's house.

My cock rose up, as the girl's neat thin legs came before my eyes. Cock stiffer I went towards my bedroom, passed her door, heard her moving inside, and that settled me. Going to my room I put in the candle, and in my dressing-gown went softly back, turned the handle, and pushed her door. It opened, and a sight met my astonished eyes.

She was lying on the bed, leaning on her elbow, in her chemise which was just above her knees, her legs

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partly up and open, her back turned partially from me as I entered. By the bed-side stood page Robert with his breeches opened, she was frigging, or feeling his great cock as she lay; the page's hand was between her knees, either on her cunt, or trying to get at it. They were in the enjoyment of mutual investigation. Whether it was going further I can't say. I believe she was frigging him, although she always denied that afterwards.

I had fairly entered the room before they (so engrossed were they with their pleasures) saw me; when with a shriek of , "Oh! my God I am ruined!—go (turning to the page), go out sir, or I will scream (to me), what's he here for?—what do you here sir?" Without a word the page turned and bolted, pulling up his trowsers which fell down to his arse as he shuffled out of the room. She turned on one side without attempting to hide her legs, or breast, and hid her face crying, "Oh! what shall I do?—what shall I do?—go sir go,—I don't know what he did here", and other excited, incoherent phrases.

I do not recollect saying a word, but bolted the door by which the page had gone out, then that by which I had entered; the bolts of that had been shot, only they had not quite closed the door before locking. "Be quiet, don't be a fool, I'll fuck you,—let's be comfortable", said I.

She refused. "Robert has fucked you." "No he ain't." "You were frigging him." "No I wasn't,—oh! I don't know what you mean, or what you are saying." In her fear, and agitation she had been betrayed into answering my assertions. "Oh! dear,—oh! dear!—but you won't tell, will you sir?—it will be worse for you

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if you do", said she with a sort of threat, and altering her tone.

"I won't tell if you let me,—don't be a fool,—I will have you. If there is a row I will say I found you with Robert, and you and he will go out neck and crop. If they think badly of me I don't care; I shall leave, and in a few months they will overlook it; but you will have no character: you have been seen in the cart-shed with Robert." She started at that. "It's a story", said she, "who saw me?" and then she began to cry.

I pulled up my night-shirt, threw myself besides her, and pulled up her night-gown. My hand in an instant was on her cunt, her thin thighs closed to prevent me, but she was silent. "I will have you", said I laying on her, and forcing open her knees with mine. Her resistance grew less. "I can't help myself", said she, "you are a blackguard, all the women say you are,—don't, —oh! don't hurt me." "Nonsense, you have had a prick up it before." "No man has ever touched me." "Let me feel then." Her thighs slightly opened, I put a finger on it. "You have a very little cunt." "Don't be rough", said she. At length my belly met hers, my hand was round her slender bum, my prick on the slit. I pushed, it did not enter as I expected, then I felt her cunt roughly, and made her cry out. "What a small cunt you have", I said, and with a violent lunge pushed up it. She gave a suppressed gasp. "Oh! you hurt, oho." I pushed home, fucked and finished triumphantly, for I had had her in spite of herself. We had spoken in whispers till she split, and then her cry was sharp, and loud.

I drew my prick out and myself upon my knees, to see how the cunt looked. She did not close her legs.

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By the light of the small candle I could see she had not much more hair on her cunt than a girl of sixteen years old. I laid by her side talking to her, then noticing my night-shirt said, "You are poorly." "Nothing of the sort." To put my fingers up to verify that, and look at them was the work of a moment. "Then I have made you bleed." "You have hurt me very much, you brute."

I did not like the girl nor her manner, didn't feel kind as I always do towards a woman I have had. "You little devil, to hear you talk one would think you had never had a man before." "Think what you like, but I never have,—go away now."

Her tight cunt, her freedom in permitting me to feel it, her sulky submission to all I wanted astonished me. I fucked her again, and found her cunt very tight still.

She was taciturn, and when I said, "I had better go." "Go", she replied, "I suppose we shall be kicked out,—what will Robert say?" We agreed that she was to tell Robert, that unless he held his tongue he would be kicked out without a character; that I was to tell him, that hearing conversation I had opened the door; that out of consideration for the poor girl would not tell my aunt; but that I should notice him, and if I found him misbehaving himself, would tell my aunt that he was not a proper person to be in the house. Then I went to my bed-room.

I slept but a short time, awakened with a cock-stand, and slipping on my dressing-gown sneaked without slippers to her room again; knocked gently, heard a sleepy voice say, "Yes ma'am", and the door was opened. Spite of her opposition I got into bed with her, another fuck, she spent, and we both fell asleep.

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A violent push awakened me. A knock at the door. "My God it's Missus." We were in the dark. Pulling my dressing-gown off the chair I slipped with it under the bed, forgetting the door thru which I might have escaped. "Let her in", I whispered. Trembling she opened it. It was my aunt. "Here," said she, "take Master Joey, he has kept me awake all night." The nursemaid put him into the bed, my aunt standing by the side, her feet actually against my slippers. "What did you lock this door for?" said she, "have I not told you always to keep this door unlocked?" "I felt frightened", said the girl. Away my aunt went, the girl sunk on the chair. There was now a light. In a whisper from under the bed I said, "Play with the child." She got into bed, took the boy in her arms, cuddled and talked to him, whilst I slipped out and regained my room. It was not day-light.

I had had three women the same day, had washed after neither, their lubrications had mixed with mine on my prick-stem and balls. A day or two following I had a stock of crabs; were they Pender's, or Whiteteeth's, or nursemaid's, or did I breed them? I had all three women afterwards, and never got the crabs again whilst at my aunt's. At the market-town I got a remedy, and was soon cured, but had to leave off fucking for a little while.

I had had the three women at a cost of five shillings; such luck never occurred to me before, or since.

I don't know when I have had such a jolly month's amusement as then followed, in getting first one, and then another of the women. All three met my wishes, but there were many difficulties, dodges, manoeuvres to get either of them. Nursemaid moving about with

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the child in all sorts of places, came in for the most cock. She was small-boned, skinny, and her face had the expression that people have when they have just taken medicine. Under other circumstances I should never have noticed her, but the extreme smallness of her cunt was a novelty. I thought at first she was a regular intriguer, but came to the conclusion that I had had the first of her; and that until then she had been a masturbatrix, and frigged her flesh off her bones. Rub her clitoris for a second, her eyes would open wide and roll with such intense voluptuousness that for a moment her face looked beautiful. I used to tell her, that she frigged herself thin.

I took you may be sure a great fancy to my little cousin Joey, for that gave me an opportunity of getting near the nurse. She was always out in the grounds with him in fine weather. I would throw the ball for the child to run after in the direction of the grotto, then walked round to see if any gardener was near, and tip her the wink. In we would go, and either against seat, or up against the wall, or more frequently laying her with back on the big rustic table, and her legs round my hips, I poked her. Once she laid the little child on the table, and played with him there, whilst I threw her clothes up behind, and fucked her dog-fashion. "Lay hold of his cock", said I as bum-wagging indications told me she was coming, and she kissed his little cock rapturously till she spent. The little beggar! I wonder if in later years he recollected anything he saw. Years afterwards it was my fortune to see him fucking a servant in that very summer-house.

Whether the child was old enough, or not to notice

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what he saw, was a subject of talk with us. We came to the conclusion, that we were safe. After luncheon, when my aunt took a nap, and my cousins went out driving (if I could avoid driving out with them, and what lies I told to do that), was my most fortunate time; for the servants were lazy after their dinner, and the garden excepting from gardeners, quite free.

The summer-house, called the grotto, was a big one, there were wide seats nearly all round, chairs, and a big table in the middle capable of dining a dozen people. I was once frigged in it by a young lady, and two different servants did I fuck in it. These adventures will be told in their place. There were several summer-houses about the grounds, and I had the nursemaid in most of them.

Once only I slept with her the whole night, or rather lay fucking her, we were frightened to sleep, for fear of being caught. Joey was away. She told me the page had been showing her his prick for nearly a year; and she let him come to her room that night just to see what he would do. "You were frigging him, were you not?" "I was feeling it about." Then I told her I had seen him frig himself in the barn. "The servants at the Hall wonder at your being so much at the farm", said she. "How the devil can they know that?" I thought to myself. It put me on my guard.

She swore no man had ever touched her before me. "You forced me, and made me bleed; I would not have let you, only I feared you would tell what you had seen, and I should lose my character." She however took now to fucking, and was insatiable in getting me up her; her little thin form clung to me in a

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wonderful way and she loved my penis to push to the utmost up her tight little cunt.

"So my Fanny's small?" she asked several times, "tell me about other women's; are they much larger than mine? I know I have very little hair on mine." What nice talk we had.

She had been always nursemaid, had frigged herself as long as she could recollect, had nursed a girl eight years old who frigged herself incessantly, she had to slap her, and tie her hands to prevent it. "Now tell me truly, did you ever frig any boy?" "Never", but she had made their cocks stiff. She had frigged a girl, and been frigged in return. So much for nursemaids. She said she was 27.

The morning after I first had her, I told Robert to come to the garden directly the breakfast was cleared away. He came. "I heard a noise last night as I was passing, opened the door, and caught you; I have a good mind to tell your mistress, but the nursemaid has begged, and prayed me not; but if I hear you have ever mentioned this, or see you near her again, I will have you kicked out the next five minutes, and she too.—Be off." Away he went, without a word.

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CHAPTER VII.

Molly and Giles.—A country ale-house.—Pender's history.—How her virginity was taken.—Whiteteeth's ailment.—Molly in the loft.—Interrupted. Molly tailed.

I fucked Whiteteeth in the meadow one night again. We selected a field further off, which led to another bit of luck. She had left me, and I was stepping quietly, so that if met, no one might suppose we had been together; when I heard on the other side of a hedge, movements, and the voices of a male and female. They sat down within a few feet of where I was. I only heard imperfectly, and tell as well as I could gather what was said.

"I can't stay", said she, "mother will be after me, —she don't know I am out of the yard." A kiss,— many kisses,—a scuffle,—"be quiet",—then all was a mumble. Then "I won't,—I won't,—never again,— you shant." "Hush!" said he, "suppose some one is near." "Do let's feel it,—let's do it", said the male, "do it once, do it twice, it's all the same once done." I kept as quiet as death.

"No" (here something I could not catch),—"no,— it warn't no pleasure to me,—I've been crying ever since,—you won't marry me after all I dare say, though I let you do it." "So help me God I will, I'll marry you." He swore quite loudly. "Hish!" "Mother won't let us, she hates you." The female whimpered, then was mumbling, kissing, soothing, quietness, then

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all of a sudden, "Oh! you're hurting me with your fingers." "Hish!—hish!—be quiet!" Then I could hear nothing;—then, "No, I'll be getting in a mess like Bess." Said the man half angrily, "She were a fool, she needn't a had a child; I knows a mother who can stop any gal having a child." "Now don't,—oh! it hurts,—no,—oh!—hoe!" The voices sank; kisses came a slight rustling, and all was quiet.

Then I heard broken words from both, but in a subdued voice "I'll never let you no more", said the female, "you go that way." Kiss, kiss, and the cut off, the female towards the gate I had entered the field by, he across the fields. She piddled, and waited till he had gone. Dodging her I moved after her, and saw her enter the farm-yard, but could not identify her. It must be Molly I was sure, no other female at that time was likely to enter there. Why Molly has been fucked!

Next day I asked nursemaid about Molly. "Oh! that's why you go to the farm so often", said she laughing jealously. "She's a good girl, her mother looks after her sharp."

I had most difficulty in getting Pender. She would not go into the privy again. I fucked her once or so in the barn, but at railroad pace; both anxious, the fuck barely worth having. "I'll go to mother's next Sunday", said she. If P go to the Red Lion on Saturday night, I'll be outside in the lane." We met in the lane, but I could only get a feel, and arrange about Sunday. "I'll go to mother's at *** (the market-town), if the day be fine; P. won't come, he don't like mother, or he'll only come in the evening."

On Sunday I rode to the town, passing Pender on

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the road in her Sunday finery, went to a lane where was an ale-house and bakery below, a baudy house above, and took a room (Fred told me of the place years before). Pender went to her mother's, and so soon as people were in church came to the appointed corner. I kept well ahead of her, entered the house, and after hesitating at the door in she came after me.

"How could you be such a fool as to walk about outside like that?" said I angrily, for I had feared she would not enter. "I was frightened", she replied, "and oh! I must get back to mother's by dinner-time at one, when the Publics and the bake-houses open."

It was a delicious day, and beats in my recollection many others of fevered enjoyment. Little by little I stropped a tall, fine, stout, healthy, country woman, a regular spanker; with white flesh, firm, soft satiny and smelling like new milk. She was bashful without affection, ashamed to expose her charms, yet proud to do so to me. She was clad in snow-white coarse linen, neat and clean from her boots to her head. What enjoyment we had! how we spent! I fucked her three times before the dinner-hour, my prick or my finger was in her cunt for an hour and a half.

At half-past twelve off she went; in less than two hours back she came. She had said that a friend of hers was ill, and she had promised to sit with her (a woman cocking is never at loss for a lie). It was raining. The umbrella helped to hide her, but she was nervous about being seen. I had dinner at the house, the woman cooked well; the keepers were really small traders who did not mind their rooms being used for love-making, and had none of the dirty tricks of a London baudy house keeper. He fetched me a bottle of good sherry.

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I got as lewd as could be, and to her astonishment turned her face against the bed, threw up her clothes and had her with my belly against her rump. I shall never forget the comicality of that fuck, her protesting against it, and her wonderment at such an attitude. The novelty upset her.

I don't recollect much more what I did, but it was an afternoon of baudy teaching on my part, of confidences on hers; it was the first time we had a chat together on general matters. Speaking of her husband she said, "Why you have done it as much almost as he has done since we have been married." "What in a year?" "Yes, we were married several weeks afore he did it at all, so I told mother, and that's why he don't like her."

She was warmed with wine, we were on the bed cuddling, my fingers at work on her clitoris, we were enjoying each other's nakedness. I pressed her to tell me more, and now narrate briefly what I heard of her first fuck, her grievances and troubles.

"After I spoke to mother, mother said to him, 'You don't want a wife much Mr. Pender, I think.' 'Why of course I do, I should not have married had I not.' 'Well it don't seem like it', said mother. Then Pender said, 'You mind your own business mother, or you'll make it hot for your daughter', and with that he went out, and slammed the door. Mother did not like to say any more, for fear he would ill-treat me. Soon after he said, 'What have you been saying to your mother?' 'Nothing', I answered. He looked queer, and still he did not do anything to me for some time.'

"When I was in bed I used to lay and cry, he'd say, 'What are you crying about woman?' but I never told.

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After that one night he took my hand, put it on his thing and said, 'Feel that lass.' Then he felt all round me you know', said Mrs. P. laughing, 'and he had never done that before,—and with no more ado he got atop and said, 'Not don't be a fool', and then he did it,—and that's all", said Mrs. Pender describing her first marital poke,—the real beginning of her married life,—as she laid side by side by me, with my prick in her hand.

I was curious,—a man always is in such matters. "Did it hurt you?—did he get up you quick?" "I'm sure it was pretty quick, I cried out, and it hurt. I was all in a tremble; then he said, 'Well you were all right and tight five minutes ago.' I bled a lot."

"Perhaps your old sweetheart had done it before?" "He never laid hand on me, but to kiss me." "Nor any one?" "Oh! yes, they have tried all round I think", said she laughing, "you have,—so has the squire, and lots of 'em, you can't help that,—if a girl's taken unawares a man can get his hand on her thighs, but he won't get more; and I always slapped their heads, and there was an end of it." I recollect certainly her slapping at mine hard enough.

Then she relieved her mind. "He's not a bad man, he don't get drunk, and we don't quarrel; but I don't care for him, and never did." "Ah! you lost your young man, and thought you would be fucked by some one." "I did not think at all about it, but in a sort of spiteful fit, when he asked me to marry him, I said yes. I didn't think about his not doing it to me much, till a woman asked me how I liked it, and how often he did it; but I told her he did it a lot. Then I talked, and found men did it often to their wives, and he does

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not do it to me once in three weeks. So I fretted." "What do you do?" said I. She laughed, I gave her clitoris a rub. "That's what you do?" "Yes", said she. "Do you often want fucking?" "Every day", said Mrs. Pender frankly and openly. "Did you want it the day I had you by the hay-stack?" "I just did." Then she added that her husband knew she frigged herself, and usually said to her when she intimated that she should like him up her, "Oh! do it yourself, if your cunt's so hot, I'm tired."

She had married a man much more than double her own age, who poked her once in three weeks; this healthy, well-fed woman of twenty-three who wanted a nightly roger, and could have spent half-a-dozen times daily with ease. She now had got me, liked me, was ready to do anything with me or for me as I found out, and was sorry for it.

At six o'clock she was obliged to leave. We were both fucked out, and parted regretting that a month must pass before she could venture to go to her mother's again. I had left her enough to think about, for I fucked her in several attitudes. It gave me pleasure to teach her.

Next day Molly ran in my head, so I fished about to hook her. She had seemed to me so young, that I had taken but little notice of her; liking the fat-cunted, biggish-arsed females best. Now I noticed her being so plump and fresh, and wondered I had never noticed her previously. When I met her, I looked in her face thinking, "Innocent as you look, your cunt's been wetted by a man." I longed for her, but she was nearly always in the farm-yard, either with her mother or Pender, when not assisting up at the Hall; but when

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a man hunts a woman he is sure to get a chance, as will be seen I did.

Just after I had Pender on the Sunday, an annoying thing accurred to me. Whiteteeth worked in all parts of the parish, and she just now came to do something on my aunt's grounds,—weeding I think. Catching her one day alone I took some liberty. She resisted sullenly, looked up, and nodding her head said, "You gave me a bad illness." "What!" said I. "Did you not?" said she. I swore I had not; did she think me such a blackguard?—would she see my prick? "Then my damned old man's given it me, and he swears I gave it him", said she. She had a clap. I never had her afterwards, and was told that lots of men had had her. Fred told me soon afterwards, that he had, but that she had been quite steady since her marriage, he believed. I didn't undeceive him.

When the farm-work was over Molly stood sometimes at the lane-gate. Loitering about I saw a man named Giles there, who when he saw me moved off. I laid hold of her once or twice, kissed and made the usual approaches, at last got a hot fit of lust for her, and felt I would do anything to get her once. After two women with well-haired cunts I did nothing but picture to myself that she had a small cunt, and but little hair on it, like nursemaid's,—and the idea excited me.

I have already described the barn, step-ladder, and loft; the chickens sometimes flew up the ladder into the loft. I had seen Pender go up, and whisk them down. Looking about one afternoon (hay-making was again going on), no one seemed about, though Pender was in the dairy. I entered the barn from the brick

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yard side, just as Molly was going up the ladder, showing her legs innocently enough.

"What pretty legs", I cried. The girl scuffled up as hard as she could to get out of sight, I after her. She was chasing some chickens, and was as red as a turkey-cock in the face. I caught hold of her, prick standing, heart beating, and kissed her. She resisted, I put my hand up her clothes, and in the struggle we both rolled on to a heap of loose hay; I had felt the flesh of her thighs. "Leave off", said she, "or I'll call mother." Her mother was then ill in the farm-house.

"Don't be a fool", said I attempting it again. "Don't you do such things sir,—I'll call mother,—it's wrong of you" "If you do", said I brutally, "I'll tell your mother Giles fucked you in the field last week."

Never shall I forget the look of the poor girl's face. "Oh!—oh!" said she breathless, "you didn't,—it's a story, oh! now pray,—oh! it's a shocking story,—I warn't in the field." "Don't.—oh! it hurts", said I repeating other words which had been wandering through my brain ever since I heard them. "I heard you and the man say that."

She began to cry, putting her head in her hands. "Let me do it, and I won't tell,—no one will know, and you won't tell Giles, that's certain." She ceased crying, and fixed her eyes on me wildly, I got my hand up her clothes, her thighs were closed, she kept pushing me away, "No,—no,—no." Forgetting where I was, or that anyone might come up the ladder, I had my prick out, and with a struggle got my hand on her cunt. "You won't tell, really now?" "Not if you let me." A little more scuffling, and I had her down. She was quiet, and I was fucking with all the delight and

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energy which a fresh woman gives a man, when I heard "Molly, Molly" shouted out. With a violent start she uncunted me, and I spent over her motte. "Where are you such a long time Molly?" "There is a hen up here", said Molly who had started up, "and I think she has laid, but can't find the egg." And Molly disappeared down the ladder. "You're wanted up in the Hall", said the voice,— it was Pender's;—their voices died away. How pleased Pender would have been had she known the condition of Molly's motte!

Nothing is so irritating as spending outside a long coveted cunt, when another thrust or two would have left the sperm up it,—it is maddening. I could think of nothing but the girl; although I had barely felt, and had seen nothing of her charms, she seemed to me perfection. For a day or two I got no chance, so I wrote on a bit of paper, "You will get into a mess, unless you meet me to-night; I'll be in the barn at eight o'clock; come in through the wicket",—or something to that effect. It was intended to frighten her, for she avoided me. I pushed the note into her hands at the Hall.

I walked through the farm-yard, afterwards and saw her, she shook her head as I passed. I said rapidly, —Pender was in sight,—"You had better." In the evening I hid myself in the loft, allowed the barn-doors to be closed, and should have had to stay all night there if some one had not undone one of the wickets; they fastened them outside.

I had been there a long time, it was dark. "I am in here till to-morrow morning", I thought, and walked up and down barely restraining myself from frigging, such was my state of lust. It was possible that circum-

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stances might prevent her from coming, and I had given up hope, when the wicket opened, It was she; she came up into the loft; I caught her in my arms.

"What do you want?—you ain't a going to tell? —you ain't heard anybody say anything?" said she. I could not see, but felt her tears, reassured her, told her I loved her: who would know but us two? "What harm have I done you?" said the poor girl, "Giles is going to marry me, that's different,—oh! don't now." I had pushed her on to some hay, threatening her one minute, coaxing her the next.

I was feeling her. My hand was roving over a plump little bum and belly, my finger entered a tight little split on which was a little crisp hair, my prick followed my finger, and on the new sweet hay, belly to belly, but not mouth to mouth (she would not kiss), my prick revelled in a cunt which seemed divine, and was soon drowned in a pond of its own making.

"Mother's better, and has gone down the lane to Pender's", said she, "if she comes back she will wonder where I am,—let me go." I would not, until I had again enjoyed her; and then the lass enjoyed me. She unclosed the wicket in the rick-yard which let me out. I got across a field into the lane, went past the farmgates, and there stood Molly with her mother. "Good night", said I to the mother, then passing Pender's cottage, I went round, and up to the Hall.

I thought that having fucked Molly I should be contented; but the little cunt, the little hair, the small bum, made me want Molly again. I could not get her, she evidently did not wish for me; I had had her against her will, and so had her again afterwards. Perhaps only seemingly against her will, for though she

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resisted, and accused me of breaking my word, she had spent with me, and was to spend again, perhaps in spite of herself.

I cannot recollect the name of Molly's swain, though I have tried hard, so call him Giles,—it is a bumpkin's name.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Field women.—Fred at home.—Smith, the field foreman.—A rape of a juvenile.—Funking consequences.—Nelly consents.—Fred looks on.

Strolling into the fields one day, idly smoking my cigar later on in the year, groups of girls and women were at work. I talked to the field foreman and looked at the girls, especially the younger ones, and wondered if they had smaller cunts than Molly; of one whether she had any hair on her cunt at all. Some were apparently not more than twelve years of age. I longed to see their cunts, and joked with one or two of the larger girls; but a decided longing for young cunts had set in on me. "Pender", said I one day, "what a lot of fast-looking chits there are in the fields." "They are a bad lot", said she, "there is one gal there only just fourteen in the family way." I was just going to fuck Pender, and daresay finished quickly enough, for at that age if I was fucking, and thought of anything very baudy; with a sudden spasm I spent right off, even if I had only just got my cock up. Indeed women used to say to me, "How quick you are; why did you not wait for me?"

What with Molly, Pender, and nursemaid I was so well kept in cunt, that I only occasionally went back to London. I had dissipated a large part of my fortune; fucking here had not then cost me five pounds, so that besides the novelty and delight of the intrigues and the risks I ran, it was economical; and things

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might have gone on so, when back came my cousin Fred.

A wide-awake fellow was Fred. When my aunt said how delighted they all were to see me so steady, and had never seen me enjoy myself so much at the Hall before, he stared. "He goes often", said aunt, "with me to the dairy." "Yes and pats the cows", said a cousin. Fred winked at me, and when we were alone said, "What's your little game Walter, where are you cunting now old fellow?" "Cunt", said I, "is of no use, my clap's not gone; but thank God I think it's getting all right again." He was quite taken in. "You have done the best thing you could," said he "there is nothing here much to excite you, no woman worth having, is there?"

We wandered daily over the farm and grounds, smoking and talking; he had been so much away, that faces were unfamiliar to him. "What a skinny bitch that is with Joey." said he (that was nursemaid). "That's a fine woman", said I indicating Pender. "Yes", said he, "I recollect before she was married trying to grope her, and she nearly knocked me over." "I would not mind having her." "No chance for you my boy. Ah! has not that little Molly grown", said he with a laugh, "I have often seen the little devil's arse, and her cunt too when a child, playing about the place,—she is nice: I think I'll have a try on her." "Aunt's partial to her", said I. "Don't care." "She is very young." "Tighter cunt, and more to teach", replied he,—and I noticed he began to be very sweet to Molly afterwards.

One morning we walked into the fields, the foreman came up and saluted us. He had been on the

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farm before Fred and I were born. "Well Smith", said Fred, "still at the old games,—any bastards lately?" "Oi am tow ould for that now Master." "Perhaps the girls don't like poking now?" "Oi they do, but they doon't like me as they did." Smith (my cousin told me), had had the credit all his life of poking all the agricultural laborers, and had been threatened with dismissal on account of it. "He might have had a worse berth", said I, "there are half-a-dozen girls in the field I would not mind sleeping with." "Why don't you have them?" said Fred. "I don't want to lose my character here." "That be damned, you can always have a field-girl, nobody cares,—I have had a dozen or two."

I turned this over in my mind. We were again in the fields, on the way there he gave me a long account of how old Sarah used to wink at his having the field-girls; and indeed I had often heard him tell it. "You tell him you would like any one, and see what will come of it." There was a pretty sun-burnt girl about fifteen years of age that had given me a cock-stand. "That's a pretty girl Smith, I'd give a sovereign to have her,—is she loose?" "Don't think so yet squire, she be skittish; her sister's not fourteen, and they say she be in the family way, when one sister takes to it squire, the others generally do." "Where do you pay their wages?" I asked. The old fellow leered at me. "Why you be a taken a leaf out of young squire's book sir (it was Fred's advice); I pays them next at the root-stores", a shed about a quarter of a mile from the farm-yard, and in which he had a desk. The women waited outside the shed, each being called in and paid

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in succession. They were paid every night, excepting in hay-making times.

At pay time I strolled into the shed. One by one he paid. The girl I wanted came last. He told her he wanted her to take a parcel to the village. "Yes sir", said she. Off old Smith went to fetch the parcel,—it was the dodge, Fred told me so afterwards, the old goat always adopted to get a girl left alone with him.

Very randy but nervous I went out with Smith, then strolled back into the shed. The girl had seated herself on some loose straw, she got up and curtsied. "Sit down my dear", said I, "you may have some time to wait", and talked to her. "You are very pretty,—you will keep your sweetheart waiting." Smiling she said. "I ain't got no sweetheart sir." Another look or two, and my randiness getting the better of me, I began chaffing suggestively, she sat down besides me, then I talked for a quarter of an hour warmer and warmer, then kissing, tickling, and pinching her legs. This did not seem to affect her, she enjoyed it; then out I pulled my prick, and all changed at once. "Oh!" said she rising up scared to go. I pulled her back.

"Let's do it to you." "I won't." "You've been fucked." " I ain't,—I am only fifteen years old (she did not affect ignorance of my meaning),—leave me alone." I threw her down, and got my hand up her clothes. She loudly screamed, and that is all I recollect clearly; I know that I struggled with her, offered her money, told her I knew her sister had been fucked, and a lot more. I was so much stronger that she had no chance, I rolled over her, she screamed, and screamed again (there was no one nearer than the Hall), I exposed her bum, her thighs, her cunt, and

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all she had. I was furious with lust, determined to have her; at last she was under me, panting, breathless, crying, and saying, "Now don't,—oh! pray don't", but I lunged fast, furiously, brutally, and all I heard was, "oh! pray,—pray now,—oh!—oh!—oh! pray", as I was spending in her holding her tight, kissing her after I had forced her. Her tears ran down. If I had not committed a rape it looked uncommonly like one, and began to think so as I lay with my prick up her.

I got off her, saw for an instant her legs wide open, cunt and thighs wet and bloody, she crying, sobbing, rubbing her eyes. I was now in a complete funk, I had heard field-women so light spoken of, that they were so accessible, that I expected only to go up a road that had often been travelled. This resistance and crying upset me, the more so when at length rising, she said, "I'll tell my sister, and go to the magistrate, and tell how you have served me out."

I really had violated her, saw that it would bear that complexion before a magistrate, so would not let her go, but retained her, coaxed, begged, and promised her money. I would love her, longed for her again, would take her from the fields, and every other sort of nonsense a man would utter under the circumstances. She ceased crying, and stood in sullen mood as I held her, asking me to let her go. I took out my purse, and offered her money which she would not take, but eyed wishfully as I kept chinking the gold in my hand. What a temptation bright sovereigns must have been to a girl who earned ninepence a day, and often was without work at all.

In an hour and a half I suppose, old Smith came

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back, he had really got a parcel for her to take. She began to cry, and blurted out that the gentleman had insulted her. "What, has he kissed you?" "More than that,—boo hoo." "What has he done?" "Been dirty with me,—and I'll tell my sister, and go to the justice."

"Pough child", said Smith, "he arn't done you any harm,—a gent like him,—don't make a fuss,—make it up,—it's all fair yer know twixt a young man, and a maid,—daresay yer wanted him to be dirty with you,—a gent like him, you ought to be proud of sich a one making love to you,—here, take this parcel, and be off."

"Take the sovereign (she had refused it before), I'll give you more another day; it will help to keep you a while,—hold your tongue, and no one will know", said I. She hesitated, pouted, wriggled her shoulders, but at last took the sovereign, and took up the parcel, saying she would tell her sister. Then said the foreman, "None o' that gal, an' I hears more on that, you won't work here any more, nor anywheres else in this parish,—I knows the whole lot on you, I knows who got yer sister's belly up,—she at her age, she ought to be ashamed on her-self, and I knows summut about you too,—now take care gal." "I've done nothing to be ashamed on", said the girl, "you're a hard man to the women, they all say so,—ohe!—ohe!" "Well there", said he dropping his bullying tone, "the squire won't harm you; I think you be in luck if he loikes you, say you nought;—that be my advice". The girl muttering went her way.

I followed her (it was getting dark), was so kind and coaxing, promised her so many fine things (I'm not sure I didn't say I'd marry her), that as we neared

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the village, the little lass let me pull her into a convenient grassy corner, and fuck her again. She promised she'd say nothing to anyone about it.

Next morning I had a fear, and was annoyed with myself. If the girl said anything it would be all over the parish in the afternoon, and in my aunt's ears the next day; all that for a dirty little farm-laborer. I had had none of that sensuous delight which both mentally and physically is found in getting into a virgin, had never thought of having her as one, nor did I recollect much cunt resistance to my penetration; but she certainly was a virgin. In my furious lust, and with my unbendable stiff prick I must have hit the mark, and burst through it at one or two cunt-rending shoves. She had given a loud cry in the midst of it, "Oh! pray now,—oh! pray",—but I had heeded it not. What excited me was her youth, her size, and the idea of having a little cunt with but little hair on it, something smaller than Molly's. In bed, thinking of, and funking consequences, I longed for a girl still smaller, for one with no hair on her cunt at all. On further reflection I calmed. She had taken the money, and let me do it a second time; it was all right, and I rose, and went to the scene of my exploit.

The girl was not at work in the fields, and my funk returned. "Smith", said I, "is Nelly (let's call her Nelly) here?" "No, nor her sisters," "Sisters?" "Yes there are two; one a woman called ***, very much older, the other younger than Nelly, and the young un they says be with kid."

I went to the farm-yard, there saw Fred talking to Molly, "Ulloh, you have taken a letch there." "I'll have her", said he. Pender went across the yard. "I

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would sooner have her", said I. "Aye, a damned fine woman, but coarse, smells strong I should say when she sweats, or is randy, and I like them younger." I was jealous about Molly, and walked away. Fred joined me, and after dinner, I like a fool told him all about the girl ravished in the root-shed in the Twelve-Acre field.

"Was she a virgin?—she is a plump little bitch,—you were in luck,—oh! never fear there will be no row; the saying down here is, 'They all take it by the time they have half-an-inch of hair on their cunts.' She will be rather proud you have fuced her than otherwise. Has she much hair there?—has she any bubbies?" I told him all I knew, which was but little, not recollecting even if she had any cunt-wig at all.

Next day the two sisters were at work again. I told Smith that after his dinner I wished to speak to the girl. The old cock-bawd told me to wait at the root-shed; and the girl came there to fetch his handerchief which he left purposely. When she saw me how she started. No, she had told no one, but was not going to let me do what I liked. A kiss. "I don't like your hand on my legs,—oh! now you said you would not,—take your hand away."

My finger was on her cunt, I was feeling what little hair she had, my finger went up it, oh! how tight it was! "Now darling let me, I won't let you go till you do,—there, what a dear little belly,—let me kiss it." "They will wonder why I am gone so long,—my sister will be asking questions,—do let me go." "No." "Oh!" I had her on the straw. "Be quiet dear,—my prick's up you,—be quiet,—a—h!—ah!"

With her cunt well buttered off she ran. I buttoned

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up. Just then at the door appeared Fred holding his sides and laughing. "What's up Fred?" "Oh!—oh!—oh!" "What's the fun?" "Oh!—oh!—I've been looking at you fuck the little bitch. I saw her go in, and you go to the shed an hour ago, but did not know you were there then, so thought I would like the young one; it's five days since I've had a woman, and as I was going in heard your two voices, listened and looked till you had done the job."

"It's a damned unhandsome thing", said I in a rage. "You would have looked at me if you had caught me", said Fred. "You leave the girl alone, it's my manor." "All right, but I'll have little Molly, I have given her a kiss." Off he went, leaving me jealous about that one as well. He was treading on my heels a little too much to please me.

Four women I had poked now, being like a cock among hens, cared about neither, but could not bear the idea of Fred going up them, though I knew it was useless to try to prevent the young squire, the future master, a fine officer. Pender said to me one day, "The squire means harm to Molly; it's a shame for an officer like him to harm a poor girl; I caught him kissing her, and putting his hands up her petticoats. I'll tell Missus if I see any more of it." "Do", said I, "you tell my aunt."

So she did, and aunt requested Fred not to go to the farm-yard, and Molly was all but locked up. In a few days Fred said it was damned slow, and went to London. I for a change went with him.

My departure put Pender in tears, she did all she could to get me up her, and before I left I got Molly into the loft on promising never to ask her again, and

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there had my first good look at her belly and cunt, and fucked her. Nursemaid I advised to avoid the page, or I would never have anything to do with her more. She grinned and said, "What a loss". Nelly I caught in the lane, fucked her and she promised to be chaste and never let any other man put his finger on her. Then I departed with Fred to virtuous London.

Before leaving, Mrs. Pender said, "I'm afeard I'm in trouble, my poorliness ain't come on for two months now."

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CHAPTER IX.

Laura and Fred.—Vauxhall amusements.—A juvenile harlot.—A linen stopper.—The hairless and the hairy.—Ten and forty.—A snub.—At my aunt's.—Nursemaid and page missing.—Pender with child.—Molly and Giles caught.—Mr. Pender's letch.

Theatre every night, heavy lunches, heavy dinners, much wine, and cigars never out of my mouth, that was the first few days proceedings. Fred was keeping a woman named Laura of whom I shall say more; she was always with us. I don't recollect having a woman for a few days, but it may have been otherwise. On the fifth or sixth night we went to Vauxhall Gardens to a masquerade. It was a rare lark in those days. A great fun of mine was getting into a shady walk, tipping the watchman to let me hide in the shrubs, and crouching down to hear the women piss. I have heard a couple of hundred do so on one evening, and much of what they said. Such a mixture of dull and crisp baudiness I never heard in short sentences elsewhere. Although I had heard a few similar remarks when I waited in the cellars of the gun-factory, it was nothing like those at Vauxhall, and it amused me very much. There were one or two darkish walks where numbers of women on masquerade nights went to piss, and many on other nights.

At supper Laura said, "Where have you been the last hour?" I laughed. "Tell us." "Hiding in the shrubs

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where ladies go by ones, twos, and threes without men." Laura understood. "Serves them right, they should go to the women's closets; but you are dirty." "Well it was such a lark hearing them piddle and talk." Fred always coarse said he never knew a woman piss off so quickly as Laura. Laura slapped his head. She had not been gay, and was very modest in manner and expression; but loved a baudy joke not told in coarse language.

The signal sounded for fireworks. Off we ran to get good places. I cared more about women than fireworks, and lagged behind, seeing the masquers and half-dressed women running and yelling (fun was fast and loose then). I passed a woman leading a little girl dressed like a ballet-girl, and looked at the girl who seemed about ten years old, then at the woman, who winked. I stopped, she came up and said, "Is she not a nice little girl?" I don't recollect having had any distinct intention at the time I stopped; but at her words ideas came into my head. She,—what a small cunt,—no hair on that. "Yes a nice little girl", I replied. "Would you like to see her undressed?" "Can I fuck her?" I whispered. The little girl kept tugging the woman's hand and saying, "Oh! do come to the fireworks." "Yes if you like,—what will you give?" I agreed to give I think three sovereigns, a good round sum for a common-place poke then.

She told me to go out of the gardens first, get a cab, and stop at a little way from the entrance. In three minutes the woman and child joined me. At about five minutes drive from Vauxhall we stopped, walked a little way, turned down a street, and after telling me to wait one or two minutes, she opened the door of a

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respectable little house with a latch-key, went in and closed it. A minute afterwards she opened the door, and treading lightly as she told me, I found myself in a parlour out of which led a bed-room, both well furnished. Enjoining me to speak in a low tone I sat down, and contemplated the couple.

The woman was stout, fullsized, good-looking, dark, certainly forty, and dressed like a well-to-do tradeswoman. The girl's head was but a few inches above my waist, and she certainly was not more than ten years, but for such age as nice and fleshy as could be expected. She had an anxious look as she stared at me, and I stared at her. The last month's constant desire to have a cunt absolutely without any hair on it was to be realized, I was impatient but noticed and remarked, "Why you have gas!"—a rare thing then in houses. "Beautiful, is it not?" said the woman, and in a voluptuous and enticing manner began undressing, until she stood in a fine chemise, a pair of beautiful boots, and silk stockings. Engrossed with the girl whom I was caressing, I scarcely had noticed the woman; but as she pulled up her chemise to tighten her garter, and showed much of a very white thigh, I said, "I've made a mistake, I did not mean you." "No", said she, "but it's all the same." She came to me, pinched my cock outside saying "oho" as she found it stiff, and then undressed the child to her chemise. I had white trowsers and waistcoat on, and was anxious about rumpling them; At my request she drew my white trowsers off over my boots with great care; then divesting myself of coat and waistcoat I stood up with prick spouting. "Look there,—feel it Mary." The girl not obeying she took her little hand, and made her

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feel it. Sitting down I lifted the girl on to my knees, and put my hand between her little thigh.

"Give me the three pounds", said the woman. All my life I have willingly paid women before my pleasure; but thought I was going to be done so demurred, and asked if she supposed I was not a gentleman, took out my purse, showed I had plenty of money gave her one sovereign, and promised the others directly I had the child,—and then pulled off my boots.

We went into the bed-room, she lighted candles, the gas streamed in through the open door. "Lay down Mary", said she. "Oh! he ain't going to do it like the other man,—you said no one should again", said the girl whimpering. "Be quiet you little fool, he won't hurt you,—open your legs." Pushing her back, or rather lifting her up, there I saw a little light-pink slit between a pair of thighs somewhat bigger than a full-sized man's calves; the little cunt had not a sign of hair on it. To pull open the lips, to push up my finger, to frig it, smell it, then lick it was the work of a minute. I was wild, it was realization of the baudy dreamy longings of the last few weeks. I was scarcely conscious that the old one had laid hold of my prick, and was fast bringing me to a crisis.

Pushing her hand away I placed my prick against the little cunt which seemed scarcely big enough for my thumb, and with one hand was placing it under the little bum, when the girl slipped off the bed crying. "Oh! don't let him,—the other did hurt so,—he shan't put it in."

"Don't do it to her, she is so young", said the woman in a coaxing tone. "Why that is what I came for." "Never mind, it hurts *her,* have *me,* I am a fine wo-

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man, look", and she flung herself on the bed, and pulled up her chemise, disclosing a fine form, and to a randy man much that was enticing. "Look at my hair, how black it is,—do you like tassels?" said she, and throwing up her arms out of her chemise, she showed such a mass of black hair on her arm-pits, as I have rarely seen in other women, and rarely in an English woman at all.

"What the devil did you bring me here for,—it was for her, not you, I hate hair,—I like a cunt without hair."

"Have me, and look at her cunt whilst you do it, —here Mary", and she pulled the young one to the bed cunt upwards. But disappointed, lewd, and savage, I swore till she begged me not to make a noise, and saying, "Well,—well,—well,—so you shall,—hold your tongue (to the girl), he won't hurt you,—look his cock is not big." She pulled the girl on to the edge of the bed again, and brought her cunt up to the proper level with the bolster and pillows. Then said the woman, "Let me hold your cock, you must not put it far in, she is so young." I promised I would only sheath the tip; but she declared I should not unless she held it. "Wrap your handkerchief round it", said she. I did so, and that left only half its length uncovered. Impetuously I tore the white handkerchief into pieces, wrapped round about an inch of the stem of my prick with it, which then looked as if it was wounded, and bound up; then hitting the little pink opening I drove up it. I doubted whether I should enter so small it was. It held my prick like a vise, but up her cunt I was, the woman promising the child money, to take her to Vauxhall again, and so on, and then put her

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hand over her mouth to prevent her hollowing,—she did not hollow at all really.

I spent almost instantly, and coming to my senses held her close up to my prick by her thighs,—there was no difficulty so light a weight was she. There I stood for a minute or two. "My prick is small now", said I, "unroll the handkerchief." "No", said the woman." I will give you ten shillings extra if you do, my prick can't hurt now." The oddity of a woman attempting to unroll from a prick a slip of white rag, whilst the prick was up a cunt; but out came my prick from the little hole before she could accomplish it.

Desire had not left me, holding the thighs open I dropped on my knees, my prick flopping, and saw the little cunt covered with thick sperm. There lay the girl, there stood the woman, neither speaking nor moving, till my eyes had had their voluptuous enjoyment. "I will give you another sovereign now, and then fuck her again." "All right", said the woman. "But she must not wash." "All right". I gave it, then took the girl up like a baby, one hand just under the bum, so that the spunk might fall on my hand if it dropped out, and laid her on the sofa in the parlour, where the gas flared brightly, opened her thighs wide, gloated, and talked baudily till my prick stood again.

Then I lifted her back on to the bed, and rolled the strip of handkerchief round the stem again; but I longed to hurt her, to make her cry with the pain my tool caused her, I would have made her bleed if I could; so wrapped it round in such a manner, that with a tug I could unroll it. The woman did not seem so anxious now about my hurting her.

Sperm is a splendid cunt-lubricator, my prick went

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in easier, but still she cried out. Now I measured my pleasure. With gentle lingering pushes I moved up and down in her. Under pretense of feeling my prick, I had loosened the handkerchief, then tore the rag quite away, and afterwards lifted her up, and then with her cunt stuck tight and full with my pego, and both hands round her bum tightly, I walked holding her so into the sitting-room to a large glass. There seeing my balls hanging down under her little arse, I shoved and wriggled, holding her like a baby on me, her hands round my neck, she whining that I was hurting her, the woman hushing, and praying me to be gentle, till I spent again. I held her tight to me in front of the glass, her thighs wide apart, my balls showing under her little buttocks, till my prick again shrunk, and my sperm ran from her cunt down my balls. Then I uncunted, and sat down on a chair. We were both stark naked.

The girl sat down on a foot-stool, the woman sat in her chemise. I gave her the remaining money, and to the little one some silver. Although I had had her twice, I scarcely had looked at her; both fucks must have been done in ten minutes. Now I longed to see the little cunt tranquilly. "Let me wash her cunt", said I. "You can", said the old one. I took the girl into the bed-room, she left a large gobbet of sperm on the stool, which the old one wiped off. I washed her cunt, threw her on the bed, and looked at the little quim. It seemed impossible I could have been up it; but from that day I knew a cunt to be the most elastic article in the world, and believed the old woman's saying, that a prick can always go up where a finger can.

Then after cuddling her, straddling between her

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legs and feeling my balls hanging between her thighs by passing my hand round her arse, I laid her on the bed, took a glance at the little cunt from a slight distance, and saw the old one in an exciting posture. She had thrown herself on the bed, and resting her head on one hand was watching me. Her chemise had slipped from her shoulders showing big white breasts, and the black thicket of hair in one arm-pit. Her chemise was up to her waist, one leg was bent up, the fat calf pressed against a fat thigh, the other extended along the bed, the thighs wide open, the middle finger of her left hand on her cunt, whose mass of black hair creeping up her belly and along the line of junction with the thighs could not be hidden by her hand. She was frigging her clitoris with her middle-finger, and she smiled invitingly. "Come and do it to me, I do want it so,—I have not had a poke for a fortnight."

My love of a fat arse, and a big hairy cunt returned suddenly. I stood turning my eyes, first to the little hairless orifice, then to the full-lipped split, then to the little pink cunt, and then back again to the matured cunt. "Come, do me." "I must go." "Why?" "I came to have her." "So you have,—now have me,—you can have her again if you like after." "Can I?" "Yes, —oh! come, I am so randy." "It's late." "Stop all night." I said I would. Off the bed she got, put a night-gown on the child, laid her on the sofa, told her to go to sleep, and throwing off her boots and stockings, got on to the bed again.

I threw off my socks. "Shall I be naked?" said she. "Yes, it is very hot." Off went her chemise, and the next instant cuddling up to me, she was tugging at my prick, kissing me, and using every salacious stimulant.

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Though a hot night, naked as we both were we felt a chill, so covered ourselves with a sheet.

"How old are you?" said I. "Guess." "More than forty." "I am not thirty-eight, although I am so stout, —feel how firm my flesh is,—how my breasts keep up." I threw down the sheet to see her fully. She was delighted, turned round and round, opened her thighs, pulled open her cunt, exposed herself with the freedom of a French whore, and by the time I had seen all my prick was at fever heat, and I fucked her. Our nakedness was delightful.

We talked afterwards. She was not the mother, nor the aunt, though the child called her so; the child was parentless, she had taken charge of her and prevented her going to the work-house. She was in difficulties, she must live, the child would be sure to have it done to her some day, why not make a little money by her? Some one else would, if she did not. So spoke the fat middle-aged woman.

I was sleepless. After an hour or two I longed to see them side by side, that strange contrast in age and size, to try the difference with my finger as I had with my prick. She brought in the child, sleepy and peevish, I plunged my prick in the little one, took it out, and put it into the woman. It was a delight to feel the difference,—the room in one, the confinement in the other's cunt.

The aunt annoyed me by putting her hand between our bellies to prevent my penetrating too far. It was not the stretching, nor the plugging, it was the boring too deeply which hurt the little one, she said.

I laid on my back and put the little one's belly upon me; stretching her little thighs, I felt round them; and

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guided my prick up her, then the aunt put her fingers round my prick and squeezed my balls. How funny to have that little creature on the top of me; how funny to be able to feel at the same time a big hairy cunt at my side. Such thoughts and emotions finished me, and after spending in the little one, she again went to the sofa, then with my arse to the aunt's arse we went to sleep.

She was the youngest I ever yet have had, or have wished to have. We laid abed till about mid-day. I fucked as much as I ever did in my life, and found that a tiny cunt although it might satisfy a letch, could not give the pleasure that a full developed woman could. Tight as it was, it had not that peculiar suction, embrace, and grind, that a full-grown woman's or girl's has. When I was getting drier and drier, the old one stiffened my prick, and I put it into the child; but oscillate my arse as I might, I could not get a spend out of me; then in the aunt's clipping though well stretched cunt, I got my pleasure in no time. A fuck is barely a fuck if a man's prick is but half up a girl, it wants engulfing. A very young girl never has the true jerk of her arse, nor the muscular clip in her cunt; so if a languid prick be put up it, it will slip out, unless the letch be strong; whereas a flabby, done-for prick, once in the cunt of a grown women may be resuscitated, and made to give pleasure to both, if she uses the muscular power which nature has given her between bum-hole, buttocks, and navel.

We eat and drank, I paid liberally, and with empty ballocks and a flabby tool went away. White trowsers and a black tail-coat were then full evening dress at Vauxhall; but ludicrous in the day. I recollect feeling

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ashamed as I walked out in that dress in the sun-shine. She would not fetch a cab as she was most anxious about noise. She gave me full instructions where to write and have the girl again. About a fortnight afterwards I made an appointment, but she did not keep it. I went to the house and asked for her; a woman opened the door. "Do you know her?" said she. "Yes." "She is not here, and I don't know where she has gone,—perhaps you're as bad as she is", and she slammed the door in my face. A few years passed away before I took a letch for a hairless cunt again,—and then I was a poor man.

We went to Vauxhall on an ordinary night, and I showed Fred where I had heard and seen the girls make water. Laura I got to like, and she to like me which led to something at a later date. In about three weeks or more I went back to my aunt's, through an indefinable longing to poke in a quiet intriguing way, the women I had had there. In London I had changed my women twice a day, and fucked every nice French women who walked in Regent Street.

My mother was again going to see my aunt, and was delighted that I would go with her. Fred had gone to Paris with Laura, and wanted me to go, but money was getting short with me, for I had been heavily robbed, and as ten pounds a day (a large sum then) was the usual cost of Paris to me, I declined, and to the old Hall went with mother.

I did not see nursemaid or page. "You have a new nursemaid for Joey", said I to my aunt. "We dismissed the other, we found her to be an improper character, —and Robert has gone,—he was too big", said she. For two or three days I could not get Pender, who

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looked miserable when I met her, shook her head, and looked up to the skies. I went with my mother and aunt to the farm one day, Pender for a second stopped behind, and said to me in a hurried whisper, "I *am* in the family way", and then ran after my aunt.

Next day I saw her for a second. "Meet me next Sunday at ***". "I must", said she. We had no opportunity of speaking before, for her husband or some one was always in the way. To make sure I next day slipped an envelope into her hand, in which was one addressed to myself, and a scribble asking her to say where I was to meet her. It came back by post containing in execrable writing the words, "My dear, same time, and place, if he be out, on Saturday night." I did not comprehend, but waited outside her cottage that night. She did not show. On Sunday I went to ***, and long after eleven she appeared. Soon we were in the room over the beer-shop.

"I am in the family way, whatever shall I do?" I had thought over this, and replied, "Well, you have a husband, so it does not matter." "I don't think he will believe it's his." "He can't say it is not, and will be proud of it." "That may be true, I did not think of that", said she, and until I had fucked her I learn't no more.

I referred to the change in the servants at the Hall. "Oh!" said Pender eagerly, "there has been a row; do you recollect the nursemaid?—well they saw her feeling—hoh! hoh!"—she burst out laughing,—"feeling the page's thing,—hoh! ho! ho!" "Feeling his prick?" "Yes,—ho! ho! ho!—and Missus turned her and page out the same night,—ho! ho! ho!" laughed Pender. "She was a dirty hussy." "Why?" "Why a woman

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like that to be taking liberties with a boy like that, a hobble-de-hoy; poor Molly told me that one day when he came here he pulled out his thing before her." "What, Molly?" said I, thinking the young girl had had manifold temptations. "Yes, poor thing." "Why poor thing?" "Well I am sorry for her; I told Missus about the young squire as you told me, and Missus told her mother to look sharp after her,—and so she did, and found that she used to get out of a night and meet Giles,—you know Giles?" "No I don't", said I lying. "He works here sometimes, you must have seen him", said Pender. "No." "Well he works here, is a likely young chap, but Molly's mother hates him, —well she watched and watched, till one night she caught them, and him on top of her in the large barn, —he had got through the wicket on the far-yard wicket." "How could she do that?" Pender explained to me what I knew perfectly well.

"On the top of her?" "Yes they were a doing it, —and she hit him hard on the head with a stick, and nearly stunned him before they knew she were there." "Who hit?" "Why her mother, he were nearly insensible.

"Then Mrs. Brown asked me what to do, and I said he had better marry her, and she said he should not. So she went to Missus, asked her advice, and on account of Molly's character to say nothing about finding Giles taking liberties with her daughter. Missus said Giles at the end of the week was to be sent off, —and he's gone. Mrs. Brown scarcely lets Molly out of the house, and when I sees her I laughs to myself. That a young thing like that has had it done to her. Her mother told me you know,—I have sworn to tell

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nobody, but I don't mind telling you." "She has seen two pricks", said I, "page Robert's and Giles' ". "Yes she has."

I wondered whether he had spent when he felt the stick on his head. "I think he had", said she, "for Mrs. Brown said she found his stuff on her child's chemise. Every day there is a row between them, Molly says she will go to service, her mother says she shan't, and that she will turn out a bunter, and bring her in her age with sorrow to the grave. Poor thing."

"Pugh", said I, "why make such a fuss about such a natural action?" "Well it be natural", said Pender, "but she might have waited, she is very young."

In the family way Pender was, and by me,—of that I had no doubt. Pender thought it was done the first time I had her in the rick-yard. 'Did he not do it about that time?" I asked. Pender hesitated, and on being pressed to reply at length said, "It's funny, I am always thinking about it, but it is a fact that he did it that very night; and when you have done it, he generally do it also that night. I can't account for it,—can't abear him to do it when you have,—can't abear his doing it at all now, and he does it more than he used." "You spend with him?" "I don't,—I hate him then, I hate him altogether since I have known you."

Now for a bit of experience which I write now, and years after I wrote this chapter of my narrative. I had a married woman who was fond of me. She assured me that whenever I had her, it was perfectly certain that her husband would do it to her that night. She thought that my fucking acted as a charm to fetch the other man. He neglected her for other women, and used, although a young vigorous man, to do it but

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rarely to her; but whenever my sperm had suffused itself in her cunt, his went there the same night. "You spend too then?" said I. "I do", said she, "I think so much of you, so much of the coincidence and go home so wondering whether he will do it or not, that directly he pulls me about I think of you, and then fancy it is you doing it to me, not him, and I spend. I am angry with myself afterwards, but can't help it."

Pender had said her mother was unwell as an excuse to get to ***, so must be back quickly. She was lying speechless, with eyes closed and my prick up her, I silently reposing on her, when the clock struck. Up she jumped, uncunting me, saying, "I must go, I am to fetch the dinner from the bake-house, then I must get back home, unless P. comes", and rapidly off she went scarcely dressed, and without washing her cunt.

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CHAPTER X.

Nelly and Sophy.—The beer-house again.—Sophy's belly.—On the road.—Against a tree.—At the baudy house with Sophy.—Her narrative.—Tom and the three sisters.—Fred on the scent.—Pender's troubles.

I had some food at an hotel, then returning on foot saw at the end of the lane two peasant girls in their Sunday finery. I looked at first without recognizing them, but as I got close saw one was Nelly, the girl I had raped. She stopped, I smiled. "You here, why?" "Taking a walk sir." "Come with me." She hesitated, looked at the other girl. "Never mind", said I, "bring your friend with you." Two minutes brought us to the beer-house again. "Stay here", said I. I went to the side entrance which was up a yard, told the woman who stared when she opened the door to me to show the girls up the other way. They came through the shop, and stood curtsying when they came into the little sitting room.

I wanted Nelly when I saw her, and hence what I did; but was embarrassed now, for with the other in the room I did not know how to proceed without compromising her; so sent for some spirits. They sat sheepishly. I said to Nelly with the view of getting rid of the other, "Perhaps your friend would like to call for you presently." "She is my sister", said Nelly. Impulsively I cried, "Your sister?"—"why she is the girl who was in the family way before she was fourteen."

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"Oo—h!" said Nelly's sister, "what a lie,—what a shame to say such things of a girl,—who said so?" I was disconcerted. "I heard it, but can't recollect who." Nelly never spoke, but sat looking at me with her tongue out on one side, and a funny expression in her eye. "I'll go", said her sister. "Don't go", said Nelly, "the gent's asked us in, and will be offended, —won't you sir?" "Yes", I replied.

The liquor came, I dosed them with it, and a letch for the sister came over me. "She in family way, that young thing,—is it so?—how I should like to see her belly." My conversation got warm, then baudy, the girls got warm, and laughed at my smut. From kissing one, I got to kiss the other, then to pinch, poke and feel their legs, I spoke about women being in the family way, made light of it, wished I was so myself, and so on, and they let out as the liquor worked, and I questioned.

The younger was a little over fourteen years old, Nelly only eleven months older. Said I, "A girl can't be in the family way before she is fourteen." "Oh! yes she can", said Nelly. "How do you know?" She laughed. I plied the liquor, got the young one on to my knee, and my hand up her clothes. A yell, a threat to go, "nonsense", from Nelly. Then I shoved my hand up Nelly's petticoats,—which she permitted quietly. Then I had a strange whim.

"Stand close together with your backs to me, and put your hands behind you, and I will give you something before you go; then each shall ask the other to guess what I have put in her hand." They did, and expected money. I pulled out my prick and balls, one girl's hand I guided under my balls, the other's round

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my prick. They touched at the same time and knew what it was, and turning round, "It's his thing", said the youngest.

"You knew it was a man's prick", said I. "you have felt one, and one has been into you,—let's feel your cunt, do,—you are in the family way, I know you are."

Then I sat between them, talking outrageous baudiness with my prick out. "Come into the other room", said I, "and let me see if you are in the family way, and I will give you this (producing a sovereign); if you are, or are not, you shall have it." She refused, but eyed the sovereign. Said Nelly, "Well, I wish he would ask me." "So I do, but she shall come first, you afterwards." The girl asked, "How will you tell?" "My dear I shall lay you on the bed, throw up your clothes, look at your belly, and feel your cunt." "I shan't then." "Then you won't get a sovereign", and I put it bye. "I'll go with you", said Nelly, but I would not accept her offer. There was a pause, the sister sat reflecting, her gaiety was gone.

Soon afterwards I renewed the request. "Let him", said Nelly, "he won't talk, he don't know people in the village." The girl shook her head sullenly, Nelly looked at me nodded her head, and put her tongue out. I did not know what it meant, at last guessed. "Is she?" I asked. Nelly kept on nodding. "Well Nelly says you are in the family way." The girl began to cry. "What's the good of crying?" said Nelly, "you can't hide it long." The girl kept silently crying. I persuaded, Nelly persuaded, and at last she came into the bed-room. I could feel the poor little girl's hard belly, lifting her clothes I opened her thighs and looked; then she resisted, but a little only. I frigged

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her, kissed her a little, coaxed her, and then fucked her. She spent freely. It's my luck to get sisters.

"Tell me Sophy all about it,—how long since you were got in the family way?—your sister will wait.

She counted on her fingers and said, "Four months and about a week." "Are you sure?" "Yes." "How can you tell?" "I have never been done but on one day." "Nonsense." "It's true." "Do you mean that once putting it up you got you in the family way?" "I didn't mean that", said she, "he were only once with me, but he did it all night, and nearly all the next day." "A dozen times?" "Don't know, I was so ill, so sleepy." "Who is the father?" She shook her head. "I can't say,—dare not,—it would be worse for me if I did." "What are you going to do?" "Go to the work-house if they won't keep me", said the poor girl crying again. She was rather watery headed.

It was an exciting termination to the day. After frigging her till she was in the seventh heaven, I fucked her again. It was the same bed I had fucked Pender on.

"You've been an hour", said Nelly when we went in, "what have you been doing?" "Nothing but examining." The girl stuck to that also. "Oh! gammon", said Nelly.

"You come now", said I. She would not, was sulky, and another hour went away. It was getting late, I pulled Nelly into an open-legged posture over mine as I sat on the chair, and lifted her clothes. Her back was to her sister. I got my cock between her legs, it rubbed her thighs, but she slipped away, turned sulky, and would not let me fuck her, though I felt her. They left, and I directly after.

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When clear of the town, and on the road it got dark, I joined them and learnt where Sophy lived, and could be met. Because Nelly would not let me I felt a want for her and made baudy requests. She got randy, and told Sophy to go ahead. Then I got her up against a large tree, and straddling my legs wide to get into her, found it difficult as she was short, but was poking her with vigor when we heard footsteps and voices. "Oh!" said she, "let me go, it's so and so." Although I held her on my peg, grasping her bum, and hoping to spend before they came up, I being empty was long about it, so she uncunted me, and slipped away just in time. It was two or three men she knew, who seeing girls ahead ran after them, I dodging round the tree as they ran past. They over-took the girls, I followed at a distance sufficiently near to hear their low chaff, their attempts to kiss the girls, and the yells of the sluts when they attempted more.

When I saw Pender again I heard that her husband had for some reason gone to *** on the Sunday she was there with me. He stayed, and took his wife home. "Did he do you?" said I. She colored up. "It be a fact he did,—it be most curious. I were hot with running, and fetched the meat from the bake-house. After dinner he said, 'Well you do look comely, you do today, where 'as you been?', and he pulled me on his knees, and put his hands up my clothes,—and in all my life he never had done such a thing afore in daytime. Says he, 'Lass we'll have a game at mother and father.' Said I, 'Why P., you must have been drinking,' He pulls me down on to sister's bed which were in the corner of the room, and I would not let him. He says, 'Don't make a row, for I means it', and so I let him do it."

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Such games went on until full Autumn, I was always after one or the other as fancy led, or opportunity offered; but was obliged to be more and more cunning, for fear I should be found out. Although I had heavy fucking at times, yet had good rests between. It was a jolly time, but mainly with three of the four women now. Nelly got the most of my cock at first, Sophy very soon after.

The little one in the family way had taken my fancy. I fucked her in the lane and fields, but mainly upright, the grass being now damp. One evening we went to the baudy house. I had pleasure in fucking her, but she was always crying. "Why do you meet me?" said I. "To get money to help me if they turn me out." "When?" "When they find I am in the family way." At last but with difficulty, I got out of her much about her seducer and give the narrative as near as I can in its order.

"Yes it is a big man, a fine, tall man, and quite a man, not old, not young.—Oh! I dare not say who, it would be worse for me (a cry),—you won't tell Nelly,—how came you to know my sister?—do you do anything to her?—now do tell me." "Well tell me your history, and perhaps I will tell you about Nelly."

"Well he got into bed with me saying, 'It's cold, —and it were,—let's lay here, it will be no harm, no one will know.' I said I would hollow, but there was no one in the house—Now I am letting out, and I won't." She stopped, and would not tell more.

Persuasion, kisses, promises, and she answered my questions again. "He cuddled me, he was big and strong, and I could not help it; and then he pulled up my shimmy, and his shirt was up, and he put his belly

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close to mine." "Then his prick was up against your belly?" "I shan't say", said she with a modest fit, no sham. "Was it?—was it just as my prick now is?" Her story was exciting me, I pulled her belly up to mine, and my prick, a right good stiff one was between us. "I suppose it were", said she, "I don't recollect, all seems in a muddle, he hurt me dreadful, I screamed, he put something over my mouth, and I don't know no more; but he was doing it right up, and I were hollowing,—and then I cried."

"Are you sure you cried out?" "I hollowed I know, but I knowed there was no one to hear." "Then you were in the house alone?" "Yes." "What house?" "I shan't say,—Nelly is always asking, and I *won't* say, —you won't tell her, will you now sir, what I have told you?"

"I don't recollect more", she went on, "but he lay on me, oh! a long, long time." "Not up you?" "Yes oh! a long time." "Did he keep on fucking?" "He kept on a doing it and stopping,—no he never pulled it out, at last I fainted or slept I suppose, for when I recollect more he was out of bed. Then he got into bed, and he did the same I can't say how many times. When it were day I said, 'Ain't you going to work?' and he said, 'No. If any one comes they will think I am gone, and if you say a word if anyone knocks I will murder you.' Then he got up, and showed me his razor, and said, 'Do you see that?—I bloody well mean it, mind.' Then he got into bed again, and he did it again."

"Did you like it?" "I don't know, I was all pain, but I think I must at last; I was so muddled like and ill I could not move. Then he dressed and says, says

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he, 'If ever you tell I'll cut your bloody throat; now you say you were ill, and stopped at home from work', and he went away to his work." I guessed she had been raped.

Another day I had Nelly, and questioned her. She said she wanted to know, but did not; she guessed, but dared not say. Sophy had said there would be murder if she told who the father was, but she guessed. She was only eleven months older than Sophy, who must have been in the family way just before she was fourteen, had had her courses when thtirteen years old, and was "hankering after the chaps" quite early. "Mother used to slap her for it." Nelly's courses had only recently come on, she said.

Sophy although younger and slighter built, had more hair on her cunt than Nelly, and gave me the idea of being older. Neither were tall, both were larger in their thighs, haunches, and bubbies, than town girls of the same age, as far as I can recollect.

I can't recollect the order, but only the broader features of this part of my amorous history. I think that after the Sunday when I had Pender and Sophy I could not get to Pender, for the farm-yard from morning to night was full of laborers; so busied myself with Sophy, who two or three times the same week met me at ***, and what I have narrated was told me there. It delighted me to hear about her virgin offering, it made my cock stand. Then I would fuck the little wench, and make her arse wag like the tail of a duck that had a thwack with a stone, then would question her again. If she said she should say no more, I used to remind her of what she had let out on the previous night. What delighted my sensuous imagina-

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tion, was the evident fact that the man was big, and with a big prick, and must have kept it up with her without uncunting till he had fucked her three times. Her praying him to go, trying to get from under him his grasping her to him so that she could not move, his laying quiet on her, then commencing his shoves, —all proved it. He seems to have began his assault on her about nine o'clock one night, and never went out of the bed till two o'clock the next afternoon.

"Has he ever done it since?" "Never, he has never had a chance; he has tried to catch me coming home, but I always come with some one else; he has asked me, but I never would." "I dare say you egged him on; had he never made a baudy sign? Never shown you his prick?" "Both Nelly and I had seen that", said she, "we looked through the key-hole if we heard—." Here she stopped short, and nothing would make her go on, she saw she was on the point of giving the key to the riddle.

I advised her to get as much money as she could, and then if unkind she might snap her fingers at them. She had kept all I had given her. I had a feast with her of rump-steak and onions one night; she eat till she could eat no longer. I toppled her up with hot spirits and water, and then tumbled on to the bed with her. She was very communicative, I frigged her about till with a sigh she said, "Oh! let's do it."

"Tell me who did it to you then, and I'll give you another sovereign to keep you through your confinement; feel my prick, and tell me." She reflected, she was so lewd, I knelt on the bed, my prick standing stiff in front of her face. "You won't ever tell anybody" said she, "will you?" I swore I would not.

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Rubbing her eyes she hesitated, then said, "Tom." "Who is Tom?" "Hester's husband." "Who is Hester?" "My sister,—oh! don't tell, or he will murder me." I saw the whole story at once. In another minute we were fucking. Afterwards she told me all.

There were three sisters, Hester married Tom, a laborer; Sophy lived with them, Nelly lived with their mother. Tom and Hester had a two-roomed cottage, in one they slept, in the other, which was sitting-room and kitchen, was a bed in the corner, where slept Sophy. The mother was dangerously ill, Hester went to assist Nelly attending her; so Sophy was alone in the house with big Tom, who took the opportunity to put his big prick into Sophy's little cunt, get her in the family way, threaten to murder her if she ever told, to turn Hester into the streets, and do any other amount of deviltry. Sophy was frightened of Tom and at first of her sisters knowing about her swelling belly, till it was found out. All was quite probable. I believed it implicitly. The size of Tom's prick, and the number of times he had done her were all described with modesty. I pitied the girl, and resolved to help her. Tom bore I found a bad character, and Hester no better, had been confined soon after she was married. The child was dead. All three sisters now lived with Tom since the mother's death.

"You knew all about fucking long before he did it to you." "Of course we did. Nelly and I often talked about it, Hester told us what pleasure it was; we could hear Tom and Hester doing it. Nelly if sleeping with me used to listen. They used to hang a cloth before the door,—there were cracks in it,—if they did not, we could see through if there were light, and some-

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times they forgot. Nelly and I have both seen Tom's cock that way. Once he showed it to me as it were by accident; he was in the privy, and he called out to me to bring him a leaf. When I took it him his cock was out and stiff; he grinned, I looked, he took the leaf, and ran a hole in it with his finger, and put his cock through the hole, then he said, 'If you tell Hester that, she will turn you out.' So I never told, but I told Nelly. He did the same to Nelly one day, but we held our tongues."

That is all I have to say about Sophy here. I had her from time to time until within three months of her confinement, for simple curiosity. I had no pleasure in it when her belly got big, but I kept her in money.

Nelly I also had. She came a saucy, lewd, low-tongued little bitch; but I liked her fuck. I found her larking with men, and stroked her more than once in the lanes. One night I caught her by surprise, and saw some male going off in the dark as I thought. "That was a fellow with you", said I. "No it was not." But her cunt had a most unusual wetness. I hesitated, and said that some one I thought had just wetted her. She was confused, denied it, and whimpered at my suspicion. I again felt her, and putting my fingers and thumb together was sure it was spunk, and turned away; but felt so randy, that I turned back after her, wiped her cunt with my handkerchief, made her piss, and then fucked her up against a fence.

As I relinquished my hold of her bum I heard something fall with a chink. "Oh!" said she, "I have lost some money." It was very dark, I picked up the money, could not see what it was, but was sure from the feel

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it was gold, and said so. She had got it back before I made the remark, and would not let me feel it again. "You told me you hid the money I gave you." "I've been carrying it about for fear of its being found." I told her she was lying.

I had been out that day with my gun. On returning found Fred had come down from town, and been there all day; he had had a quarrel with Laura. I don't know how it struck me, but I asked, and found he had only just come in and said to myself, "He has fucked Nelly, it was his money she dropped, it was his sperm." I did not tell him so then.

The farm-yard now was never empty, they were thrashing in the barn. Molly was scarcely visible, and if in the yard her mother was at her back. When I did see her I winked at her and she laughed. She was growing wonderfully, and my desires turned to her. I had Pender one night or so; but a few hurried words, a smooth of the buttocks, a hurried grope with the finger, a silent kiss or two, shove, shove, shove like a steam-engine, and a pull out of my prick almost before the spunk was well out, was all I could get.

I was out shooting most days, and would walk across the farm-yard just to see if the coast was clear. After several Sundays had passed I got Pender again at the baudy house. P. took her being in the family way rather grumpily, and she hated him since she had been with child. She loved me, begged me to take her away, where, how, she cared not, so long as she knew that I alone could have her; she would live alone if I only came to see her once a month, she said.

I was sorry for this. What had been pastime to me was going to be misery to her. I had to show her the

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impossibility of my keeping her; then she said she would drown herself. Altogether it was not a very comfortable meeting apart from the fucking, which was as good as usual I dare say, though I don't recollect much about it.

Fred went backwards and forwards to London, I did occasionally, but not on his days, for he was in my way. I did not tell him now much about my little games, and got most of my women when he was absent. My mother and sister also went home, and I was glad of that, but it made it more needful for me to walk and drive out with aunt and cousins. I was constantly scheming and dodging how to get one or the other of the women, and that seemed to give zest to the affair; but I think now that the pleasure I gave the girls when I had them had much to do with it. Sophy and Nelly now came after me, as much as I went after them. Each now knew that I fucked the other. "When did you do it to my sister?" was a frequent question put by both of them to me.

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CHAPTER XI.

Out shooting.—A female carter.—A feel in the train.—Molly in London.—Giles in town.—Fred on the scene.—Molly at the Hall.—Copulation in uniform.—A sham illness.—An afternoon with Molly.—She turns harlot.—Gets clapped.—Her baby.

I was in wonderful condition. Early to bed, out-of-door exercise, good plain living, everything to make me so. I felt as if I could fuck all day. If one day I had neither of the women, the next day my prick stood from morning till I got to sleep at night. When standing quietly in the woods waiting for the driving of the game, I used if alone to pull out my prick and look at it, and thinking of cunt forgot to fire at the rabbits. Once I recollect shooting at a rabbit with my prick out of my trowsers.

Among the laborers I had seen was a strapping woman with big legs, withered face, and parchment skin, middle-aged, yet not actually bad-looking. The old foreman had said to me, "She ha been the biggest whore in the parish, I bet that there beant a man but what have had she when she were young. The first chap as had she, were the banker; she say it herself. I be sworn she likes a bit yet when she can get it." She was as strong as a horse, if no one were handy, she would groom a horse, was often driving a farm-cart, and had the reputation of having whored since she was fifteen years of age.

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Waiting with my gun by a ride one day, my prick throbbing in my trowsers; I pulled it out, and felt it, laid down my gun, and in the trembling state of erection I was in had determined to frig myself; when I heard the wheels of a cart which soon came in sight. I saw it was driven by this woman who sat on a shaft with her legs dangling, and showing her big calves. Lust made me indifferent to consequences, had it been my grandmother I think I should have done the same. There was a cunt between those legs, that was enough. I forgot her age, position, the risk I ran of beaters coming, and everything else; I only thought of how to ease myself.

I nodded, "Good morning mother, come and help us a bit", and out stood my cock in front of her. She laughed, and jumped off the cart which stopped. "Come here." "No", said she standing still and grinning. I winked and turned to the left out of the ride, she did the same. Without preliminary, almost without a word, I laid her on some grass drier than the rest, and had as good a pleasure out of her as I ever had in my life, or thought so. She went off with her cunt full, I tipped her. In a few minutes I was banging at the rabbits again. I don't think I was three minutes about it, and never had her again nor spoke to her, though I occasionally saw her and winked.

"I hait heard much of your gun squire", said one of the game-keepers," there ought to have been lots o' rabbits pass you in this beat." I said I had scarcely seen any,—how could I?

Rainy weather set in, Nelly and Sophy were available but al-fresco, copulation impossible, and the long tramp or ride to ***, to the baudy house not to my

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taste. I had now no excuse for going to the farm, and no Pender. So one morning I set off for London. Just as the train started Molly and her mother appeared; she put the girl into a third-class carriage. At the first station the train stopped at I got into the carriage with Molly, who opened her eyes wide when she saw me. We were soon in conversation. Molly was going to an aunt's in London who was to meet her at the Terminus. You may guess which way my talk ran. I kept whispering lewd things in her ear. An elderly stern-faced woman got in at a station, fixed her eyes on us, especially on me, and at length said, "Do you know that young woman?" Her coolness nearly settled me, but I said I did, kept on talking, and was delighted when about two or three stations further on she left with the remark to Molly, "Take care of yourself my gal, and don't have anything to say to strange men or women."

There are tunnels on that line. There were no lights then in third-class carriages. In one tunnel I kissed her, and on my kiss being returned, got my fingers on her cunt, and kept them there till approaching light made me withdraw them. It was a cold foggy day. I sat close to her wrapped in a travelling-cloak, and partially covered her with it and with my rug. I got her hand under my cloak and with the pretense of warming it, gradually introduced my prick into her hand, and there I kept it a quarter of an hour, she looking in such a fright all round at the people every now and then, but enjoying the warmth of the feel. Just before entering London is another tunnel, I had another grope at her warm quim, and arranged my clothes.

I got her London address, and entered a cab, de-

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termined to follow her, and see if she was deceiving me. She waited, no one appeared to meet her, one or two men spoke to her, and as she told me later asked her to go and have drink. Then I got out. "No one is here", said I. "Come and have some wine, you can say you waited ever so long should they come,—there is some error about meeting you."

How could she refuse? Already had her fingers been playing round my cock, mine still smelt of her cunt. Telling the cab to wait, and putting her bag inside it, in three minutes I had her in a baudy house close by the Terminus (I dare say it's there now), and Molly's little cunt was again moistened by me. If her mother had known the risks, she never would have allowed her the journey to London.

When our heat was cooled by two hours dallying, kissing and fucking, she got uneasy about being found out. We put our heads together for an excuse. The address was Paddington, she was to say she waited an hour at the station, then made a mistake, and went to Islington, and not finding the street there came to Paddington. The excuse turned out good, Paddington and Islington looked much alike on the scrawl.

I have often wondered at the rapid success I had with country women at that time. With women whom I saw daily, and with whom I had much opportunity, such as mother's servants, I was a long time getting my aim; but at that period of my life I was often diffident; even with gay women, a slight thing would at times make me cease speaking to them. But here I no sooner attacked than the females fell to me. I attribute it to the suddenness and impetuosity with which I made at times my advances, and the boldness with

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which I proceeded to baudy extremities. When I was once lanced, I was so strong, so lewd, that I am sure I communicated my lewdness to them by some subtle magnetism, even before I spoke. Then I was a London swell, a relative of the lady of the Manor, there was the pride which women of the humble class have, in being singled out for notice by a London gent, all these told. But my baudy, rapid assaults, lustful cunning and an innate power of stirring up voluptuous sensations in women when once I spoke, got me them more than anything else. When in the country, I was thinking of nothing else, and had nothing else to do but to hunt down cunts, and feed myself up for fucking them. When in London the game was different.

Molly's aunt was a greengrocer. Molly did not keep her promise to meet me, so I went to the place, saw her standing in the shop, and beckoned; she shook her head. I passed and repassed, on foot, then in a cab, till I thought the whole street would know me. At length she came out and said, "Aunt won't let me out alone, mother's told her not; I can only stay five minutes." She wanted a post-office,—could I find her one? I did close by. She slipped a letter into the box, and begging me not to come near the shop, went back. I asked her to write me, and arranged to send my letters to this post-office. I wrote twice, and got no reply. Angry I wrote that I must see her, and had something to tell her; then I got a scrawl in reply. She met me, and I took her to a house near her aunt's.

Molly did not like me. When I got her into the room, she refused to let me have her, and begged me to tell her what I had heard. I invented some nonsense; and she said that was not what I had to say, she was

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sure. I recollect sitting and talking with my prick out, and she looked at it sulkily; but she resisted me. I said, "How is Giles' head?" "What", said she, "who told you?" "Nobody knows but me", said I. (It was one of the most blackguardly things I did in my life, and am ashamed of it.) She shed tears, but no longer refused me. I gave her a sovereign saying, "That will be useful when you marry."

I made her meet me again, and then she told me she would go to service. She went after a good many situations I know. I fucked her whenever she went out. She was getting hot-arsed, and she liked the poking. One morning I passed the shop, and saw loitering about in the streets in a velveteen costume Giles. She had written to him I was sure.

I dodged them in a cab, saw her come out, and as fast as they could they went to a low coffee-shop where there were beds. I daresay my money paid for their refreshments.

Going to the street one day, there to my astonishment I saw my cousin Fred walking about. I was in a cab, and he did not see me. I asked Molly the next time if she knew if Fred was in town. She said no, seemed astonished, and I believed her; but I was sure Fred was after her, and could not imagine how he had found out her address. Laura perhaps took the starch out of him, for I never saw him in the street again. Molly now got fond of money. One day I took her to a baudy house near the Haymarket, feasted her, and fucked her till I was empty, and she full. Then I went back to the country to see my aunt, and soon again I got Pender. Said she among other gossip, "That gal Molly Brown will give her mother trouble, she has

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been after a situation in London, and her aunt says has been seen going into a house with a man, Giles has left the village, her mother believes he is after her, so she has sent for her back." Sure enough in two or three days there was Molly, looking as fresh as a daisy, and as modest as a whore at a christening.

The mother told no one anything except Pender, and Pender told me. Molly then went to the Hall assisting whilst a servant was ill, and then I saw her every hour or so. Then Fred came back, and I saw he was making up to her, and told him of it. He acknowledged it, remarking it was a pity such a nice young girl should not taste the sugar-stick. "Perhaps she has", said I. He thought not, there was a country lout she wanted to marry, and the mother looked after her closely. "I would give a ten-pound note to have her", he said to me one day.

Shortly Molly appeared ill and pining; her face lost its bloom, I could not understand it. The bad weather keeping people at home had given me no chance of having her; if I saw her alone it was only for a minute, but I used to pull my prick out and show it to her. I have done it in the corridor, my aunt walking in front of me. I tried to get her to come out, but she would not, besides Fred always appeared on the scene. My delight was to get in the way when I knew there was the best chance of his seeing her alone. So we baulked each other.

There was some military inspection not far from us, Fred was going in his uniform, with my aunt, cousins and self, and all but two servants were allowed to go. The carriage was at the door when I was taken short, and being in my bed-room ran to the W.C. As

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I came out, I saw Fred at the end of the corridor near the stairs, walking quickly but quietly, and heard his footsteps descending to the Hall. "What's up?" thought I. He has been dressed a long time, why on the first-floor now? He passed his bed-room without going in. A suspicion crossed my mind, and being close to it, I put my ear to the nursemaid's door (the one with two doors in which I had had the skinny nursemaid), heard a rustling, and quickly opening the lobby-door connecting with the servants' stairs, I saw Molly looking hot, flushed, adjusting her collar and hair, and going downstairs rapidly, she didn't see me. Instinct told me she had been fucked by Fred.

I rushed downstairs, Fred and all were in the carriage, aunt angry at waiting so long for me. I told her my ailment, said I would ride after them directly I felt better, so off they drove. The butler and Molly were in the Hall, they and the cook the only people in the house. I sent off the butler to the village to get me some medicine, and said to Molly in a stern way before him, as if I had never seen her, "Are you doing the housemaid's work young woman?" "Yes sir." "Arrange my room as quickly as you can, for I am not well, and shall lay down there." "Yes sir", said she looking so hard at me. "Do the room at once", said the old butler. Off she went. I saw him go off on his errand, and ran upstairs to my bed-room. There was Molly. I bolted the door, and pulled out my prick. Never had Molly resisted me more, she struggled, fought. What would happen if some one came? She would be ruined. "No one can come my darling, all are out but cook, and if she misses you she will think you have ran down to your mothers." But she strug-

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gled on, begged, implored, she would meet me; she would do anything if I would desist then, she was poorly and could not. It was useless. I had been against my will chaste for some days. The fascination of the prick overcame her, she yielded, I threw her at length on the bed, mounted, fucked, and in half-a-dozen thrusts the job was done.

I recollect keeping her under me, and with my dawning senses what I had seen a quarter of an hour before came through my mind. Prick up her, and leaning on one elbow, I looked at her long; the possibility of my prick then laying in Fred's spunk mixed with my own, instead of horrifying me as it would have done, had I thought about the matter before in a cool state of mind, sent a delightful titillation through me. I grasped her firmly, drove my prick home again, and said looking her in the face, "Fred has just fucked you."

"Oh!" said she with such a start that she uncunted me, "oh! what a wicked story,—let me go." But I was flat on her, she writhed, said I was insulting her; but my prick drove on, it hit, and went up. "I am sure he has,—shove, shove,—I saw him—shove—leave the room—shove—and you came out the other door,—shove, shove, shove, — lay quiet, — shove, shove, shove." "Oh! let me go." "I shan't,—shove,—wriggle, —shove,—oh! my love,—ah!—ah.—a! oh—o!—ah!" Our wet lips met, and the final wriggle settled our movements, sighs and conversation. She was quiet enough now, tranquillized by her pleasure.

"Oh! if some one comes." "I will say you are not here, and no one can enter. Fred has just fucked you."

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"It's a lie", said she rolling off the bed, and going off quickly with her cunt full.

The butler came back with the medicine, I threw it down the closet, and went down to the dining-room. In an hour or so, I rang for some tea (how was I to get him out of the way again?). I went to my bedroom, rang; up came Molly. "Let us do it again." "I won't, you have insulted me." "Bring me a great can of hot water." Then I rang for all sorts of odd things, making believe I had a bad attack of colic, showing her my prick each time, till she let me do it at the edge of the bed. Her cunt had been well washed. We were quiet, afraid of being overheard, a woman knows how to avoid being compromised when she has once intrigued,—but the poor girl was in an agony of fear.

"I've been into the nursemaid's room", said I, "and there is the mark of some one having been on the bed-edge." "Well it's not me." She stuck out that she had been in the room alone. "Why there at all?" She had only passed through the room to piddle.

In the afternoon I called the butler, and sent him to the village again, to get me another mixture. In the dining-room I rang, and Molly answered. "I am going to ring in my room again", said I, "you come." No she would not. I went up and rang.

The cook answered my bell. What a baulk! but I was equal to it,—the cook had no business to come up, it was Molly's place. "Do you think that Mrs. Brown or Pender, or some one on the farm has got anything good for diarrhoea?" "I'll go and see", said she good-naturedly. I knew she must be gone ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour.

I followed her downstairs, soon rushed into the kit-

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chen, bolted the kitchen-garden entrance, laid hold of Molly, whose horror was extreme at the idea of being caught, and I fucked her in the butler's pantry, where he slept. With my cock dripping as I pulled it out, I ran up to my room. She had just had time to unbolt the door before the cook appeared, and she brought me some medicine from Mrs. Pender, which of course went down the closet.

I went to my bed-room, revelling in the intrigue of the day, and wondering how often Fred had had her, and whether that day was the first time. Whenever my cock grew stiff I rang for Molly, and showed it to her. She grew demoralized at the constant sight of the cock, but there was no time for a fuck; I promised her a new bonnet to get me another opportunity. In a couple of hours she came, I had a voluptuous caprice, turned her belly on the bed, her rump towards me, for a fuck from behind. She objected, "What are you going to do? You can't do anything like that." "Yes my love, easily." "I don't like my clothes up like that." Two or three times I had to turn her round before she was quiet, and then we consummated. Molly was astonished. She had never been tailed in that attitude before I am sure.

It was about eleven o'clock when Fred and the others had set forth; they returned to a late dinner. I had fucked Molly five or six times. Then I went to bed, my aunt and cousins came up to me, and were so kind. So was Fred, who told me all about the inspection, and never suspected my game in the least, nor any one else. The last words I said to Molly that day were, "Fred has fucked you." Again she swore that he never had. To keep up the deception and excuse

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my staying at home, I had eaten scarcely anything all day, and felt I recollect awfully hungry when a bed.

The empty pleasure of occasionally showing my doodle to Molly was all I could get afterwards. Nelly or Sophy—I forget which—I got to the baudy house at ***; whichever of the two it was, came half wet through with muddy boots and under-linen which so upset me that I did not poke. The servant who had been ill came back to the Hall, and Molly left. I had Pender (whose belly was then showing its intentions awfully) up against the gate opposite her cottage one wet night (but "cock and cunt will come together"). Said she in the slight interval between our meeting, fucking, and parting, "If that gal Molly is not in the family way,—her mother's found it out,—oh! such a row." That accounted for Molly looking depressed.

Soon Molly went again to London, and I did the same day, but not in the third-class carriage. We spoke at the station. "For God's sake go", said she, "aunt's coming." "I'll write to the post-office", said I, and did. Then she met me, she got a situation directly, but I tempted the girl. "Tell your aunt you are wanted a week earlier than you are, and come and stop with me." The devil was with me, Molly got into a cab with her box, and was set down at a station; there I got her into another, and we drove to a small hotel where I had taken a room. She only stayed with me five days; I took her to theatres and other places, but not out in the day; fed her up, and fucked her and myself out. The sheets were always slobbered with spunk and once or twice I made the woman change them. Molly had become lecherous, and no doubt reckless, and I had the delight of teaching her baudi-

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ness (which is the main pleasure a virgin gives you over a gay women), but she did not care about me. She was often crying, but a little friction on her clitoris usually cured that. On the last day I asked her if she was in the family way? She admitted it, and went to her situatiton. "I think it's you who have done it", said she to me. I told her it must be Giles.

She stopped a fortnight in her situation, then went no one knew where. Pender told me when I went back. I was sorry, went to town hoping to find her, and wrote to the post-office. By some chance—perhaps to get a letter from Giles—she went there. A week afterwards my landlady said a young woman had called on me. "A lady?" said I. "Not at all, an overdressed young woman." It was Molly, who called again. I went to her poor lodgings, she fenced my questions, said she meant to go back to her mother's. Pressing her as to how she lived, she said she had the money I had given her. "But your bonnet, your clothes,—what do you do of a night?" She could not evade it, Molly had turned whore. I never knew who had put her up to getting her living by her cunt; but a fellow-servant had left with her, and had got the next room to hers.

A woman who takes to whoring takes to lying. I could not learn exactly how long she had stayed at her situation, or much about her movements. I stayed with her the night, she let me pull up her clothes, and open her thighs with a freedom she never had done before; from which I inferred she had had more than one prick in her split since I had been up her last; she was voluptuous, and her cunt was unusually juicy.

I went back to my aunt's sorry, for I seemed to have

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been largely the cause of Molly going astray, and did not know then that a gay life is as happy as that of the wife of a farm-laborer. Restless I went again to London, saw Molly who looked fearfully wretched, would neither let me fuck, nor feel her, and then broke out in an agony of tears, saying she was ill, something was the matter with her. "With your cunt?" "Yes", said she, "do look." Poor Molly opened her plump thighs, stretched open her cunt, and gave me every facility. Her quim was in a high state of inflammation, and it had a discharge. A medical student who saw her said she had the clap, and gave her medicine. "Oh! do look again, tell me if I am very bad,—shall I be worse?—oh! I am so sorry I did not keep at my situation", said she.

Once in my life since, another girl made me a similar confession, and those are the only two who confessed to an illness at the time they had the illness on them.

I told her she could be cured, but horrified her with the description of the disease to which she might be subject, took her to a doctor, paid her lodgings, counselled her to go home, to hold her tongue, and refuse to tell any one anything, excepting that she had left her situation. She promised, but was frightened of her mother.

She said she had never been into the streets since I had left her. I had a fear of the clap, and did not intend any commerce with her; but lust overcame me, and we fucked all that night to the damage of the sheets again. I wrote an anonymous letter to her mother, telling where the girl could be found. She came up to town and took her back. Molly's cunt proved to be all right.

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A woman is such a fool that she must tell some one everything. Mrs. Brown told Pender about the anonymous letter, and Mrs. P. told me; but I don't think any of them knew the girl had been on the streets. Molly's belly soon afterwards showed, Mrs. Brown thought better of Giles, he married her and they went to live a few miles off. She had a child, and every one thought it was Giles' begetting. I suppose he knew nothing of the girl's pranks, for luckily a cunt cannot speak. Then Mrs. Brown left aunt, and Pender and his wife came to live in the farm-yard.

When it became known that Molly Brown was delivered of a child, my aunt remarked (Fred told me) that she was not married a bit too soon. "I had that little devil two or three times", said Fred, "and on the first day I was in uniform. Do you recollect Walter, the day you were ill?" And he told me how it came about; but I never told him that I had had her; I never spoke of having had a woman, if I thought I should injure her, whatever my desire or vanity might have been.

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CHAPTER XII.

Nelly and Sophy.—Nelly at the Argyle.—In town with Fred.—On the sofa with Mabel.—The effect of black stockings.—Interference.—In bed.—Mabel's bad habits.—A ladies' school.—The bathroom.—My cousins naked.—Maria the curate's wife. — Cunt inspection. — Servants washing. — Flat fucking.

I may as well finish about Nelly and Sophy, although the occurrences I now narrate happened some time afterwards. Nelly got in the family way, told me I was the father, and told Fred he was, for he had had her. We both cheeked her, and said that half a dozen might claim the honor. She and Sophy left the village. Sophy I never heard of or saw again, that I recollect. Two or three years afterwards, I was at the Argyle Rooms. A woman looked at me, smiled, and pointed me out to another woman, then came up smiling and said, "Don't you know me?" It was Nelly, who had become harlot by profession. I was then a poor man, but slept with her at Brompton. She had heard I had ruined myself. I had her afterwards once or twice, but soon gave her up. Harlotry was successful with her, and I could not pay her price. Though she was a swell woman, she did not want me to pay at all, but I was proud. She always declared that I had had the first of her, but could not say I was the father of the child.

Mrs. Pender now had a chance. At night there was often no one in the farm-yard but her, she could there-

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fore go into the barn when she liked. Her husband finding the dark nights dull went frequently to the village Public; then I used to enter the big barn from the rick-yard, she having left the wicket open, and she had a good bombasting on the straw and hay. But I grew tired of her big belly, liked a bed and nakedness, and to see and feel in comfort the cunt I was to bestow my attention on. Fucking on straw was all very well with a new piece. I could generally not tell her face from her arse, excepting by feel, for of course we had no light in the barn; so I grew tired, and gave it up.

Then Fred and I went to town, he to see Laura, I to get promiscuous fucking, and other amusements. Laura who was one of the few women of her class whom I have found to be well educated, had a female friend stopping with her from her native place Plymouth. Her name was Mabel, a pretty modest-looking girl. Laura had given out that she had married Fred, and this girl had been entrusted to keep her company. I tell the tale as it was told me. I dined with them daily, and in fact all but lived there.

One night we went to the theatre, and back to Fred's, had a jolly supper, and got as merry as sandboys. It was a cold foggy night, I said I would not go home as it was about three A.M., and would sleep on the sofa. Our conversation had been pretty warm. Fred remarked that I had better sleep with Mabel. Laura was surprised at Fred. Mabel laughed, and baudy insinuations passed without baudy words. Fred said he should go to bed, and off he went. Laura expected Mabel to go to bed, but she put it off laughing and joking. Laura got angry, Fred came out in his night-gown swearing if Laura did not come, he would

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go out, and get a woman; and off Laura went. Fred wanted a fuck before he went to sleep.

Mabel and I sat talking, both heated and randy. It got colder, she got sleepy, I would not let her go, so she laid on the sofa. I drew a chair to her side, and both drinking whiskey and water time rolled on. "Oh! I wish I were Fred", said I. "Why?" "Because he is between Laura's thighs, belly to belly, how warm, how delicious this cold night." "Oh! for shame!" "Nonsense my dear, quite natural and proper, we are made to keep each other warm, and give each other pleasure." "When we're married", said she. "Married,—pough!—then millions would never taste the pleasure." My words grew warmer, I kissed, and was kissed, edged myself on to the sofa, little by little felt my way from her ankles to her thighs, and behold me smothering her with kisses, with my hand on her cunt, her hand on my prick.

A modest woman will let you take liberties much more readily if you kiss her whilst taking them. Sit at the foot of a girl on a sofa, and try to force your hand up her clothes, she may resist you; sit close by her side, bend over her, kiss her, and at the same time your hand may find its way to her cunt, almost without hindrance.

So was it now. Mabel was scarcely modest. I recollect the conviction coming over me that she was no virgin, and if I had doubts before, the way my finger slipped from her clitoris up the love-pit and plugged it, confirmed them. She lay with her eyes fixed on me, palpitating gently with voluptuousness. Her petticoats up to her knees, I saw legs in black stockings, one in

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wrinkles, the other half-way bagging down the calf, and her feet in shabby slippers.

I had at that time a horror of black stockings, which affected me at times so much as to deprive me of all desire. Once with a gay woman who had black stockings I was unable to poke her, spite of her blandishment, till she put white ones on. As I now saw Mabel's legs a disgust came over me, desire left me, and my prick began to shrink; I may have been tired, or had had my sperm drawn too much the night previously; that is likely enough, I don't recollect; but know I got nervous, a fear lest she should doubt my manhood, a sense of shame overcame me. I tried to rally, but in vain, for once that nervousness on me, it vanquished me. I ceased to probe her quim with my finger, my prick shrunk out of her hand, and the titillation ceasing, Mabel turned away her eyes, repulsed my hands, and drew her clothes down, looking at me full. I sat speechless.

"Are you ill?" said she. "Yes", said I overjoyed with the suggestion, "a faintness came over me, and a giddyness,—I shall be better directly."

She believed it, gave me cold water, and we sat for a time. I looked at her beautifully white neck, thought how white her bum must be, tried to get the black stockings out of my head, but could not. It must have been past four o'clock in the morning when I asked her to lie down again, but she refused; the spell had been broken, the weakness gone, and she said she should go to bed.

"Is your bum as white as your neck?" said I. "Laura says I am the whitest fleshed women she ever saw, all the girls at school used to say so."

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In my mind's eye I saw the white bum and thighs, my lust came back at a rush. "Let me see it", I said, and I laid hold of her. The flood-gates of my baudiness were loosened, and as she afterwards told me, I let fly a torrent of voluptuous words, enough to have excited the passions of all the women in London. I had forgotten the stockings. She kept refusing, denying and evading me. "Hish! hish! Laura will hear you." Laura did, and came in her night-gown. "I came to see if you had gone to bed", said she. "You need not have troubled yourself", said Mabel. "As long as you're here I shall look after you; when you're at home you can do as you like." "I'm quite old enough to take care of myself." They quarrelled. Mabel resented her interference. Fred roared out from his bed-room, "What the devil are you going in there for?" and Laura not replying, came in in his night-shirt. After an altercation Fred and Laura went back to bed.

Then Mabel said she should go to bed, must go up for five minutes, but would be down again. "To piddle eh?" Taking off my boots I blew out one candle, took the other, followed her, and opened the door. She was on the piss-pot. I closed the door, and locked it. Five minutes afterwards I was on the bed fucking her with her legs in black stockings, and five minutes afterwards uncunting, the first words I said were, "I loathe black stockings."

"I can't bear them myself", said she, "but I am in mourning." People in mourning wore black stockings then.

She was anxious for me to go, so that Laura could say nothing positive, whatever she might think. I would directly I had her again. We got into the bed together,

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and I had her, and then again. That is all I recollect, and that after the fuck we both fell asleep, and were awakened by a knock at the door. It was late in the morning, and broad daylight, Laura was knocking. I opened the door. Laura looked at me, and then at Mabel, and said, "Well the sooner I send you back the better." There was a somewhat bitter row between them, short but sharp, in which Mabel gave as good as she got. Laura went away. Mabel turned round and wept; then we fucked, and went to sleep again.

This is the only point in my history with Mabel much worth noting, except that when I knew her from top to bottom, and found she got out of bed, and washed her cunt after my sperming it, I asked her, "Why did you not wash the first night?" "Because it's unlucky", said she, and I never got any more out of her; but she had known the sensation of a prick in her cunt before mine, that I found out the first night.

She was a well-arsed, well-made, plump girl about twenty-one years old, and had a wonderfully white skin. She had been fucked before, but I believed from all I learnt from her, Laura and Fred, that for two years a prick had not entered her. A man who had paid his addresses to her had deceived her, then cleared off, I expect after tailing her.

I did not profess to keep Mabel after this, but paid for the second-floor rooms (Fred had taken the upper part of the house, three bed- and one sitting-room), and my share of the living, and slept with her almost regularly for a short time, gave her money, dressed her, and did all a man does who keeps a woman; but I never cared much about her, and was not constant.

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She like Laura was fairly educated. A few months afterwards she went back to her native town, and although she wrote to me, I never saw her again, and had some idea that Lord A.... kept her, why I shall tell further on. One reason of my being indifferent to her was that she never properly washed herself. Her beautiful white flesh never seemed to need it, but I did not like a woman who just smeared her face and neck, and never below. I told her of it, and she was offended.

About three weeks after I first had Mabel, Fred and I went to shoot with some friends at ***shire; it was towards the end of November, all the leaves were well off the trees.

As said I had female cousins by several aunts, two of them about seventeen or eighteen years of age were at a finishing-school for young ladies. It was a large old-fashioned house kept by three ladies of whom one had been married a year, although then forty years old, to a curate about sixty-five years old. The sisters unmarried were between fifty and sixty years old, stern and stiff-rumped. Maris the married one, fat and forty, with jet-black hair and merry hazel eyes, had been disappointed in her youth, and when this clergyman, whom she had known all her life, proposed, she accepted I suppose for companionship, and because it gave her consideration in the neighbourhood.

The house was originally a very big old mansion, large enough for two schools, and had been roughly divided by walls and partitions into two houses. The smaller was inhabited by Maria and her husband, and the kitchen-garden was attached to it. All access to the pleasure-grounds of the other, or school-part of the house, was bricked up. In an establishment for

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young ladies, all of a fuckable age, and none without hair on their cunts, it would never have done to leave male access, not even to a curate sixty-five years old. The gardeners were elderly men, they came round by the house to go to the kitchen-garden, which supplied both houses. Mrs. Maria used to go round to the school daily.

The air of the neighbourhood was fine, and although not professing to lodge people, if any of the female relatives of the young ladies at the school desired it, they could go and stop for a week or two at the curate's, of course paying for so doing.

Fred and I had invitations to shooting not far off, just as my aunt went to stay a week at Mrs. Maria's and to see her girl. Our friends could accommodate Fred only, and sooner than be separated, and for other reasons, we wrote to the old curate to know if he could receive us two men,—and my aunt as well, —which he did. We took up our quarters there. I had unpacked, and went into Fred's room. "Here is a jolly cupboard", said he opening the door of one big enough for four people to stand in. "If a woman were sleeping here, she would always be thinking some one was hidden in it; it's a jolly place for boxes and clothes." He was hanging up something, when he stopped and listened. "Damned if there are not women laughing", said he, "hish!" But he heard nothing more.

Two or three minutes afterwards he said, "Here Walter", and both listening heard the voices of women, but very indistinctly. Fred lighted a candle. Said he, "Here is an old door screwed up, it leads into a room. What a lark to get it open, or a hole through

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it; nothing I so like as to hear what women say, when they think no one hears them."

I suggested it was unfair, it might be his sisters' room. "It don't matter", said he, "it's all in the family." He went to dinner, and then back to his room. He at once got to the closet, undid his gun-case, and taking out the gun-screw, tried to loosen the screws of the door, but could not. Off he went to the village, came back with a screwdriver, and with some labor opened the door. Then we found ourselves in another empty place nearly as big, and at the end of it rough boards nailed across a frame horizontally, and as we supposed covered over on the other side. It evidently had been a passage, and when they separated the house, they had screwed up the door into the room of which we did not yet know the use, leaving the door at the end next Fred's room as it was, and had fixed up some woodwork across the end of the passage, thus making the large closet at one end, and the empty space at the other. We were dusty with our job.

After breakfast next day, aunt, Fred and I went round to see his sister and cousin. We saw their bedrooms accompanied by them and aunt. We were in fact shown over the house. Fred had previously looked well at the outside, to see how the windows ran. "What is that room which is shut off?" "Oh!" said his sister, "that is a bath-room; look, such a nice one." We entered it; it was the room up to which the passage at the back of the closet led. Fred winked at me, and when we got back he roared. "Oh! lord, we shall see them naked,—the boards have twisted, there are cracks next the bath-room,—we'll run a knife between one, and through the canvas and paper; then we will

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see through,—oho! ho! we shall see the girls bathing, —there are two or three damned fine girls."

Had it been servants, I should have been delighted at a peep; but to rip a hole to spy on young ladies, and one of those his sister, revolted me. "Damn it Fred, it's not the thing, one is your own sister." "Pough! you have seen their cunts." (It was not the two I had seen.) "Ah! those were children." " Well ** and ** are only larger, and have hair on their cunts, and you need not look." "But if we are found out, we are disgraced; if it were at an hotel or elsewhere, I would not mind." "It won't be found out." "They will see the crack in the paper." "They won't, they will think it split by the boards warping, if they do; besides there are cracks and some shelves up, I know exactly the place.

Nothing stopped him, and after boring, prodding, and getting a chair to stand on to find the right place, he at length made some cracks a few inches long with a knife, and we saw day light through the bath, towels, clothes-pegs, and a large cane settee or sofa. I would not look at first, but so weak is man's nature concerning a woman, that at length I did, and a thrill of pleasure shot through me as I thought of seeing the naked girls, and strange enough I recollect a feeling of curiosity about the figures my two cousins would cut if they were naked. I thought of the quims of his sisters some years before, and wondered what difference between these and those.

Carefully locking the closet we went out. When we returned Fred peeped at every opportunity, but saw nothing that day. The next morning Fred awakened me. "Get up, they are going to bathe, a servant is fill-

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ing the baths." It was a cold dark morning. "I shan't." "Don't", and off he went. In a minute or two however I was by his side. We saw two young ladies enter, strip, and take their baths; the candle-light was imperfect, but we saw them rub their bodies dry, and scrub the wet off their cunts; we saw their hair above and below, and all their little secrets. They were, we afterwards knew, sisters.

"I shall burst", said Fred, "how do you feel Walter?" I was maddened by desire like him at the sight of the fresh, modest, naked girls cleaning themselves so unsuspectingly; all this in whispers.

Another girl or two came in, they hurried through the operation as if they did not like it. "Here is Carry", said Fred. I peeped and in came my two cousins. "Lord what a lot of hair she has got on her cunt", said my shameless cousin. "It's a damned ungentlemanly thing Fred." "Well don't look then", said he. But I did,—I could not help it; my sense of honor was strong, my lust stronger, and I saw both naked. "Holloa! here is Mrs. Maria",—it was. She stripped. A fine round, plump, middle-aged woman with a mess of black hair between her thighs, that would have sufficed to stuff a sofa-squab. Fred was smitten. "I'll be damned", said he, "if I would not sooner have her than all the others." I could not get his eyes away to let me have a full look, so much was he taken with her. Indeed when she put one leg on the chair, and rubbed the towel well round her cunt and arse, showing two big, well-set globes, and round arms and thighs, the black hair in her arm-pits, the black hair below, she looked in the feeble light not more than thirty years old, and as fine an arm-full as a man could de-

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sire. "What a pity she has never been fucked", said Fred, "I'll swear old *** can't do it to her,—he can only frig her."

Only four or five ladies took a morning bath; we saw the same on two or three mornings. We were shooting all day. Fred then went to shoot with a friend some miles off, I stopped with my aunt at the Rev. ***'s house till his return, and walked out with them. Fred went away on a Saturday afternoon, I went to my bed-room, thought I would have a peep into the next house, and went to Fred's room (he had left me the closet key), and saw the bath-room quite bright with a large fire. I asked for a fire to be lighted in Fred's room which was bigger than mine, observing that it was so much better to write in than mine; then making a great display, I sat down to write letters, locked the bed-room door, and stationed myself at the crack in the closet.

Oh! what an evening! It soon became evident that the whole household would wash that night. The young ladies came in mostly one at a time, sometimes in pairs, the mistress came in from time to time. The ladies came in, in loose gowns, a chemise and slippers, all but undressed. Everything was quite decorous, the mistress mostly present. Each girl would deposit her gown and chemise on a chair, turning her rump to the other, and get into the bath. When they left it, they stepped out, and came straight to the spot where I could best see them, their cunts towards me, and began to dry themselves. Servants came in and emptied the baths. Some used only a foot-bath. All was done so quietly and demurely that I could scarcely hear a word they

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said; no girl was supposed I think to see either the bum or belly of the other.

Once when the mistress left, a pair of girls were together, and threw off reserve. One time they got into the bath together, and smacked each other's bums. The younger girls had come in first in the evening, the elder ones later. The mistress did not come in with the elder ones. This pair talked about my cousin and me. They stood in front of the fire; one tripped across the room, and bolted the door, then each one in succession put a leg on the chair, and they looked at each other's cunts. Able to bear it no longer, I frigged myself, and may as well say at once that having begun so, I went on. From half-past eight till about ten o'clock did bathing go on. I looking, and frigging myself as often as my cock stood. I saw in succession nearly all the ladies, and four female servants.

Most of the girls who took cold baths in the morning did not come in at night, my cousins excepted. Every one had hair on her cunt. I knew and recollected some for years afterwards, and when I saw them walking out, or in the ground from our bed-room window, and when my cousins came in to dine with us at the Reverend's house, bringing two of the other young ladies with them; I recollected the look of their bums and bubbies, the quantity and colour of the hair on their cunts as well as if it had been my own prick. I could not converse, my eyes went from one to the other of the girls as their charms rose up in my mind, my prick throbbing. Aunt noticed my silence, and joking me asked if I was falling in love.

It was difficult to hear the conversation; what I did was for the most part chaste, and about trifles, the

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only exception was the two girls who looked at each other's quims, and stood near me, half facing the fire. It ran something like this: "I wonder if men look at each other's things." "I dare say they do." "Boys do, Miss Y.... said she saw two of her brothers rubbing each other's things hard." "Law!" "Yes." "Is it not funny that the man's things should be put right up ours?" "Lor yes." "It seems nasty." "I wish you could ask *** to let us see that book again." "I have, and she has not got it now." "It was fun." "Yes",—and they both laughed. "Make haste, they will wonder why we are so long." "Ring the bell." "Yes." "Open the bolt." "Hish! here is some one."

The servants came in two by two, the mistress came in with the first pair, and told them to put the fire out. When she had gone, "The old skinflint", said one servant, and put coals on after saying 'yes' to her mistress; To me it was always more exciting to see a woman in stockings and boots, than quite naked. The young ladies had come in undressed from their rooms; the servants came dressed, bringing candles with them. They were full-grown women, I felt more pleasure in seeing them gradually undress and uncover. One, a middle-aged woman, said aloud, "I shall only wash my feet, it's so cold." She took water out of the big bath, put it into a hip-bath, pulled off her shoes and stockings, tucked her petticoats up to her thighs, and washed her feet by the fire. She was a big-limbed woman, I could not see her cunt. I had seen a dozen that night, yet because I could not see this one's cunt I seemed to long for it. The other had stripped, and got into the bath, and I could see her naked. She was ugly and middle-aged. I would sooner have fucked any one of

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the young women than her, and yet I recollect feeling the most furious baudiness about her, and frigged looking at her.

Then in came two strong-looking women, but much younger, "Stir the fire,—don't make a noise, or there will be a row about coals", said one. "They are all a bed", said the other. Both stripped to their chemises, one went to the bath. "I shan't wash after cook", said she, and she let off the water. "The water won't be warm, they have drawn off so much." "Then I won't wash." she replied. Then one woman stood by the fire with her back to it, and lifted up her chemise to warm her arse. I saw it sideways as she stood, boots and stockings on.

The other came to the fire. "It will take five minutes to run clean out", said she. Both drew chairs in front of the fire, sat down and raised their chemises, one edged closer to the other, inclined her head to the other's thighs, and kissed it, then looked, and placed her hand on the cunt. I could not see the cunt, her back hid it, for she had turned her back to me; then the other one's hand crossed and the two women sat feeling each other. I don't think they said a word, if so I could not hear it; their heads were from me. They sat for three or four minutes, kissing and feeling each other.

"Is the door locked?" said one quite aloud, and getting up went to the door, and tried it. Then one laid her clothes on the big settee, and laid down on her back, the other threw up her chemise, kissed, and perhaps licked her cunt. I only know her head covered the cunt, and then she mounted her. I thought it must be fun, for although I had once seen a woman on the

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top of another, and had heard of such things, I was incredulous. Now I saw them together like man and woman, sometimes between each other's thighs, sometimes with legs interlaced, and hands grasping each other's buttocks, the thighs of one raised up round the other's limbs, the mouths meeting, the backsides wriggling and twisting without ceasing. If they laid so one minute, they remained in each other's embraces nearly half-an-hour, sometimes quiet, then wriggling again. I heard not a sound, don't recollect hearing kisses, or anything; but it was difficult to hear, unless they talked loud.

The light went out, there was a glimmer from the hot fire. Said one getting off, "Is there no other candle?" "No." "You must get down to the kitchen for one, we can't go up without light." Off went one, slipping her gown on first. The other gently stirred the fire, sat down, put her hand on her cunt, and frigged it. I can't say if she had pleasure, but her head fell back, and one side her face was then towards me. I saw it all by the flame of the fire, which she had poked. The other came back with two bits of candle, and they went away, having put on their gowns, carrying their other clothes with them, neither having bathed. Then I went off to my own bed-room, frigged out. The loudness with which the servants talked, compared with the young ladies, was very noticeable, though when on the top of each other on the settee at the end of the room, I could not hear a word.

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CHAPTER XIII.

Fred on flat-fucking.—In town with Laura.—Back at the school.—Pictures for young ladies.—Fred's ankle.—Mrs. Maria's weakness.—To London alone.—Laura and Mabel.—Three in a bed.—A risky poke.—Groping for the pot.—Nearly caught.—Fred joins us.

When I awakened on Sunday, I thought I had been dreaming, the images of a dozen and more modest naked women passed through my brain. I could think of nothing else, waited at the gate to see the young ladies go off to church, and followed at a distance, walking with Mrs. Maria. I tried to guess from the backs of the ladies which was which, every now and then looked at Mrs. Maria, thinking of the hirsute charms of her cunt and arm-pits. At church in an old-fashioned square pew, I could see many of the young ladies' faces, and looked at them during the whole service, thought at times that I mistook one for the other;—but no, although each had a bonnet on, and was in full dress, I recognized each face, recollected, bum, bubby, and motte of each. My well-frigged cock stood from Psalms to Sermon. I went to church in the afternoon, because a few pious girls liked two services. My cousins, and two other young ladies dined at the Reverend's, it always was an early dinner, to let him get to church. In the evening I again went to church, because the servants went; and sat close to the two women who had played at flat-fucking. The

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astonishment of my aunt at my going to church three times was so great, that although I told her I went because I did not know what to do with myself, she wrote to my mother about it.

On Sunday night Fred returned. You may guess we saw on the Monday the morning bathings. I told him all excepting that his sister had come to bathe. "Did *** and *** come?" (naming her and cousin). "No." He was satisfied. I told him about the two servants. Why I lied about my cousins I cannot think, but was half ashamed of looking at all, and it seemed more sinful to have seen my cousins than any one else.

Afterwards Fred told me that in India he kept three young girls all together in a bungalow; had bought them from their parents as virgins at about twenty shillings each. He was conversant with female life there, and explained how the women satisfied their leches with each other in harems, if they could not get men. His girls, he said, did it, and did it before him. I was amazed and wondered, and half thought him lying. All my knowledge of women extended to their relations with men, and although I had seen twice women on the top of each other, and seen one gamahuche another, I still regarded them as baudy tricks got up for my amusement; and had never realized the idea of women having leches for each other, as men have for frigging each other. The latter had indeed passed away from my mind as a boyish habit, no desire to feel a prick then entered my mind, I even disliked touching a man. So I heard what Fred told me, but remained incredulous, and was approaching middle-age before I realized the fact that frigging another fellows doodle was agreeable, and that some

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women find similar pleasures with their own sex. The flat-cocking of the two if they were at it, which I now don't doubt, left no agreeable or voluptuous impression on me.

After breakfast having no shooting, Fred and I went to town to see our women. Five minutes after our arrival, both were being fucked. We found sitting with Mabel and Laura, the mistress of Lord A...., and will call her Lady A.... After we had pumped our sperm out, we all went into the sitting-room, Lady A.... was there still. Fred asked me what I had been doing, I asked him the same, there was a general warm talk without coarse language. Lady A.... told the girls they were lucky, for she had not seen Lord A.... for a month, and had not had anything done to her for that length of time.

Fred then went out, and returned in an hour. Taking me a side he showed me baudy engravings, which he meant to throw into the garden of the school, where the young ladies walked daily after breakfast if fine. I objected that his sister and cousin might find them. He did not care. "It will make them all so damned randy, that they won't know whether their arses are at their backs or fronts." This was all through my telling him what I had heard the two girls in the bath-room say to each other; and he actually that night got over the wall, into the pleasure-grounds, and laid the prints in a long building, half shed half summer-house. From his bed-room window we could see over the wall which separated the Reverend's garden from the school-garden. I suggested sending them to a young lady by post. "No, she would keep them to herself." I must mention that each lady had a separate bed-

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room; they were not allowed to go to each other's bed-room, they met only at meals, or in the class-room, or drawing-room, or when out of doors. No,—the prints had better be seen by several, they would tell each other, and thus all see them. The idea of the girls seeing baudy pictures tickled us immensely. I had then wondered why the school-mistresses made it a rule that no lady should go into another's bed-room, and once asked my female cousin. She said she did not know.

Directly after breakfast we saw the ladies in the garden, pulled down our blind, and peeped. "There is Carry", said Fred laughing as his sister showed among them. We saw a group approach the spot, the next instant all their heads were close together, looking at something. Every now and then one would stealthily look up towards the house, then another would, as if they feared being seen. On being joined by two or three others, they all moved out of sight into the shed, and we saw no more.

Fred was delighted, he did nothing but suggest how such and such a one felt at that moment. "I dare say their cunts are as hot as fire, their thighs squeeze, their arses wriggle as they walk; they will all frig themselves to-night."

Fred soon afterwards said he must go to town by the next train. I would go too. "I must go to so and so", said he, "so can't be with you much." I resolved to stay. Going into the house I saw Mrs. Maria dressed, she was going to town. "I will walk with you", said Fred, "to the station, we shall go up together." Mrs. Maria went to London to make purchases, and do all the business for the school. Neither

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came back till the latest train; I was sitting smoking with the Reverend when his wife returned, she looked worn out. Soon afterwards in came Fred, who looked as if he had been out all night. Said he to Mrs. Maria in a surprised manner, "Have you only just returned?" "Yes", said she in an innocent way. "We have both come by the same train then without knowing it", he replied.

I don't know what thoughts led to it, but the conviction came over me that he had seen Maria's thighs closer than he did through the cracks in the bath-room partition. I noticed his manner next morning, saw him look at her, and she at him at breakfast, and said to myself, "He has fucked her."

Next day we had shooting. At night Fred went to town. Next day Mrs. Maria went, and came home late, Fred not returning till the following morning. Mrs. Maria looked so tired that her husband noticed it. "She has had her belly-full again", I said to myself. As she took her bath next morning (Fred not with me), she rubbed herself dry, put on her chemise, and felt her cunt; it was a prolonged feel. I told Fred of that. His remarks were evidently intended to mislead me.

We wanted to see the Saturday night bathing, though my aunt wanted to return home; but as we had shooting on Saturday, she consented to remain over Sunday. My cousins again dined with us at the Reverend's, and two of my cousins' special friends. What pleasure I had in looking at them, knowing the looks of their backs and bellies as well as their faces, wondering what they thought of the baudy pictures, at the way in which women continue to look so modest, talk

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softly, look in a man's face, and keep a demure demeanor, even if lust be stinging their cunts. It is the training in hypocrisy, which is so large a part of female education.

On Friday Fred sprained his leg, on the Saturday it was too stiff to go out shooting. I did, and returned to dinner. Mrs. Maria had attended to him, her husband was at church nearly all Saturday, so perhaps she had rubbed a little higher than his ankle. My aunt spent all the time she could at the school, or walking out with her daughter and niece.

Fred's sprain was an excuse for going to his bedroom whither I accompanied him. In the dusty closet Fred's lameness was better. In came the young ladies, the younger ones first. It was a pretty sight, a decently voluptuous one, to see the dainty white-fleshed creatures throw off their dresses, and stand naked, one by one entering the bath, rub their flesh dry, and their cunt-wigs free from moisture; to see one with her bum towards you, rubbing her back vigorously with a towel pulled straight with both hands, whilst her bum-cheeks, loins, and thighs quivered with the motion and friction. Another put one leg on a chair whilst she rubbed her quim dry. Then came the servants. Again I recollect having my lust more stirred at seeing the fuller grown women strip, and stand with boots and stockings on; than at seeing the virgin ladies naked. I can't account for this at all. I write exactly what I recollect.

When we saw Fred's sister, he whispered that all his family had a good deal of hair on their privates. I saw his prick soon afterwards. He spoke as if he were intimately acquainted with the cunts and pricks of the whole family. The two young ladies who looked

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at each other's privates did not do so again, the flat-fuckers took no pleasure in each other's arms, they soaped each other's backs, and helped to dry each other; both rubbed themselves in front of the fire,—a fine couple of women. "I want to piddle so", said one just as she finished bathing. "Piddle in the bath", said the other, "there is no one else going into it." And she did so standing up, then jumped rapidly out, and they both laughed.

I have seen before and since through key-holes and peep-holes women and men wash, but it was with difficulty. Here all was fairly clear. The crevice admitted enough sight, to distinguish form, face, feature, and colour of hair and eyes. I thought of it for years, but never told a man. Oftentimes when fucking, the bathing spectacle came into my mind, and fetched my sperm out of me in a moment.

The next morning we jobbed a few more holes between other boards, so as to make it look as if the shrinking of the wood had cracked the paper in more than one place, carefully closed the door and dipped the heads of the screws in vinegar to darken them. The whole looked rusty, and as we hoped when we had done no one would ever guess the game we had been up to. We swept up dust from the carpet, and pushed it under the bottom of the door, and I think our prank never was known. The old house is pulled down now.

I went to church again for the pleasure of staring at the ladies, it was rapture to look at them, and think of their virgin cunts, think they had seen the baudy prints. My cousin Fred had gone out somewhere, Mrs. Maria, who usually went to church with her husband,

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was ill. In the middle of the service a thought came into my head. Feeling sure that Fred was after the middle-aged plump lady, I left the church, and went back, knocked at the door twice before it was opened, and then by Mrs. Maria. Said she, "I let both servants go out." She told me this without my asking her anything, her hair seemed a little rough, her manner excited. I sat down, told her I had felt faint, and had a cholic in church, and so had come home. "Fred has been unwell too", said she. "Indeed?—I thought he was out." "He returned, and has been in bed this hour." "Oh!" said I. It was clear to me why her hair was rough. Fred was abed, but awake. Had Mrs. Maria been fucked on that bed?

My aunt and I left the next day, and went to the Manor-House; Fred to my astonishment could not get out of bed, so bad was his sprain; so we left him there. At the Hall I got so lewd that I went up to London, and rushed to Laura's lodgings the next night.

"Both abed sir", said the servant who let me in. Finding no one in Mabel's room, I went down to the first floor. The women were in bed together. Laura opened the door to me, and got into bed again in the dark; for company sake they slept together when we men were both away, she said.

Lewd with prolonged chastity, the two servants in the bath-room ran in my mind as I sat chatting in the dark room. After having slipped my hand under the clothing on to Mabel's cunt, "Have you been amusing each other?—which was man, which woman?" were questions put and answered with real or assumed ignorance, but with some giggling. Laura as I have said never allowed a baudy word, so I ceased; and

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Laura I suppose savage at Mabel having all the groping to herself, said, "You go first, and warm the bed, and Mabel will come up to you." "No, you go and warm it for me Mabel." "I won't." "Then I won't." Mabel seemed to me thick in speech, muddled in manner, and half asleep.

I fetched my candle. The women looked so fresh and handsome. "I'll sleep with you both", said I beginning to undress.

A slight altercation,—what would Fred say?—the servants think?—no she would not permit it,—she knew the games we should be up to. Mabel said, "No, —no, it wouldn't do." The more they said no, the quicker I undressed, and with prick lifting up my shirt, forced myself into bed, by the side of Mabel. Laura jumped out the other side, her white legs showing half-way up her thighs as she did so.

She stood by the bed-side wrangling, and looking at me as randy as possible, spite of herself. I should not stay,—she would not go to bed. "Well my dear Laura, go up to our bed." "I shant." Tired of standing in the cold she said, "Well will you promise to keep quiet?" "Perfectly." "Come on", said Mabel, "Fred won't know." So putting out the light into bed got Laura. Perhaps she thought she would like on the quiet to hear the amatory talk of Mabel and myself,—hear if she could not see or feel our tricks,—who knows?

"Turn your back to Mabel,—go to sleep Laura,—now you won't see or hear." "You know your promise, —don't you let him Mabel." "How can I help it?" said Mabel in a muddled manner. "You are a couple of dirty beasts", said Laura turning her rump towards

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us. We heeded not, for we were fucking. Laura spoke not another word, she lay as if asleep. Then I fell fast asleep on the edge of the bed cuddling Mabel. It was close packing.

I awakened cold on one side, hot on the other next Mabel, who lay snoring profoundly. The regular breathing of Laura told me she was asleep. My prick was stiff, and as I thought of the two women by the side of me, it got ungovernable.

"How I should like a put into Laura", I thought, but had a high sense of honor, and checked the desire. "What, Fred's woman?—for shame Walter.—Well (reflecting) he took my two women in the country.—Yes", replied my conscience, "but nothing made them yours,—not completely at least, one had had another man, but Laura is *his* woman, his temporary wife, he is fond of her, he keeps her." But my prick kept throbbing with desire to be up her.

I thought of Fred's description of the thick hair on her cunt, of the quickness with which she pissed, of all he had foolishly told me of her perfections, until my brain whirled. "There can't be any harm in just feeling her flesh,—no one will know." I could only guess where she was in the darkness; but carefully stretching my hand over Mabel quite slowly, it touched a bunch of night-gown, and then warm flesh. She was lying on her back, Mabel had her rump towards her. I raised myself gently up to feel further, touched the hips, the thighs, then the smooth belly, further on, and my hand laid in the thick hair of her cunt.

Up to that time I had my reason, could reflect, pause, control myself; the woman of any friend of

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mine was safe from attack from me, but I had had a fancy that there had been once or twice in Laura's look and manner towards me, a slight gleam of desire; yet the idea of having her never had entered my head, I should have chased it instantly. But from the moment my hand lighted on the crisp thicket, reason left me, voluptuous desire overwhelmed me: I forgot Fred, almost forgot Mabel.

Slowly, inch by inch, I moved myself half up and my arm over Mabel as she lay, fearing it would wake her, and slid my finger down between Laura's cunt-lips, and gently frigged, listening to Mabel's snoring, and Laura's breathing. At length I must have produced a voluptuous sensation, she got restless, and opened her thighs, moved, clasped my hand, and in a peevish sleepy tone said, "Don't Mabel,—what are you doing?"

"It's I"; I whispered frigging on. "Oh!" said she pushing my hand away. "Oh! if you wake Mabel." She kept repulsing my hand saying "don't", I replacing it. My hand frigging her clitoris.

She turned her backside towards Mabel, I then fumbled between her bum-cheeks; but she was too far off. Slowly I got out of bed, and feeling my way round the foot in the dark, I got to Laura's side. She heard me. I put my mouth to her ear, "Let me dear", and thrusting my hand under the clothes felt her cunt from motte to bum-hole. "Oh! no, if Mabel—" Mabel's snoring reassured me. Little by little I uncovered her, lifting off the clothes, got on to her, up her, and without a word, without a whisper, without resistance or denial we fucked gently, pausing at intervals to listen, hiding our emotions and pleasures as we spent, Laura's

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flanks and my hand close to Mabel's rump, my leg almost touching Mabel's leg, she still snoring like a pig.

"Go", said Laura, her mouth to my ear, and uncunting me. Quietly, without reply, I got off, and back again crept stealthily to Mabel's side, and at the very moment that I was lifting the bed-clothes Mabel awoke, and said directly, "What are you getting up for?—where are you going?"

I was for a moment at my wits' end. "Where is the pot?" said I. "Under the bed", said Mabel. "Laura!" Laura did not answer, and breathed heavily. I pissed, and got into bed. It was a close fit. Mabel took hold of my prick. "It's wet", said she drowsily. Down went my hand, the hairs were wet and sticky. Mabel was too sleepy to notice what the wet was, yet I feared. "Turn on your back dear", said I. She did. I got on her, and put my prick in though not stiff. "Don't,—I'm tired,—wait till morning,— get off, Laura will hear." "Here is a lark", thought I, and got off her, turning my bum towards Mabel's belly, as the best way to economize room, and I was soon asleep again. She snored off instantly.

Excitement wakened me early. The house was quiet, it was quite dark, we all three talked. Laura laid sulking, I reminded her of Fred's remark at Vauxhall about her pissing quickly; that only made her sulkier. At length upstairs I went with Mabel to our bed-room, to prevent the servants knowing anything. When we came down to breakfast, Laura and I looked at each other hard. When I got a chance of speaking to her privately, she would not hear the deed alluded to; reminded me that Fred was my cousin, and a good fellow. After that I never spoke to her on the subject

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for weeks, I felt ashamed of myself; but for all that my cock would often tingle, and raise its head when I looked at her. One day there she being alone, we fell talking about that night. I had never known her so warm; we wondered Mabel had not heard. "And the hair of my prick was wet with our spending Laura." "No it was yours." "No yours." "Let's try again." She rushed out of the room.

The night after poking Laura I took them to the play, at supper Mabel drinking rather freely, Laura said that she had better not take as much as she had the last night. Then I found she had lushed rather freely, which accounted for her sleeping so soundly. She had a strong liking for liquors of all sorts.

A day or two afterwards Fred arrived, looking as if his prick had never left a cunt for a month. I asked him how Mrs. Maria was, he laughed, and repeated that he should not mind having her; but said no more. Soon after we went back to the country, to spend Christmas at my aunt's. My mother, Tom, and one of my sisters also came. They were much in my way.

For brevity I compress the events of the next few months; it is a pity, but it would print to three the length otherwise. Briefly I was obliged to get back once or twice to my aunt's to see Pender privately, though I did not want to have her. I was mostly in London. One or two funny whoring incidents I must leave out altogether, and for the same reason: brevity.

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CHAPTER XIV.

My cousin at home.—Pender's belly.—A lawyer's letter.—Action for crim-con threatened.—Suspicions.—A compensation.—The Penders leave.—Wholesale whorings.—A frolic at Lord A...'s. — After dinner. — Newspaper readings. — A strange rape.—Bets on pricks.—Pricks felt.—Fred on his head.—Beds on the floor.—Free fucking.—End of the orgie.

My cousin came home from school, and when dancing or talking with her, I used to think of the look of her bum. One young lady from the school whose posteriors I also knew came to stay. Fred and I used to laugh about the adventure, and about his sister and cousin as much as about the others.

Mrs. Pender's belly was like a mountain, her husband I fancied scowled at me. Mrs. P. looked scared, and whisking past me in the farm-yard one day with a milk-pail, said in a low voice as she passed, "For God's sake keep away", and I did, feeling uneasy, In cold weather my aunt ceased to go to the farm-yard, our own shooting was over, and I had no reason for crossing the farm-yard; but at the end of a week my cock was so much in want of amusement, that I made up my mind to have a poke up Pender if I could, and way-laid her in the shrubbery-walk. She told me that on a particular day her man would go some distance to buy cattle, and she would try to meet me in the barn. Chance favored us, we fucked, and talked at in-

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tervals for two or three hours, she having a poke, then going out for a time, coming back again, and so on.

I heard that her husband suspected her and me, he was sure it was not his child. Some one had seen me and her together in the lane, he would not say who. Said Mrs. P., "I don't know what, but I am sure he is up to something bad to you or me, and I live in a fright; I can scarcely eat, drink, or sleep for thinking about what's to happen."

About a month after this, I received a letter from a lawyer in London saying he wished to see me. I went, and found that he was instructed to bring an action against me for seducing Mrs. Pender. I denied all, but it was of no use. I at once went to my solicitor, who after a time feared the case could be proved against me. The action would be brought for damages (there was no divorce possible then), and there would be the scandal, the annoyance to my aunt, and the horror of my mother. The only chance of getting a word with Mrs. P. was way-laying her in the laurel-walk. When I saw her she looked the picture of misery, her husband had refused to sleep in the same bed with her. At about five o'clock one evening, it being quite dark, she had given me a signal during the day, I went to the privy. There I fucked her, she said how utterly miserable she was, and asked me to take her away. Uprighters were never to my taste, and now her big belly made it far from pleasurable. I got worried, and at length after much legal annoyance, agreed to give five hundred pounds, on condition that I had a letter from Pender saying that he was very sorry for what he had done, that he was convinced he had made a mistake, and was then sure of his wife's fidelity, or something to that effect.

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Before this was quite settled, Mr. Pender got leave of absence, and went away somewhere. My solicitor asked me whether I had any reason to suspect that Mrs. P. had told her husband. Immediately I became savagely suspicious, went to the cottage under pretense of asking for Pender himself, although I knew he was away, and insisted she should meet me at the town. I thought of nothing until we met, but how I should entrap her into a confession, and worked myself up into a belief that the couple were making a market of me.

She undressed, I caressed her, with hand on her cunt, looked at her and said, "Your husband means to make a fortune out of me." "What he,—ho, ho, ho", she cried, "the wretch,—oh! I shall be exposed, —ho, ho", and was as white as a sheet. When she got better, I told her all, she knew nothing about what her husband had done, and begged I would pay nothing,—she would drown herself.—and I left, convinced that the poor woman was true to me.

Pender gave notice to leave, and forfeiting wages left his place, and went to the North of England. Months afterwards I received a scrawl saying that the child was exactly like me, that P. was not unkind, but she was unhappy, would like to see me; and if I wished it she would run away, and be as good as a wife to me. There was no name or address to it, and I never heard of her afterwards.

I thought all settled, and that no one would know about it; but for all that it leaked out. Months afterwards being at my aunts, I got into one of her servants, and after giving her a good fucking one night, and telling her after a fuck not to wash, she said, "I don't want you to get me in the family way like Mrs. Pen-

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der." She had heard that. How the devil did it leak out?

After Christmas Fred and I went to see our women, he wanted more than I did. I had some harlotting; not being at all faithful to Mabel, I had fits of great incontinence, and as many as three different women on the same day, at times.

Exceedingly nice women were then to be met in the Quadrant from eleven to one in the morning, and three till five in the afternoon. I would have one before luncheon, get another after luncheon, dine, and have a third women. I would at other times go under the Opera colonade, where they used to assemble in the summer evenings with low dresses showing shoulders and breasts; to see them, even if I did not want a fuck. I had an insatiable desire to look at their nudity, would strip them, make them piss, feel them all over, leave, and in an hour perhaps have another. I had no leches for fancy postures. To see their thighs and cunts in free but graceful attitudes was sufficient pleasure. During this time the following occurred.

An intimate friend of Fred's was Lord A.... he lived with a lady who was called Lady A.... I don't think she had been gay, and in that respect resembled Laura and Mabel. The three women were much together. We often saw Lord A...., and all became friends. Lord A.... was not very true to his lady. He lived in B.t.n street, where he had at that time the whole of a handsomely furnished house, but only could half occupy it. His indoor servants were a middle-aged woman who cooked, a maid who was her niece, and his valet, who waited at table as well. A woman who did not sleep in the house came daily. He

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had grooms and a coachman, but not in the house. Lord A.... had quarrelled with his father. He had been in the Guards, and drank very freely.

He invited us one night to dinner, and gave a splendid one. By the time we had finished, we were all noisy. It was never our custom to use baudy language when in each other's company. Laura had a great aversion to it. Mabel liked me to talk baudy to her, but did not talk it herself. Fred always after dinner would let out a warm word or so, and was at once snubbed by Laura. For all that our conversation after dinner was generally warm with *double entente.*

On the night in question our conversation got to open voluptuousness. Fred and Lord A.... went in for it, Mabel laughed, Laura hished and hished, said she would leave, but at last gave way, as did Lady A....; then we men got to lewdness. Whenever any sensuous allusion was made, my eyes sought Laura's, hers seeking mine; we were both thinking of the quiet and quick fuck we had, with Mabel snoring by our side. We compared our thoughts on that night, but at a future day.

Just at that time a case filled the public journals. It was a charge of rape on a married woman, against a man lodging in the same house. She was the wife of a printer on the staff of a daily paper, who came home extremely late; she always went to be leaving her door unlocked, so that her husband might get in directly he came home. The lodger was a friend of her husband's, and knew the custom of leaving the door unlocked,—in fact he was a fellow-printer.

She awakened in the night with the man between her thighs, had opened them readily, thinking it was

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her husband. It appears to have been her habit, and such her husband's custom on returning home, or so she said. The lodger had actually all but finished his fuck, before she awakened sufficiently to find out that it was not the legitimate prick which was probing her. Then she alarmed the house, and gave the man in charge for committing a rape. The papers delicately hinted that the operation was complete before the woman discovered the mistake,—but of course it left much to the reader's imagination.

Fred read this aloud. I knew more, for the counsel of the prisoner was my intimate friend. He had told me that the prisoner had had her twice, that she had spent with him; that he had often said he meant to go in, and have her, that she had dared him to do it, and that she only made a row when she thought she heard her husband at the door on the landing, although it was two hours before his usual time of return. His prick was in her when she began her outcry.

With laughter and smutty allusions we discussed the case. "Absurd", said Laura, "she must have known it was not her husband." "Why?" "Why because—", and Laura stopped. "If you were asleep, and suddenly felt a man on you of about my size, and his prick up you, very likely you would not tell if it were mine or not", said Fred. Laura threw an apple at his head. Decency was banished from that moment, a spade was called a spade, and unveiled baudiness reigned.

"I should know if it were not you", said Lady A... looking at Lord A... "How?" "Ah! I should,—should you not know another woman from Laura, if you got into bed with two women in the dark?" said she to Fred. "I am not sure for the moment if with

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a woman just her size, and as much hair on her cunt", said he. "I tell you what Fred, I won't have it", said Laura ill-tempered, "talk about some one else, I won't have beastly talk about me." "I'll bet", said I, "that if the ladies were to feel our pricks in the dark, they would not tell whose they each had hold of." Roars of laughter followed. "I should like to try", said Mabel. "So would I", said another. "Would you know, if you felt us?" said one women. "If I felt all your cunts in the dark, I'll bet I should know Marie's", said Lord A.... "That is if you felt all round and about", said Fred, "but not if she opened her legs, and you only felt the notch." "I think I should." "Why?—is she different from others?" Lord A.... was going to say something, when Marie told him to shut up.

So we went on, the men in lascivious language, the women in more disguised terms, discussing the probabilities of distinguishing cunts or pricks by a simple feel in the dark. Each remark caused roars of laughter, the women whispered to each other, and laughed at their own sayings. Lewdness had seized us all, the women's eyes were brilliant with voluptuous desire. More wine was drunk, "Call it by its proper name", said Lord A.... when Marie remarked that a woman must know her own man's thing. "Prick then." "I will bet five pounds that Mabel would not guess my prick in the dark, if she felt all of us", said I. "And I'll bet", said another. "Shall we try?" said Fred. "Yes", said Mabel more fuddled than the rest. Baudier and baudier, we talked, laughed, and drank, and at length set to work to make rules for trying, all talking at once.

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One proposed one way, one another. "I can't tell unless I feel balls as well", said a woman. "Will they be stiff when we feel?" said another. "Mine will", said Fred, "it's stiff already." "So is mine", added I.

"How shall we know where to put our hands, if we are in the dark?" said Lady A.... "If a man is in front of you, you will find it fast enough", answered some one. Laura had now yielded to the baudy contagion, and made no objection, though Mabel and Lady A.... were the most forward. Then Lord A... rang the bell, and told his valet he might go out for the night, and his house-keeper and maid they might go to bed, which they did at the top of the house, as we supposed. The sequel proved that to be doubtful, and that they must have had a most edifying night.

After lewd squabbles, we arranged that each man was to give the woman if she guessed the prick right, ten pounds; the men were to be naked, the women to feel all the men's cocks, and give a card to him whose prick she thought she knew. The room was to be dark. No man was to speak, or give any indication by laughing, coughing, or any other way, under penality of paying all the bets. The women were to lose if they spoke, or gave indications of who they were.

I took three cards, and wrote the name of a lady on each of them. Then each lady took her card, and they went upstairs to the bed-room pell-mell and laughing. The women were to stand of a row in a certain order against a side of the room, we to follow in an order they did not know. They were to feel all pricks twice, each giving her card to the man at the second feel, if she knew the prick. We undressed to our shirts, took off our rings, so as to leave no indications, and

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in that condition entered the room. The dining-room door we closed, there was no light on the first-floor lobby, nor in the bed-room, for we had put out the fire there. So holding each other by the shoulder, we entered, closed the door, and we were all in the room together in the dark.

We lifted our shirts, and closed on the women, each of whom in her turn felt our pricks. One felt mine as if she meant to pull it off. On the second feeling, we got somehow mixed, a slight tittering of women began, some one hished, and the tittering ceased. Two hands touched me at the same time, but one withdrew directly she touched the other's hand. A card was put into my hand, afterwards another card touched me, and was withdrawn. After waiting a minute I nudged the man next me. "Have you all given cards?" shouted out the man. "Yes", shouted the three women at once. Then we all burst out laughing, and the men went downstairs, leaving the women all talking at once like Bedlam broke loose.

Looking at our cards, we found that each women had guessed rightly her man's prick; but we changed our cards, and called out to the women who came rushing down like mad. "Not one of you has guessed right", said I, "you have all lost your bets." "I'll swear I'm right", said Lady A..., "it's Adolphus that I gave my card to." This set us all questioning at once. "What makes you so sure?" "She says it's very long and thin", said Mabel, "and so it is." "Hold your tongue", said Marie. "I felt it", said Mabel. "They all seemed the same to me", said Laura, "and one of you pushed my hand away." "It was I", said Fred, "you wanted to feel too much, you nearly frigged me,"

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"Oh! what a lie." Then we told the truth, and that each women had won, which caused much noisy satisfaction, then we had more wine, we men still with naked legs.

I have told all I can recollect with exactitude, but there was lots more said and done. Fred pulled up Lord A...'s shirt, his cock was not stiff. "That's not as it was when I felt it", said Mabel. "You've guessed pricks, but for all that you would not know who fucked you in the dark." "We should", cried out all the women. "Let's try", said Lord A... "All right", said Mabel. "We are not prostitutes", said Laura. "A little free fucking will be jolly, let's take turns about all round", said Fred. Then the room resounded with our laughter, all spoke baudily at once, every second, "prick", "cunt", "fuck", was heard from both men and women,—it was a perfect Babel of lasciviousness.

"I'll bet ten pounds a women doesn't guess who fucks her", said Lord A... We echoed him. The women laughed, but led by Laura refused, and squabbled. All wanted the bet to come off, but did not like to admit it. We had more champagne, the men put on their trowsers, we kissed all round, and talked over the way of deciding such a bet, the women got randier, one showed her leg to another, and at length all the women agreed to take part in the orgie.

The rest I shall tell as truthfully as I can. The drink and excitement I was under makes it difficult; but I will tell nothing I am not quite sure of. We arranged a plan with such noise and talking, that God knows how it was arranged at all. Where were we to poke?—in the bed-room? Impossible, there was but one large bed in Lady A...'s room, and one in the back-room.

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How were we to fuck all together? We all rushed upstairs, took all the beds and pillows from both rooms, and from the upper rooms, and put them on the floor in the large room, making one long bed, after moving aside the furniture. The fire had been put out. All this was done with shouts and yells, a fearful lascivious riot.

The women were to lie down in an order known to us, Lady A... nearest to the door, and so on. There was to be absolute silence. Each man as he knelt between the woman's legs was to put a card with a number on it under her pillow. We men knew which number each had, the women were not to know which man was to have her, directly we had fucked we were to return, each woman was to produce her card, and guess who had been up her, they were to be in their chemises, we in our shirts. I never shall forget the looks of the women as they went upstairs to arrange themselves for the fucking, but think that they scarcely knew the rules of what they were to do.

The women undressed quickly enough, for we had scarcely had time to tie up our faces in napkins to prevent our whiskers being noticed (Lord A.... had none), before a voice shouted out, "We are ready." Then with shirts on only, up we men went. I only recollect kneeling down between Lady A...'s legs (we had agreed among ourselves how to change our women), giving a card, feeling a cunt, and putting my prick into it, then hearing the rustling of limbs, hard breathing, sighing, and moans of pleasure of the couples fucking fast and furiously; of my brain whirling, of a maddening sensuality delighting me as I clasped the buttocks of Lady A..., and fucked her.

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We must have spent nearly all together, none when we compared after, recollected more than his own performance. All were quiet. I was feeling round my prick which was still in Lady A...'s cunt, when a light flashed powerfully through the room. That devil Fred had risen, and lighted several lucifers, which then was done by dipping them in a bottle,—they were expensive. What a sight was disclosed at a glance!

All three women lay with chemises up to their navels, Lady A... on her back, I on the top of her (rising rapidly at the light). Next to her Mabel seemingly asleep with thighs wide open. Fred kneeling between them, holding the lighted matches, Laura on her back with open thighs, eyes closed, Lord A... cuddling, but nearly off of her by her side, and his prick laying on her thigh. The women shrieked, and began pulling down their chemises. I swore at Fred, the women joined chorus. "Most ungentlemanly", said Laura getting up. That got up Lord A... Mabel lay still on her back as if ready to be stroked again. But all was said. In a minute the lucifers burnt out, and it was dark again. Scuffling up we men went downstairs, leaving the women chattering. Soon after down they came, looking screwed, lewd, and annoyed that the bets were off, and all chattering at once.

Mabel was quarrelsome. "You", said she turning to Lady A..., "said that your husband's thing was long and thin, you tried to mislead me in the bet, you wanted to make me lose." They had evidently been discussing their men's pricks.

"So you have been telling how each of us fucks", said Fred. Laura denied it. "We did", said Mabel. "It's a lie Mabel, if you say it again, I'll tell some-

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thing more than you will like to hear about yourself." Mabel retorted, Lady A... chimed in. It was a Babel of quarrelsome lewd women, with their cunts full.

I feared a row, and that Mabel might after all know more about my having had Laura, the night we all three slept in the same bed, than I cared for; so I pacified them. Fred said we had better try again, Laura objected. "Oh! yes Mrs. Modest", said Mabel, "when you found it was not Fred, why didn't you cry out?" "I didn't know", said Laura. "Ah! ah! the printer's wife", we shouted, then more baudy talk, recriminations, and squabbling. Laura said she should go home, Fred said she might go by herself. Lord A... who had half fallen asleep, said it was too late, and we had better stop. Some one said we could soon again make the beds comfortable in the upper rooms. "That be damned", said Fred, "we will all sleep on the floor as they are now." "Free fucking for ever", said I. Laura said I was a blackguard, Mabel said she should like it, Lady A... said she didn't care, if Adolphus didn't, Adolphus said any cunt would suit him. He was reeling drunk as he spoke.

All this time we were in shirts and chemises. One woman had thrown a shawl over her, one a petticoat, but their breasts flashed out, their arms were naked, their legs showing to their knees, the men were naked to their knees in their shirts. The scene was exciting, the women hadn't washed their cunts, Fred said so. Mabel asked him if he was sure of it. No, he would feel. Laura told him he must be drunk, and was a beast. "Drunk?" said he, "look here." He turned a sommersault, and stood on his hands and head, his heels against the wall, his backside in the air, his prick

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and cods falling downwards over his belly, his shirt over his head. Lady A... took up a bunch of grapes, and dashed it on his ballocks. Then we chased the women round the room, tried to feel them, and they us. It was like hell broke loose, till we agreed to sleep on the floor together, any how.

No lights; lights and piss-pots were put in the back bed-room,—a woman suggested that. "You're frightened of farting", said some one. The women went up to make the beds more comfortable, whilst we men fetched candles from the kitchen, the others being well nigh burned out. The women had washed their cunts, we had more wine, and then we all were pretty well screwed, and Lord A... pretty drunk when we went up to them.

Up to that time I was sufficiently sober to know all I have written, and plenty more. Surely I could tell a lot more of our conversation, but it would prolong the tale too much. After the last bottle of champagne I was groggy, recollect less clearly, was in a half-sleepy, feverish, excited, and baudy state, my sleep was broken by others, but when awake my prick stood immediately, and I moved all night from one woman to another, fucking, and then dozing.

To satisfy Laura, and keep up a sort of appearance, we had said we would only have our own women, who were again to lay in a certain order. Directly they had left the room, we agreed to change. A... doggedly insisted in having Mabel, so I was to take Laura, and Fred Lady A... It was such a lark. My prick was up Laura, when she cried, "It's not you Fred." Then were simultaneous exclamations, "I'm not Mabel",—"What a lovely cunt!"—"Leave me alone",—"Feel

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my big prick", "Damn, a cunt's a cunt", hiccupped Lord A... "Oh!—ah!"—"Ha! my love fuck,—my darling, oh!"—kiss, kiss,—spending,—"Aha!"—sighs of delight, "cunt",—"fuck",—"oh!"—"ah! ah!" And I fell asleep on Laura amidst this.

Awake again. By my side a wet cunt, a heavy sleeper. Turning round, my legs met naked legs. I stretched out my hand, and felt a prick, perhaps Fred's, I don't know. Getting up I felt my way stumbling over legs to the wall to the furthest woman, and laid myself on her. "Don't Adolphus, I'm so sleepy", said she. The next instant we were fucking. Others awakened. "Where are you?" said some one. Then all moved, one man swore, a hand felt my balls from behind. I was spending, and rolled off the lady; turning my bum to her. Then I touched Mabel, and put my hand on her cunt. A man dropped on her, and touched my hand with his prick. Ejaculations burst out on all sides, the couples were meeting again, then all was quiet, and the fucking done. Then all talked. All modesty was gone, both men and women told their sensations and wants, "You fuck me,—Feel me.—No, I want so and so", Laura as lewd as the rest.

Again awaking. A hand was feeling my prick. "Is it you Laura?" "Yes." I felt her cunt. "Oh! let me go and piddle." But I turned on to her, and we fucked. "How wet your cunt is." "No wonder."

Again I awakened, some one got up, and fell down. "Hulloa! who is that?" "I want to piss, and can't get up", said Lord A... in a drunken voice. Some one opened the door, a feeble light came across from the back room, we helped him up and he stumbled along with us men to piss. Then he insisted on going down-

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stairs. He could scarcely stand, so we helped him to the dining-room, we lighted more candles, he swilled more wine, tumbled on to the sofa, where we left him drunk and snoring, and found him snoring the next morning with the heath-rug over him. We two went back to the women. "I've fucked all three", said Fred. "So have I." "Laura's a damned fine fuck, ain't she?" Some one shut the room-door opposite, as we reached the landing. We pushed it open. Two ladies were pissing: Marie and Laura. "Where is Mabel?" "Drunk", replied one. The two were past caring for anything, pissed and went back with us to the bed-room. I took a light there. Mabel was on her back nearly naked, we covered her up, for it was cold. Then I fucked Laura, and Fred Lady A... The light we left now on the wash-hand stand, as we looked at each other fucking and enjoyed it, and then we changed women. There was no cunt-washing, we fucked in each other's sperm, no one cared, all liked it, all were screwed, baudy, reckless, Mabel snoring.

I awakened after a heavy sleep, chilly, feverish, headaching, and thirsty. I drew aside the curtains; it was late, light, but foggy; a nasty winter's morning. Fred and the three ladies lay snoring, some covered, others partially so, the floor looking as if every article of bed-furniture had been thrown down with a pitch-fork. I drank water, and fucked out as I was, my lubricity was unsatiated. I could not resist gratifying it.

Moving stealthily I uncovered the sleepers one by one. It was easy enough, as the clothes lay loose and in shapeless heaps. I saw Fred's prick touching Mabel's haunch, contemplated Laura's thick-haired quim, saw

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spunk on her chemise. She looked lovely. Lady A... on her back, her hand over her cunt, red stains about her, and on the sheet which I pulled off of her,—her poorliness had come on. Mabel on her back looked ready for a man. My cock stiffened, I laid myself on Laura, and awakened her. That awakened Fred who mounted Mabel. Both couples took to the exercise in the foggy day-light, and a long time we were in consummating. "Oh! do leave off", said Laura, "I'm so sore." My prick was excoriated, it had not been so for many a day.

Never have I been in such an orgie before, never since, and perhaps never shall be; but it was one of the most delicious nights I ever spent. So said Fred, so said Mabel; and Laura admitted to me at a future day that she thought the same, and that since, when she frigged herself, she always thought of it, and nothing else.

I thought of nothing else for a long time. Nothing has ever yet fixed itself in my mind so vividly, so enduringly, except my doings with my first woman, Charlotte. At the beginning of my writing these memoirs, this was among the first described. The narrative as then written was double its present length, and I am sorry that I have abbreviated it, for the occurrences as I correct this proof seem to come on too quickly. Whereas we dined at seven o'clock, and it was one o'clock I guess before we all went to bed together, and the stages from simple voluptuousness to riotous baudiness and free-fucking were gradual. At eight o'clock not one of us would have dared to think of, still less to suggest, what we all did freely at midnight.

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CHAPTER XV.

Morning headaches.—An indignant housekeeper.—A saucy valet.—Consequences.—Fred leaves England.—Lady A. . .'s invitation.—Laura a widow. —Farewell Laura.—Adieu Mabel.—My guardian's remonstrances.—Parental advice.—Ruined. —Reflexions.—My relations.

With headaches, heated, irritable, thirsty, worn out, we arose; the men quiet, the women quarrelsome. The women began to dress, some where they had slept, some in the other room. We went down to Lord A. . ., and awakened him. He went upstairs, and bawled out to the housekeeper (he had rang the bell violently several times without her appearing). "Make us some tea directly", said he. She answered, "I shant,—make it yourself." "I'll dismiss you if you don't." "I ain't going to make tea for prostitutes", said she, "and we are not going to keep in such a house." Fred said the wine was bad, or his head would not ache so. A. . . said Fred knew nothing about wine. Mabel who had heard what the housekeeper said, bawled out that she would go up, and tear her eyes out. The free-fucking tone was gone, each man seemed jealous, and spoke harshly to his woman. At a remark of Marie's, Lord A. . . told her to go to another room. No, she should not till Mabel was out of the house. Mabel not quite sober, told me I had better go home with Laura. Fred said Laura would go home with him. Laura was quiet, and tried to get Fred to leave with her, and told Mabel

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she would be better if she took less liquor. At length we separated. We four were going to the same house, but went in separate cabs, then to our own rooms, and had breakfast separately there,—a thing we never had done before. We always lived in Laura's apartments, and shared the expenses.

After breakfast Mabel and I went to bed, late in the day we awakened. I was refreshed, for then a long sleep restored me from any excess. Although I did not like Mabel's behaviour, and did not care about her having had the other men as I thought, yet it annoyed me; but it had the effect of giving me a strong lech for her for some time. I used to think as I fucked her, of my prick rubbing where Freds and Lord A...'s had rubbed. It delighted me to say, "Should you know it was my prick if you had just awakened?"—"Did his hurt you, when he pushed like this?"—shove, shove, —"Tell me how Fred goes just before he spends." We used to fetch each other by talking over that night; but she did not recollect very clearly, and declared she was sure I had not had her, although I certainly had her once that night, and when the spunk of Lord A... and Fred's was in her. It used to horrify me when I thought of that, such was my masculine inconsistency then.

We all four dined together, but were a little reserved until wine was in us, then we laughed about the night; but Laura saying we had better forget it, we agreed not to talk about it again, nor did we with the women. Fred and I used often to do so, he never seemed so happy as when he was asking me, if Laura was not a damned fine fuck, but directly I said yes, he was silent.

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The frolic brought about a great deal of mischief. Lord A...'s housekeeper and maid left that day, they would not stop. I dare say they had seen and heard enough to tell them the games we were up to, for we were not particular about shutting doors. Lord A... regretted the cook, because she was such a good one. She told the valet, and soon after he was insolent to Lady A..., so Lord A... kicked him out. He summoned A... before a magistrate for an assault, and A... was fool enough not to compromise it. The man told a lot. The owner of the house gave Lord A... notice to quit, he and Lady A... went to lodgings, and the publicity embroiled Lord A... still more with his family.

Neither was the friendship between us all quite the same. Laura and Mabel quarrelled. Lord A... would not let his mistress visit them unless he was with her, Laura would never leave Mabel in the room alone with Fred. Occasionally we still dined together, and went to the theatre. One night when we had had much wine, we joked about the night, and the women got quarrelling. Laura said the affair was disgraceful, and had it not been for Mabel, it never would have happened. Mabel bounced off to her own rooms. Soon after I took separate lodgings for Mabel. There she was always in tears, if I left her long, and if away a day or two, she wanted to know if I had been with Laura. Lady A... visited Mabel, and was frightened to let her Lord know it. Then Lord and Lady A... quarrelled, he had the clap, and gave it to his mistress. Fred and I were always excellent friends, and at some annoyance through the women, suggested we should go to Paris, and leave them alone in London.

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Before going I met Lady A... walking out, who asked me in, in saying Lord A... would be glad to see me. As I had not quarrelled with him, I thought a chat might heal our coolness. When indoors, she called out to him, and professed to be surprised at his not being there. If I would wait, he would be in soon. We got nearer and nearer to each other on the sofa, began talking about the free-fucking night, of the good aim she had made with the bunch of grapes on Fred's balls, as he stood on his head. We got very lewd, I kissed her, she me. Would she know it was I who was up her, if I came in in the dark to her? She could not say, but should know it was not A..,—a beast. "Beast, why?—have you quarrelled?" Then she told me that A... was often drunk, and stayed away from her for days. "He has got a disease from a beastly gay woman, and hasn't slept with me for weeks." "And not had you?" "Of course not." "Oh! don't you want it?" "No wonder if I do." At once I put my hands up her petticoats, felt her nice plump thighs, my fingers rubbed on the smooth quim. "Oh! don't—I can't bear it." I pulled out a stiff prick, and put it into her hand, we toyed with each other's genitals for a minute, then she sunk back on the sofa, I on her, and we copulated.

I stayed the whole evening with her, fucking at intervals. A... did not come back. I am sure she knew he would not, and had asked me in because she wanted me to have her. She did not tell me she had had the clap, nor I her,—it was Mabel who had told me.

She hinted she should like to meet me again, and I made some half-sort of promise, but never did. Mabel became more and more expensive, discontented, lusty, and quarrelsome, and she was not clean. She would

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feel my wet prick after it had left her cunt, and then cut bread and butter without washing her hands. We had rows, and I left her, giving her a handsome sum of money. Laura said she had gone back to Plymouth with Lord A..., who had left Lady A... Then Fred, I and Laura were just as we used to be. He seemed to have forgotten everything, and I never presumed on having poked Laura. We went to Paris, leaving Laura in London with her sister, who came up to stay with her,—a nice girl.

Though short of money now, Fred and I at Paris took no heed, but rattled away as if our purses were inexhaustable. His furlough was nearly up. We had no end of women. "Old *** (naming a relative) will leave you all his money", said he, "he's fond of you, and has no one else to leave it to." I and all my family thought that; my mother had repeatedly warned me that he was discontented with my goings on; but I counted on his love for me, love since I was a baby; so I played at Paris a jolly game, regardless of money.

When I came back from Paris, I tried to retrench, but found it all but impossible. I got rid of Mabel, spent five shillings for my dinner, where I used to spend twenty, went to live with my mother, put down my horses and carriage, and discharged my man and grooms. But as I diminished my amusements and extravagances generally, so I seemed more and more to need women. My cock stood all day, and half the night. Women I had by dozens. I tried to reduce their fees, and did to a little extent, but for some years I had been accustomed to a liberal expenditure in that article and though to a country girl I could give five shillings, to a Londoner I could only give gold, and

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never refused more if they pleased me, and were not satisfied.

Fred then went abroad to his regiment. He made arrangements for Laura to have a small income, not a tenth of what she had had, but enough to keep her in a quiet way. I at first was to pay it to her. She was to have it as long as she remained steady, and he hoped she would go home, hoped she would keep steady till his return,—his return which was not probable in less than seven years at the least.

One night when together, we laughed at the absurdity of expecting it. "Walter, is it probable that a fine woman like that will be content with frigging herself?" "No." "She will be fucked,—I would if I were she, —it's a shame to wish her to go without fucking. If I were married to her, she would go with me, but a man can't take a mistress to India, he could not live with her, and all the regiment would be smelling at her tail,—she will be fucked, and I can't help it." Tears stood in his eyes. "You give her a grind old boy, if she must have it, I'd rather you did it than any one, and it will keep her quiet. You have had her,—do you recollect that night?—oh! God, what a spree! I never had such a spree before in my life, and never shall again." I said I would take care of her as if a sister, as to having her, he might dismiss such an idea from his head, and I meant what I said. He went abroad, and was killed in battle. I loved him.

Laura went into humbler lodgings, I saw her often, but never made the slightest advances. Soon she could not make her money do. Her mother came up to stay with her, and she had then partly two to keep. She dressed plainer, sold or pawned her best things, told

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me all, and how it was impossible to make the money do. Then I made her a present, she kissed me, and that set my blood boiling. Her mother wanted her to go back to the country, I advised it also; it was agreed she should, and her mother went back. A day or two afterwards I called on her, she got me a chop for dinner, and sent for wine. We talked about Fred, she cried about him, I kissed her to comfort her, she kissed me again as we sat on the sofa, my arm went round her, I pulled her hand on to my shoulders; and that spree at Lord A...'s came into my head.

"You miss a bed-fellow Laura, don't you?" "Oh! no, but I miss poor Fred, he was so kind." "Do you recollect that night?" "Don't mention it, I am ashamed of it,—oh! don't look at my boots, they are so shabby now." I had began at the ankles, as I always did, it was on the road. "You are not so stout as you were my dear." "There is not any difference in me." I pinched her thighs outside her clothes. "Ah! I'm no thinner there I'm sure." "Let me feel." "Oh! now don't,—it's a shame." "My darling, you are as smooth and plump as ever,—I know the feel of those beautiful thighs, I've laid on them.' Soon my hand was between them, my finger on the clitoris. "Poor Fred", said she still crying, her head on my shoulder. In another instant her hand was round my prick, her thighs open, my hand restless, and roving all about her cunt. "Lay down." "I won't." "It won't hurt him poor fellow, he is far away." For a few minutes we coaxed and fondled, kissed and cried, saying it was not fair, and we never would. Then cock and cunt getting hotter and more sensitive, I pushed her flat on the sofa, and we fucked ecstatically. Rising she sat looking at me, her

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clothes half-way up her thighs, I looking at her with my wet prick hanging its head. Then we hugged, kissed, and did it again.

"It was to be", said she (as if poking her was fate). "Quite true dear, but let's go to the bed, the sin is no greater if we do it ever so many times." Into bed we got, and there I think we laid for sixteen hours. Laura was a lovely bed-fellow. I had a good look at the hair on her cunt, it was very long, curled round, and completely hid her cunt, even when standing with her legs slightly open; and when she pissed, she left drops of piddle on the hair. On her that bush was handsome, but very long hair is not generally handsome on a cunt, and I have disliked it on others; but it is not often found. I am describing here what I saw more coolly, and often on future occasions rather than what I saw and recollect of her cunt, on that night of exhausting pleasure.

I had now but little money to spare, but gave her a little from time to time, and a great deal of bumbasting. One day she said, "I'm in misfortune again." She was in the family way, had been so before by Fred, but had managed a miscarriage. She now got one, but was seriously ill, and sent for her mother, and when she got better she went home. I sent Fred's money to her there for some time, then she wrote me to send it to a post-office, and afterwards to send no more, as she was going to be married. She hoped I would never tell Fred, that I would burn her letters, and if I ever saw her, would not notice her. I never saw her again. She wrote to Fred about her marriage, and he was delighted at it, as well as at saving his money. I have finished her history, so far as it was connected with

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me; and must now take up my narrative at a time before this.

Friends were going to Paris, I went with them, and a jolly loose time we had for a few weeks. I made acquaintance with six or eight of the best baudy houses, and had women galore. Theatres, excursions, high-feasting, unlimited whoring were the characteristics of my trip. I returned empty in pocket, and knocked up with copulating, yet had had none of the excitants with women that I have had there since. I rushed at cunt directly I saw it; my physical enjoyment was so intense, that I could not dally with my prick, but let it satisfy itself as soon as it liked. The varieties that Camille had given me left no taste for them. Cunt, belly, and thighs, seen, felt, and fucked in regular fashion, was my delight. Heaps of bills met me on my return. The thought of becoming bankrupt horrified me. I disposed of my remaining property, paid all, and was left with a few hundred pounds. I pass now over a short time of which there is nothing to be said, but that I was economical in all but women.

My remaining guardian and my mother had been always at me with advice, which I entirely disregarded, and flung away money in all directions. Had I only spent it on women it would have lasted years longer. That which women had I do not regret, they have been the greatest joy of my life, and are so to every true man, from infancy to old age. Copulation is the highest pleasure, both to the body and mind, and is worth all other human pleasures put together. A woman sleeping or waking is a paradise to a man, if he be happy with her, and he cannot spend his money on anything better, or so good.

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Soon after, almost dependent again on my mother, who did nothing but upbraid me, my hopes centered in my old relative, who had promised to make me his heir. He was not so gracious to me as he used to be; he murmured at my extravagance, and supposed that any money I had would go down the same sink, by which he meant women. He died suddenly, just as he was in greatest wrath with me, and left me nothing.

All hopes were dashed to the ground. Laura was my consolation till she left. For a year of my life I was needy and discontented, but not so miserable as I was fated to be. I pass over that period, there was not much in the amatory line to tell of. Fucking is a commonplace thing, the prince and the beggar do it the same way, it is only the incidents connected with it that are exciting. Voluptuous, reckless, youth and beauty together, make the vulgar shoving, arse-wagging business poetical for the time, but it is animalism.

Then I committed a more fatal error than spending a fortune in jollity; what it was will be guessed, it is only referred to here to connect my history. I was then in my twenty-sixth year.

I add a few observations which on reading this written many years ago, seems now needful to explain even to myself.

Most of my relatives lived in the provinces, and were wealthy. We visited each other periodically, but distance (there were few railways then) prevented them from entering into my daily life, still less my secret life. Fred's mother was nearest to us, and as the episodes show, she and her family were most mixed up with my affairs. An aunt in London, childless and rich, gave me most money, and afterwards left me a

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good sum. I cared but little about those living at a distance. With a cousin from the North I had some rousing debauches, which were at the time known to many of my family. He is still alive, but pious, and with a large family, and would not like to know I am writing this. Jolly old Ben, I won't narrate our sprees, for you may live to read this,—who knows?

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CHAPTER XVI.

Married, and miserable.—Virtuous intentions.—Consequences.—Mary Davis.—A virtuous child.—Low class fucksters.—A concupiscent landlady.—Reflexions on my career.—On the sizes of pricks.—My misconception.

My life was now utterly changed; married. I was quite needy, with a yearly income (and that not my own) not more than I used to spend in a month, sometimes in a fortnight. Every shilling I had to look at, walked miles where I used to ride, and to save a six pence, amusements were beyond me, my food was the simplest, wine I scarcely tasted, all habits of luxury were gone, but worse than all I was utterly wretched. I tried to make the best of my life and could when by myself be cheerful, even in the recollection of the past fun; but there was that about me now which brought sorrow over to me. The instant I saw her, she checked my smile, sneered at my past, moaned over my future, was a nightmare to me, a very spectre.

I tried to like, to love her. It was impossible. Hateful in day, she was loathsome to me in bed. Long I strove to do my duty, and be faithful, yet to such a pitch did my disgust at length go, that laying by her side, I had wet dreams nightly, sooner than relieve myself in her. I have frigged myself in the streets before entering my house, sooner than fuck her. I loving women, and naturally kind and affectionate to them, ready to be kind and loving to her, was driven to avoid

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her as I would a corpse. I have followed a woman for miles with my prick stiff, yet went to my wretched home pure, because I had vowed to be chaste. My heart was burning to have an affectionate kiss, a voluptuous sight from some woman, yet I avoided obtaining it. My health began to give way, sleepless nights, weary days made me contemplate suicide. It seemed as if I never could have happiness again, yet my physical forces, or so much of them as lay in my generative organs, seemed unimpaired. I neither drank nor debauched, and my prick stood incessantly; neither random frigs nor night-dreams stopped it.

My only relief from misery was in thinking over the pleasures I had had, yet all seemed such a long time past, that it was like a dream. Then a desire to have other women became invincible. I had no means to get those I had been accustomed to, and seemed to have no idea of going economically to work for my pleasures, but at length began to walk through streets inhabited by very poor gay women, in a neighbourhood I had known in my early youth. Then I found out other poor quarters, and one night with but a few shillings in my pocket, after thinking of throwing myself into a canal, I found myself at a spot where women of a somewhat better class lived in its centre, and on its outskirts very poor harlots.

"I will,—have I the money?—can't help it,—if one won't another will", and I slunk into a street, half ashamed of entering it. Saw girls standing at doors, never paused for selection, nor to see if one looked nicer than another, it was cunt I wanted. The moment I turned the corner of the street, I cared not who or

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what, as long as she had a petticoat and what it hid from sight. I took the nearest.

"Will you let me have you for five shillings?" was all I uttered. I recollect it as well as possible, hanging my head, ashamed of my offer, and not looking at the girl, ashamed of being seen in the neighbourhood.

"All right", said she turning round. I followed her through the little narrow passage of a four-roomed house into a little room with a bed on one side of it. I looked at her, and she at me for an instant only. "Here are the five shillings", said I. "Shall I undress?" "No." "Shall we get on the bed?" "No, at the side", —and whilst speaking I had half lifted her on to it. Laughing with a peculiar chuckle she fell back, pulling up her clothes. I saw plump thighs, dark hair, felt giddy, could not see, recollect opening the lips, and began to spend as the tip of my prick touched her cunt. Following the spunk as it shot up the passage as it opened its way, with one thrust I was up her, and had finished. Fifty times in my life up to the time I pen this, has a similar rapid ejaculation occurred to me when randy.

"Didn't you want it!" said she. They were the first words I recollect being uttered as I bent over her. How divine she seemed. "Let me do it again." "Oh! you ought to give me a little more." "I'll give you a shilling, it's all I have I fear; but more if I have it." "Very well then", said a soft voice. Oh! what a heavenly few minutes they seemed to me,—they still seem to me,—as I fucked her again. First and second fuck must have been all over in five minutes. I had not uncunted.

"Pull it out", said she after an interval, my cock

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still keeping in her; but I kept close to her, and up her. "Be still dear, do pray,—I'll see what money I have." My hat and my great-coat were on, it was cold, I had only unbuttoned my trowsers enough to get out my prick. Keeping still up her, I thrust my hand into my trowsers pocket, pulled out all the money I had, and put it on the bed beside her. "See, it is all I have, every farthing, a little more than I said,—let me do it again,—there is more than seven shillings", —and pressing well on to her haunches, I began wriggling my prick.

She turned her head, looked at the money, but did not touch it. "Very well", said she in a low voice, "but take it out,—don't make my chemise in a mess, I have not another clean,—don't make a mess on the bed if you can help it." "I shan't." "Yes you will, you have spent such a lot, it's running out now."

I withdrew. She took a towel which was close at hand, wiped her cunt and spread another for her bum. I threw off hat and coat. Soon now we were both on the bed, I up her, and leaning on my elbow for the first time really looked at her. Up to that moment cunt, cunt, nothing but cunt was in my mind. Now I saw that her eyes were blueish, her hair dark and wavy, I recollect our staring in each other's faces for a minute or two without speaking. A candle on a little table close to the bed showed a strong light on us sideways; then we both fucked with vigor, and Mary Davis spent with me,—she spent with me, that poor little gay woman.

"You are a nice poke", said the girl. I got off the bed, sat on a chair by the fire, and looked at the merry face of the little gay woman as she smiled at me whilst

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washing her quim. The pleasure I had just had, the entrancement of the carnal pleasure contrasted so strongly with my misery at home, that I burst into tears, and sobbed like a child. She rubbed her quim dry, then silently came up to me, put her hand on my shoulder, and stood without uttering a word till my passion was over. "Are you unhappy?" said she in a gentle tone. Yes I was. "Never mind, I dare say it will be over some day—we have all got unhappiness."

Her kind voice and manner—she a gay woman who owed me no kindness—so contrasted with the coldness elsewhere, that it made me worse and again I sat sobbing, and taking no notice of her; she still standing with her hand on my shoulder.

"Have something to drink", said she. "Yes",—but recollecting myself, "No, I have no money, I have given you every farthing I have." "Never mind,—do you like gin?—I do." "Yes." She called out to the landlady, "Fetch me a shilling's worth of gin, and mind you don't take any,—mind a shilling's worth fills this bottle to here (giving the landlady a large medicine bottle), don't take any, and I will give you a little. I'll pay for the gin", said she turning to me.

I sat looking at the fire. "You have not washed yourself", said she. "No, are you unwell?" "No, I think I am all right, but we can't always say you know, and it's best to wash after us",—and I washed.

I took hot gin and water, and got cheered, even began to smile when she said, "You are a gentleman, ain't you?" "Yes I think so." "I am sure you are by your manner, but you are poor I suppose." I told her the entire truth, my heart was so full, I told this strange gay woman all my trouble, all my misery,

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wanted more gin and water, and having in my pocket a gold pencil-case, a gift of an aunt's, "Get some more gin", said I, "take this and pawn it, for I have no money." She would not. "I am sure, if you say you will bring me the money, that you will. I will pay for more gin."

So sitting, talking, and drinking gin and water, she sitting opposite to me listening whilst I told my troubles, and my burst of troubles over, relieved by my confidences, I became aware that she was plump, fleshy, good-looking, and had a mild sympathetic eye. Up to that time cunt alone had fascinated me, now I thought of the woman, and a liking for her because she seemed kind stole over me; desire to have her, caress her, spend in her on that account, rather than a desire for her cunt alone, thrilled through me as I looked at her sitting half facing me by the fire; her clothes slightly raised, that the warmth might reach her limbs, one elbow on her knee, the hand supporting her face turned towards me full of interest. And so an hour or more ran away.

"I want you again so, but I have no more money." "Never mind, you may have me,—shall I undress?" "Oh! do,—do,—how round and plump you are,—but I have no more money." "Never mind,—give me more when you see me again. Come into the bed,—see the sheets are quite clean,—no one has slept in them, I take the clean ones off every night, and put on others before I go to bed,—stop with me all night." We both undressed, and jumped into bed together. I was frantic with pleasure as I cuddled up to her plump warm body, and felt her from her neck to her knees; rolled over her, and kissed her, till I settled down

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between her thighs; and then Mary Davis and I fucked, and laid still, and then fucked again, and so on, till I could do it no longer.

It was three in the morning. "Stop all night", said she, "I will give you a nice breakfast in the morning." I would not, had a strong desire to keep up appearances of propriety and happiness at home, if I had not the reality; so with a sigh rose, and dressed, borrowed a shilling of her, and went out into the street. Silent and dirty it was, and raining hard as I walked home to my miserable bed.

At dusk next day with impatience I went off to Mary Davis', gave her what I had promised, and money for that evening besides, and when I had had her, we sat down and talked again.

She was a short woman about nineteen years old, plump without fat, but as nicely covered as any woman I ever saw; had a big bum, large thighs, plenty of room between them, and dark hair on her cunt which had strongly developed lips, it was large outside in proportion to her size. She had a soft, kind face, beautiful grey eyes, nearly black hair which draped naturally, and was altogether as nice a little woman as one could have wanted. I have wondered often how she could have settled down in a neighbourhood of costermongers, and taken five shillings for her person, when she might as well have been a two-sovereign woman, had she tried elsewhere. I put her up to trying at a future day, but she never would.

Her room was about twelve feet square. A large bed took up one third of it, a table next the only window, two chairs (one easy), little cupboards in the recesses by the fire-place, on which stood china and

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glasses, a small wash-hand stand, a chest of drawers, with slop-pail, coal-scuttle, and looking-glass completed the furniture. All was scrupulously clean, the bed-linen white.

Having broken my virtuous resolution, I never regained it, and for a week fucked Mary from six in the evening till two the next morning. My week's amusement cost me about two pounds, but then that modest sum was too much for my pocket, so I left off for a while, and gave Mary a chance of keeping her other friends. They were mostly poor clerks, she told me, and married men better off, who gave her a pound, or at times paid her rent if in arrear. She paid I think but twenty-five shillings a week for her board and lodging together. My too exclusive attentions for a week had prevented her regulars from coming. There was lots of cheaper cunt in the neighbourhood so to send them away with full balls was dangerous.

The house was kept by an old man and woman, he a carpenter almost too old, yet who went to daily work. He used to fetch gin and beer for us. There was no lodger in the house. They were a decent couple, and after a time I used to talk to the old woman, and when Mary once went away ill, she got me a beautifully shaped girl, I had offered her money to get me a girl of about fourteen years of age, a virgin. The streets about there swarmed with girls and boys who played about at night, I could hear their smutty language as they ran after each other yelling, laughing and quarrelling. She tried, but never could; she was not a woman who undertook that sort of thing, but the money tempted her. "There are lots of girls about", said she, "their mothers don't care what they do, but you want

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a virgin,—Lor! where's she to be found?—when they's about thirteen or fourteen years old they won't be kept in, they is about the dark streets at night, and Lor! if you heard what I have in the streets where the costers' barrows is, of a night!" And so the old woman intimated that all the young girls of that select neighbourhood, were got into by the coster boys, and that a virginity was a rarety at fourteen years old. I afterwards groped several young girls in those dark streets, and there was certainly no obstacle to my fingers searching their cunts.

"I thinks I knows a steady little gal, whose mother's just died, her father ain't no good, and you and Mary must ask her in; I can't have nothin to do with it except gettin her here." One day afterwards she told me she had asked the girl to tea, and that she was as curious as could be to know all about it (meaning fucking). "She knows as much as we do", said the old woman with a chuckle. "Was far as talking goes and she would like to know as much as them as does it as well, but she is timid; there is three of them, she is the eldest, the father leaves her in charge, you shall see her." Mary Davis had gone home ill. The girl was brought in, I sent out for gin, a nice little girl she was, and she drank some of it. The old woman then left with a wink. The girl took my kisses very well, never said a word, so getting on by degrees I talked to her about naked people, and getting children, felt her ankles and legs, then told her I woulld give her a shilling if she would feel my cock. She did not say a word, but stood still, my arm round her waist, whilst I pulled out my stiff prick. Then she bent forward curiously, whilst I put her little hand round it, and guiding it,

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pulled the foreskin down from the tip. Then I put my hand up her clothes, and felt her thighs and bum; but on bringing my hand to the cunt, she broke away in tears saying, "Oh! no sir,—I would rather not sir, —I'm much obliged to you sir for showing it me, and the shilling; but I would rather not sir,—oh! let me go, let me go,—Mrs. Smith,—Mrs. Smith." The old woman was listening, and came in instantly. "Oh! what are you doing to her?" said she in a whining tone, "what is the matter my dear?—don't cry,—oh! you should not sir",—and winking at me, away she went with the girl; then came back, said the girl was scared, and she feared it was no go. "But if you heared her talk, you would think she would let any man do anything with her."

Half-an-hour afterwards the girl had composed herself, and came back. I had more gin, the old woman again left us, the girl had another shilling, and again she felt me. I began talking to her about the parsley-bed out of which children come, and generally on the subject of generation and its working tools. "Now dear don't be alarmed (she seemed as timid as a hare), you know what a cunt is?" "Yes", said she, "it's a nasty word,—poor mother told father he was a beast cause he said it when drunk." "Well my dear, something comes out of a man if he puts this up a cunt, and that gets children,—lay hold of my prick, and you will see",—and guiding her little hand I frigged myself with it. But she cried out when I attempted to feel her cunt, and I never had her. The old woman said she was frightened to bring her again, that she and Mary Davis might manage it together, and when Davis came back I wished her to try, but she refused to have any-

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thing to do with it. The lech passed away, for it was but a whim. At that time I liked large well-haired cunts.

I am anticipating, for this took place nearly two years after I first had Mary Davis. That girl got fond of me, and I liked her. I got a little better off, and used to give her more money; but she always took what I gave her contentedly. The only thing I can remember out of the common course of lecherous events in such acquaintances, is that I took one for spending over her, used to fuck up to spending-point, then pull out my prick, and frigging it, emit my semen on to her belly, breasts, or thighs; then I began fucking again, almost directly I had discharged and looking at my spunk lying on her flesh. When my pleasure came on again, I would put her hand on to my spunk; and directly her fingers touched it, it fetched me, and she as well, although she always said it was a dirty trick. But I only did this a few times. I began also to use French letters, for reasons she advised me to do so.

The neighbouring streets were full of poor gay women. She heard that I had been seen going into a house in the neighbourhood, and cried about it. Her health got bad, her womb began to fall, and the doctor said she was not strong enough for a gay life. She told me she was the daughter of an under game-keeper, that a young tradesman kept company with her, she liked him, and he said he meant to marry her. Bringing her home one evening when she had got out on the sly, they felt each other's privates on the road. Very soon after she and one of her sisters were allowed to go to some village-dance. Her sister walked off with her sweetheart;

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Mary's young man took her to some cottage, did it to her twice, and then walked home with her. She did not know whose fault it was; his or hers, for from the night they had felt each other, she thought of nothing else till she had his prick up her. Her father found it out, she ran away to London, became gay, and had never lived in any other house but the one I visited her in. "Whenever I saw him after he had felt me" (her lover) she would say, "I felt in a flurry all over, and could think of nothing else, I longed to feel his hand on my thing again,—she soon did."

She went home ill, came back, her womb got worse, she went to a hospital, got thin and fretted, again went home, and I never heard more of her. I had great pleasure in her society, it was my greatest solace to tell her all my misery, for she was a complacent kind creature. It was wonderful to see how clean everything was in that little square room, yet with the exception of the fire-place, she cleaned everything herself. At about two o'clock in the day she was dressed, and standing at the door, to catch passers by. She never spoke to them unless they spoke to her. She was to me at first a novel experience but I soon had plenty of experience of the poor class of women in adjacent streets.

I found it not wise to go into the streets well dressed, so put on old things, drew my hat over my eyes, assumed a slouching gait, and walked along slowly, talking to the women till I found one I liked. Their salutation usually was, "Come here dear,—come and see what I have got to show you." "What?" "Such a nice cunt,—such a lot of hair." "Such a fat arse", would say another. "How much will you let me for?" "What

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you like,—come in." "I have not much money,—let me look at your cunt for a shilling." "Come in then." Another would say, "Make it two, and I'll strip." Many a cunt I have seen for a shilling. If I did not like it, I went further on, or into the next street.

The street-doors were usually open, the women when dressed lolling just inside them, with head out, but dropping back if they saw a likely man, and addressing him as he passed in loud or low tones, according to their cheek. If a woman I had had and expected to see was not visible, my way was to step inside the passage, and listen at the door; if through the key-hole I saw a light, or heard voices, there was business on. If in the evening the outside shutters of the room were closed, I knew the woman was engaged for a long time, perhaps her own man, a cab-man, a costermonger, or some man of similar class was with her, if late. The women there though about the same price, or cheaper, had quite different manners from the Waterlow road ones. There were rarely more than one woman in a house, and always on the ground floor, the landlord or lady living in the back room, or upstairs. The rooms were mostly let to working people, who seemed quiet enough.

Lots of children were about, who played in the streets at day, but disappeared if quite young towards dusk. If a man stopped and talked to a gay woman at the door, the children of the house usually went in, always did if more than about ten years old. They drew back as if they knew that a bargain for fucking was to be struck, and I believe knew all about it. They were mostly girls who sleeping in the same room with their parents, I dare say had seen the game of mother

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and father played often enough. The bigger girls frisked about the streets of an evening with boys of the same age, or not much older.

If a woman could get you to enter the passage, she almost pulled you into her room. "Come in,—don't stand there,—come out of the way of the lodgers,—I'll tell you if you come in,—well make it half-a-crown,—I've got such a nice cunt,—such a fat arse,—feel my bubbies,—look here,—come in, and let me feel your prick."

This was all said rapidly, and according to the inducements the woman had to offer. It generally ended in my going in, and the bargain was completed inside. "I'll frig you,—do anything you like,—look here (showing rapidly her breasts, and covering them up again),—here is a big pair of legs (pulling her clothes up),—yes you may fuck me how you like,—oh! yes I want to piss bad." I have heard this hundreds of times. Once inside I never came out without paying something. The women always said or did just enough to wet my appetite for knowing or seeing a little more, so I paid, and often enough was disappointed, and left; but saw a lot.

In these streets about seven in number, during a period of two or three years, I had many women, even whilst I visited Mary Davis. I dare say fifty women I fucked, and felt as many more before I ceased going to the neighbourhood. Two or three of the adventures there are alone worth writing. At one house I was robbed of a pin whilst actually fucking the woman.

A tall broad-built woman of about thirty, was loll- at a door one night. I do not recollect having seen her before, for I knew many women by sight, even though

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I had not had them. She looked like a coster's wife. I should have passed on, but for the lewd way in which her eyes met mine. I stopped, she instantly looked rapidly up and down the street, went back inside the door-way saying very loudly, "You want my lodger, but she has left here". but as she said this, she stepped inside the front room, and beckoned me in both with hand and head, her eyes wide open, and looking anxious. Slowly I followed in. She was so big that I thought I should like a feel, and if I liked that would pay more, and have more. "I'll give you a shilling to feel your cunt." "Very well", said she standing still, and not attempting to lift her clothes slightly as most of the women used to do. I got my hand on her thighs, she pushed it away, retreated towards the bed and sat on it. I took out a shilling, and as usual put it on the mantel-piece. "There is the money,—let me now." She no longer resisted, I felt her, and she opened her legs to facilitate my groping. She put her hand on my shoulder. "Is your cock standing?" said she in a whisper. "Yes feel it", said I unbuttoning. She grabbed at it as if she meant to pull it off.

Her manners struck me as uncommon, and I began to feel uncomfortable; but under the squeezing of my cock, and the feeling of her cunt the usual desire to leave one's sperm up her came over me. "Let me fuck you,—I'll give you two shillings more." Without reply she fell back on the bed, I began to throw up her clothes. "Oh! no I can't let you do that." I had when with strange women just then been using French letters, and the fear of infection came over me when she would not submit herself to my inspection. "You have got something the matter with you, and I shan't, I said.

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"Nothing of the sort", said she angrily, "I'm not gay,—I'm the landlady,—I am married, and have three children,—they are abed in the next room,—you may see them if you like. My lodger's gone,—you've been here afore to see her,—I've seen you afore,—but I'm not gay, and can't have anything the matter with me,—it's impossible." All this nearly in a whisper. Astonished I laughed. "Don't make a noise", said she, "I don't want the lodgers to know I am in this room, they know it's empty,—come on", and grasping my prick again, she surrendering herself more freely to my investigations.

"Where is your husband?" "Away on a job in the country; I haven't seen him for three months, and have not been touched for that time, so help me God; you may do it without fear,—there then look, if you must", said she, letting me throw up her clothes, and look well at her cunt, which I opened. "I'm a quiet woman." Then she turned round, twisting herself so that she could get hold of my cock as I stood pulling her about. "Come on my dear." The next minute I was spending up her.

"Go on, you were so quick,—go on", said she in spasmodic utterances, jerking her bum, clutching me to her, and using the same endearments as any other woman,—women are all the same, from the princess to the peasant. I had spent quickly, but shoved on as well as I could, and in a second or two with a sigh, her cunt relaxed.

I moved out of her quickly, for fear of the ladies' fever haunted me a little. She lay with her clothes up to her navel, till I had washed myself. "There is no towel or soap", I said. Then she moved. "I'll get you

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some,—but don't afear me,—hush!—don't make a noise,—wait five minutes for me, lock the door, and put out the light." I stood aghast at this request; it was in a low neighbourhood, costermongers, tramps, and even a nest of thieves I had heard was not far off. "What the devil does she mean?—what game is up?" came across my mind. "I won't put out the light", I said. "Well hide it in the cupboard, lock the door, and if any one knocks don't answer,—perhaps my late lodger's friends may come, not knowing she has gone, —I don't want any one to know any one is in the room." This was all said in a whisper; she went out, shut the door gently, and walked to the back of the house, leaving her three shillings. I heard her footsteps, and faintly afterwards the sounds of talking in the back room,—the partitions in the poor houses were thin.

I dried my tool with my shirt and sat on the bed, looking round at the poor room, wondering what dodge was up. She did not return, and thinking over the incidents, came to the conclusion that she was not a gay woman. There was just that difference in manners, in getting on to the bed, in taking her pleasures, and in her whole behaviour about the fucking, which there always is between a woman however loose she may be, but who does not fuck professionally, and the regular trader in her charms. I saw it then, and I see it still clearer writing about it now.

Nevertheless I began to think of leaving, feeling uneasy as she did not return for more than ten minutes. With my hat on, I was just about to run off, after hearing a man's footsteps pass along the passage, when I heard a voice cry up the stairs, "Mrs. Brown, Mrs.

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Brown, I'm going out to get a mouthful of fresh air, —if the children cry, will you see to them?" A shrill voice replied, a female step passed my door, into the street. A second afterwards the door slowly opened (I had unlocked it as I heard what I supposed were her footsteps going along the passage). In she came, holding up her finger for silence, then quietly closing and locking the door, she stood smiling at me. "Don't make a noise, they think I am out", she said.

I looked fully at her now, my lust satisfied. She was a big woman of say thirty years of age, coarse, common, but clean; she had a dress on which opened in front like that of a woman who suckles, and some sort of cap on her head. I did not know what to make of it, for she stood as if waiting for me to speak. I did not, and taking the candle, she put it down on the floor by the side of the drawers, or something of the sort, and remarked, "They won't see the light through the crack of the door now." Again a man's heavy footstep was heard. "That's my upstairs lodger", said she when she noticed my listening.

"You are really not gay?" said I. Then she repeated what she had said before, and sat on the side of the bed by me. "You have big breasts", I remarked. "Yes I was a fine woman, every one said before I married." It is impossible to be near a woman without wishing to ascertain her hidden charms. In the hurried embrace with her I had thought of nothing but cunt. At that time of my life, to see a woman, to long for her, to make my bargain, and to fuck her, was often an affair of not much more than ten minutes; it was only after the fuck that I looked well at the female I had pieced.

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"Let me feel them", I said. She hesitated, but I undid the dress, and felt two breasts large and white, and pulled one out. "My nipple is spoilt with suckling", said she, "I've not yet done giving milk." "Let's have you again." "Yes",—and she got on to the bed. "Let me see your cunt." "Oh! no,—don't,—I won't." My suspicion came back; with my prick out I still hesitated. "I've not washed myself since you did me", said she. "Well wash your cunt." She took my basin, and washed herself. Then I had a look at her cunt, and again fucked her. Lord how she enjoyed it, and so did I, that big coarse woman; but she would not let me look long at her belly, perhaps marked through child-birth. She had thickish, lightish brown hair on her quim; it was a cock-squeezer too, and how wet it got in our copulation. I remarked it to her. She said, "I'm wet, and no mistake."

I lay on her afterwards, my prick dangling against her cunt, and talked. Her husband was an artizan away on a job, she kept the house, and let lodgings; her husband was half his time away. "You've seen the girl who was in this room,—I recollect you,—I've seen you in the street more than once,—You've been with the woman opposite. I didn't mean anything till you spoke and stopped, but I'd been dying for it, been wishing almost I were gay; the gal opposite had just gone in with a man, and I was wondering what my husband was doing, and just then you stopped and looked, and I thought I'd let you. Do it again", said she slipping her hand between our bellies, and grasping my ballocks. And I did it again, as soon as I could.

"I've never had another man but you and my own man I'll swear,—ask in the street, they will all say

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I'm respectable,—but don't tell on me. I frig myself almost every day, if you must know, but that don't satisfy me, a woman who's had three children,—if I'm in the family way now, I'm in a mess, but I'm not so much to blame, am I?—think, three months away from your own man!—but I tell you as you spoke to me I was a dying for it,—the girl who was here in this room used to say, 'Well Mrs. ***, you are a fool to pass your life almost without a you know what.' Well I was a dying for it, and she and lodgers would always tell me what the men did to them; and yet I never have had but you." So we lay talking for a time, she answering my questions, and sometimes volunteering remarks; but never leaving go of my prick, and every now and then saying, "Ain't you a fine man!—you just are a fine young man!"

There were noises at the street-door, men were talking, a smell of tobacco reached us. "It's the upstairs back", said she, "he will stop there till he have smoked two pipes, so for God's sake don't leave",—and she sunk her voice lower. "Oh! I must put out the light." Saying so, off the bed she got, blew it out, and got on to the bed again. There we lay quite another hour, speaking in whispers, feeling each other's privates, never washing, the spunk drying up as our hands fumbled about each other, I talking baudy, and telling her what gay women would do, she telling me she knew all about it, for her ground-floor lodgers were always gay. I asking questions about herself, heard that my cock was about the same size as her husband's. Wondering at the tightness of her cunt, as she had had three children, she said that the size was the same as before she had had a man. If she got in the family

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way she would be in a mess; she did not think she should, as she had not quite done suckling. She did not know how she managed to keep so firm and plump, for she had meat only twice a week. "What then?" "Potatoes and herrings",—did not know what she would do, if she did not get another lodger soon to pay the rent,—she often could not pay for a meal.

About two o'clock in the morning there were lumping boots going upstairs. The lodger had gone to bed. We lighted the candle, I washed (there was still no towel), and no sooner had I washed than she laid hold of, and kissed my prick, stooping to do so,—and then we fucked again.

We parted, she took my money. "I will keep this", she said, "it will help me." I said it was for her. She let me quietly out, begging me never to mention what had taken place between us to any gal in the street. "Though they won't believe you if you do, for I have a good character. I've seed you often go in with them." I had fancied no one ever saw me in that low street, and wondered if any other person had recognized me there.

I never had her again. Once or twice I saw her at the street-door, but so soon as she saw me she rushed in-doors, and I had too many fresh and younger women at hand to care about her. Here was a case of a woman who could not restrain herself, owing to the long absence of her legitimate doodle, and gave way to her uncontrollable passions for that night. That was the only conclusion I could come to.

Then soon afterwards I had the clap. Mary cried, and declared she had not given it me, and I am sure she had not. Then almost for the first time I began

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to use cundums, or French letters, as they are called. I did not like them, but had suffered so much from gonorrhoea, that I carried them in my purse in readiness.

My experience with this poor class of women was soon considerable. Satiated, sick of them, yet I continued to frequent them for the simple carnal pleasure of coition. There was no sentiment about it, no liking for the women, for though their manners sometimes amused me, they more frequently shocked me, and the poverty of some distressed me; but I had no money for choicer entertainment. My vigor was great, my pleasure in copulation almost maddening, a cunt was a cunt, and I got my pleasure and relief up it, whatever its owner might have been. A sensuous imagination aided me. When once my prick was up a woman she was for the time more or less invested with charms, and her imperfections forgotten. I used to shut my eyes, and fancy I was stroking a houri with the finest limbs and ivory flesh, and could fancy all this up to the moment of ejaculation, I fancied thighs and cunt which were not those of the woman who was at that moment doing her best to please me.

There were occasions when the women when naked revolted me, my prick refused to stand, and I departed without copulating, but those occasions with this class of women are not worth noting. I have been subject to this sudden revolt and prostration, sometimes even when the woman was most beautiful. Nervousness, fear, some sudden dislike, and even most ridiculous reasons have caused it.

I should have mentioned that gradually it had taken hold of my mind that my prick was a very small one.

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How this notion first arose I cannot quite trace, I certainly had it in a degree when a youth, and it became stronger owing to the remarks of some French women. The men I saw fucking at Camille's had very large pricks, and no doubt they were selected on that account for exhibition; but I did not know that then, and used mentally to compare mine with theirs, and also with those of some of my former schoolfellows, and to my disadvantage.

With many harlots of both high and low class I had talked about size; each told me of men who had big pricks, rarely of those who had small ones. Experience has since taught me that harlots like talking about big pricks, for size affects their imagination agreeably. Of ridiculously small ones they make mention for a laugh, the average sizes pass without their notice. I used to ask them how mine compared with the big ones they spoke of, and got at last into my head the erroneous opinion about my own machine. At times I would produce it with an apologetic remark. "My prick's not a very big one, is it?"—and was much pleased when the woman's reply was complimentary. I know now from the inspection of many men's, that mine compares very favorably with the average, and is larger than most; but for many years I was of a very different opinion, and at times was almost ashamed of my prick, so much so that when a woman said it was as large as most, and many said that. I did not believe them, still less did I believe them when they said it was a handsome prick; then I thought they were hum-bugging me.

Now as I add these few words written years after the foregoing, and after having seen some dozens of

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pricks, both languid and erect, I know what they said was true, and I know that there is a size, a form, a curve, and a colour in pricks which makes some handsomer than others, just as undoubtedly there are ugly and handsome cunts.

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CHAPTER XVII.

Irish Kate.—Drink, heat, fleas, and French letters.—The bricklayer afterwards.—I give luck.—The lost breast-pin.—The cholera's victim.

One hot night in summer I slouched along one of the streets, and stopped in front of a woman who stood lolling against the door-post. I recollect her and my first sensations perfectly well, her white face, and dark hair hanging behind her in a net, her low dress, low in front,—showing a luscious neck and bust as white as her face. Her dress was of a very light colour, so her neck and face must have been white indeed to look so white by contrast. The street-door was close to a street-lamp, which shed a strong light on her face as it was turned upwards, and with her hand and arms folded behind her she lolled, her back against the door-post. She was a full-sized woman, but young, and exactly what pleased me then; black and white, young and full of flesh. I stopped, and gazed at her. She fixed her eyes vacantly on me, but neither moved nor spoke to me.

There were gay women standing at doors not far off, common men also at some stood smoking. They understood the habits of the neighbourhood, and never took any notice when a strange man and woman talked together at a door. I did not like to speak to a woman if others, or men were near, and would at times walk about till the coast was clearer. But this girl struck me with strong lust suddenly. "I'll give you a shilling

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to feel", said I. No answer, but she kept staring at me. "Half-acrown then", thinking my offer too small, and stepping inside the passage to get out of sight. "Come in", I said. She made no reply, never took her back quite from the wall; but turning herself round, continued looking at me, her head slightly moving about as if she did not understand.

Staggered at this behaviour I was coming out again to leave, but her lovely look fixed me. "I'll give you five shillings", said I, "to have you." "Have me", said she, "have me what?" Her voice was thick and broken. She turned into the passage. "Will you let me have you?" "Come and fuck", said the husky, thick voice. She passed me, stepped heavily into the room, staggered to the bed, and then I saw she was drunk. I had not noticed it before, being absorbed in her fleshy beauty, and the desire to see her cunt, and all of her, and join my body to hers.

There was a single candle in the room, fluttering, and needing snuffing, but no snuffers. I snuffed it with my fingers. The room was in disorder, the pot full, water in the basin, the bed unmade, the whole place the picture of disorderly, drunken, harlotry. A night-gown was lying on the floor, clean linen on a little table. It looked so miserable, that I thouht I would go away at once, so took out five shillings, and laid it down. "There is the money", I said, "I shant stop." "Come and fuck", said she in reply, rolling on to the bed, and pulling up her clothes. She had but a gown on, nothing else. Thighs and legs as white and fat as her neck came into sight, and a thicket of hair at the bottom of her belly as dark as the hair on her head. The sight altered my intention, I walked to the bed, and

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placed my hand on her cunt. "Fuck me", she blurted out in her drunken voice again. I felt wild with voluptuous delight, as my eyes gloated on the big breasts and thighs to where her garters and stockings hid the flesh from view. All was dazzling white except a nearly crispy-haired cunt in the middle of it. The contrast was exquisite, was absolutely dazzling.

A strange train of ideas (how oddly they spring up at such times(came into my head. "You've just had a man", I said, "your cunt's wet,—you've just been fucked." "He ain't fucked me for three days,—we have been a drinking gin, we have,—he paid, he hain't fucked me,—you fuck me", said she making a grab at my prick which was buttoned up yet,—"fuck me,—you shall fuck me." All this was said in a hoarse, drunken, incoherent manner, but the "fuck me" with a sudden violent energy, as if she suddenly felt a stinging desire to have her cunt stretched. "Fuck,—I'm bloody randy, —where's your prick?"

I took the light, pulled open her thighs, almost put the candle in her cunt. She let me do just as I liked repeating, "Fuck me." She was beautiful, her white firm flesh, her big round thighs, the lovely globes of her arse would have excited the dead. "Pull off your gown." "I shant." "You shall." I helped her up into a sitting posture, and pulled it off in an instant. Then she fell back naked, showing peeps of black-haired armpits. The next instant I was up her, and injected her. How beautiful she seemed as I moved my prick up and down in that cunt, spite of the drunken manner, and the miserable surroundings.

A most violent letch for her took hold of me. The women in the streets I have described had fine women

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among them, but for the most part they were plain in face, indifferent in form somewhere, and hideously coarse in manner; but the beauty of this woman was so great, I forgot all her coarseness. When I came to myself after my pleasures, she was fast asleep. She had perhaps spent, that and the liquor called gin overpowered her, and she forgot her business. Then the biting of fleas worried me for half-an-hour, I spent my time in hunting for them, and scratching myself, snuffing with my fingers the only tallow candle, and now and then holding it over her to look at her beautiful face, naked body, and unwashed cunt. The heat was intolerable. To be cool I gradually took off all clothing but my shirt, at last took off that, and then sat at the edge of the bed naked. I pulled open her legs, each lay just as I placed them, wide apart. I held the candle between her thighs, and opened her cunt-lips. Masses of thick sperm lay over her cunt, and hid the entrance of the prick-hole. I played with it as my baudy fancy dictated, frigged her, dipping my finger in the spunk below, and then rubbing it on to her clitoris till it was dry, twisted down her cunt-hair till it was wetter, and played every trick which a lascivious fancy dictated. Gradually I stiffened under this exciting amusement, and throwing my naked body on to hers, fucked her again. God only knows if she knew I was fucking her, or not,—I don't. She awakened after I had spent, turned on her side, and when I tried to get her on her back again, she swore.

Whether the slight dozing had relieved her brain, or whether the fumes of the liquor had evaporated, I don't know, but she soon became more conscious, and though stupid, yet more awake. Her voice had still

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the thick utterance, her answers still those of a person only partially understanding what was said to her. I expect I had excited her passions by my fingers, and not by what I said, for after awaking she again blurted out, "Fuck me,—I want a fuck." A grab at my prick showed that she knew where to find the means of giving herself pleasure, and I gave it her. Then I dozed.

Knocks at the door aroused me, and a shrill voice cried out, "Kate, Kate." I listened, "Are you alone?" said the voice. I shook Kate, and awakened her a little. "Some one is knocking at your door", said I. "Oh! damn,—arseholes", said she turning on her side, and dozing again.

"Kate,—knock, knock,—Kate, are you alone?—I'm going to bolt the door,—they are all in", said the voice.

Kate made no reply, I was dressing, so opened the door. "I'm here, and am going directly." "Is she drunk?" said the woman. "I think she is." "Do you know her?" "No." "Well I will leave the door open." "I'm going,—wait." There lay Kate dozing. When dressed I said, "I have left five shillings on the table." "Awake her", said the woman (for I heard and saw it was one). "You had better." "Kate, Kate", sung out the woman. I shook Kate, who turned, opened her eyes, and said, "Oh! damn,—don't." "Come in", said I to the woman. She did, and shook Kate. "Oh! arseholes. "She's been lushing for three days", said the woman. "Mind there are five shillings", said I, and disgusted I left, resolving never to go near the drunken beast again.

But the woman had made a great impression on me.

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I was always, even quite early in life, taken with a crummy woman, quite as much as with a pretty face; and although so low a woman, I longed for her again, and before many days sought her. It was on a blazing hot afternoon of a summer's day, the sun shone brightly on the front of the houses on one side of the street, the other was in shade. A street with perhaps a dozen carts and wheel-barrows through it in a day, where children played in the roadway, and women sat on the footways. I went along slouching on the shady side, slowly looking, and not quite recollecting the number of the house, and saw Kate sitting on a chair on the footway by her door.

She looked up vacantly as I got close to the house, with that look which a low-class woman has who thinks the man above her, and not likely to take her. "Come in", I said turning into the open door, and she followed me, bringing her chair. "I'll give you five shillings", said I. "All right." "Take off your dress." "All right, but give me the five shillings first." I gave it her. She began undressing, her gown off left but her chemise. "You don't want my chemise off?" "No,—lay at the side of the bed." She laid herself down, threw up her chemise, and the lovliest pair of thighs ,belly, and cunt that ever man saw were disclosed. To look, to open its lips, and thrust my prick up her were the work of a minute. I roared as I touched her. I am told by women that at that time of my life, when thoroughly randy and I saw the cunt I liked that I gave a low roar as I closed on it with my pego. Kate told me that I did so this time, when my prick first neared her thighs. I did not then talk when in a woman's embraces; but fucked in silence.

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I pulled out my prick, "Lay still,—keep your thighs open,—let's see your cunt", said I trying to keep her in her position. "Oh! arseholes", said she closing her thighs, and getting up, and looking at me.

"Did you get your five shillings the other night?" said I, "you were drunk." "Lor! are you the gent?" said she breaking out in a laugh, "I didn't know you, —now I see you are like him,—yes I was lushy,—so you've come agin.—Lor!" and she laughed. "How often did you fuck me?" I told her. "Sit down, and talk", said she, and we both sat down on her little cane-bottomed chairs.

"So you fucked me four or five times,—I don't know if I spent or not, damned if I do,—think of your lying there, and being bitten by the fleas,—the room was washed out yesterday, there ain't no fleas now. So you pulled me about,—what a beast, rubbing your spunk about on my cunt.—but Lor! a cunt's the proper place for it." After a few minutes similar conversation she suddenly said, "Let's fuck agin." "Well let's strip," Off went her chemise without reply. Gloating over her I stripped naked, and was soon on her, and up her. She had not washed. She enjoyed it. How we hugged each other's nakedness! The first words she uttered afterwards were, "You are a bloody fine fucker,— where did you learn to fuck so well?" giving me a vigorous kiss, and squeezing her cunt up to me as she said it.

I washed, and wanting soap (she had none), she went to the door, and called out for some. The woman brought it. Then there was no towel, and again standing naked at the half-opened door, she called out to the landlady to lend her one "I shant", said a voice,

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"you have now got two of mine." "Oh! arseholes", bawled out Kate slamming the door, "the bugger won't let me have one,—here dry your prick with my chemise, it's quite clean."

Kate stood naked looking at me as I rubbed myself dry with her chemise, bending slightly forward, holding her fingers under her cunt. "What a lot you've spent", said she putting down the basin with my water in it, and beginning to wash. "That's not clean", I remarked. "Oh! it's all the same spunk", she replied, and afterwards, "You may look at my cunt if you like", and she threw herself on the side of the bed, thighs wide open. She was faultless. I pulled a chair to the side of the bed, and contemplated her cunt at my leisure. The dirty white blind down in the window only just mellowed the light, it was as light as day, I could have hunted crabs, had there been any in her motte-thatch.

She asked me to give her gin. Some was sent for, then we sat drinking, she taking it neat, I mixed with water. "Let's fuck", said she again, and we fucked. More gin, more fucking, she was quicker to want fucking than I was. It was getting dusk, then she said, "You're going, ain't you? I want to make a few shillings to-night,—my rent's due to-morrow." I gave her another five shillings, made her piss in the basin, and we fucked again. I was fucked out, and at last she spent twice to my once, our bodies were sticking together with sweat as we fucked. Then for a few minutes we went to sleep. "You are a gent", said she, "I likes you,—I hopes you'll come agin, and see me,—I likes a real gent."

As I went out I saw a man standing on the other

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side of the road looking like a bricklayer. Turning back after I had gone a hundred feet or so, I saw him cross the road, and go into the house. I went back, the street-door was as it always was, open. Stepping inside I heard a male voice through Kate's door, a woman came out from the back. "Who do you want?" said she. "Kate." "Oh! she has got a friend with her,—shall I knock?" "No", I replied, and went my way. I didn't like the idea of her having a working-man after me, or before me. I was not then a philosopher, "But what does it matter?" said I, "a man's a man."

I saw Kate next day, and told her she had had a man after me. "Yes directly,—a chap I knows had been awaitin an hour, and he come in in a hurry. 'I'm done', says I, but he would,—he's a rough un, and he'd fucked me before you was at the end of the street." "Why you had not washed your cunt." "No", she laughed, "the bugger went right into your spendings, —he never knowed, and I had a good un of a cove after him,—you brought me luck. I've got two new chemises, and four towels,—let's fuck,—let's fuck", said she laying hold of me, and unbuttoning my trowsers. My balls hung over her bum in no time.

I visited her at intervals for about a year. She had the whitest flesh I ever saw, and was very beautiful in face; the hair grew exceedingly low on her forehead, yet it did not disfigure her, from her neck to her calves her form was perfectly voluptuous, but she had big feet, and her hands were large. I could not bear to see her feet in great boots, and when looking at her lovely form used to keep my eyes from them. Her cunt was perfectly beautiful and small; black, white, and carmine were never more exquisitely blended.

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She was revoltingly coarse in her talk, and even when sober her voice was rough. That I did not like, but her language disgusted me. To anything she did not like she said "arseholes", said it more frequently than any other word until I stopped her. "Give me some gin", she would say. "No you have had enough." "Oh! arseholes." Every body also was a bloody bugger, or a bloody shit. She was lewd on me for a time, and made me fuck her more than I wanted, but as I checked her foul language she became indifferent to me. "Oh! I'm obliged to hold my tongue I suppose", then she would sulk, and then, "Well let's have another fuck", and all would be right till I stopped her foul tongue again.

Half her time she was drunk. I would go there, not see her at the door, then call out to the woman, "Is Kate in?" "Yes she's drunk, I ain't seen her since the morning." Sometimes her door was locked, nothing then roused her, and away I went. At other times she was in the bed, or on it, and all but insensible. Several times I fucked her, put five shillings in her pocket, and left without her knowing I had had her until afterwards.

I had now fits of timidity, and used French letters at times, even when she was quite sure she was all right. One day when she was very drunk, I had her with a letter on, and as my cock dwindled out I eased the letter off it, and with my finger pushed it well up her cunt, and went away without paying her. I should like to have known what she thought when she found the French letter up her. I never alluded to it, and she never did. Why I behaved so I don't know, it is a

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wonder to myself. That night I had entered her room, and left unobserved by any one.

When she was a little drunk only, she got spoony, and I could not get away from her, she would lay hold of my prick, and keep to it. "I can't do it again Kate." "Get on me, and I'll make you",—and she usually did. Then as liquor overtook her she ceased to wash her cunt after fucking, would turn on her side, and go to sleep. I left her often snoring with her cunt full, the money on the table.

It always was a wonder that she kept such a beautiful skin and look, but she did; and always was cool, fresh, and healthy-looking, even if she had been drunk for twenty-four hours previoulsy. Her breath and body were as sweet as milk, yet she never had a bath as far as I know, but performed all her ablutions in a little basin, throwing the water into the street when she had done with it. I have seen her wash from head to foot that way in a quart of water, and a wet rag, and when done she looked like ivory.

She was called Irish Kate, why?—I never knew, nor did she. She was not Irish.

I had words with her one day, having lost a diamond pin. She had been pulling me about that night, but the same night I had been into a house with two women, and had felt their quims. I offered more than the value of the pin, but never got it back. After that I did not go near her again for a long time, but at length so longed for her that I did. She cried with joy, and kept me fucking till my back was well nigh broken.

Then I was for some time out of England. On my return, burning with desire, I went one night to her house. She had died of cholera, which was then raging.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Costermongers' children.—A small girl, mother, and mangie.—A French letter fetched.—Young Gallows' exploits.—The customers' linen.—A hard-fleshed bum.—Invitation to anus.—A strange letch.—One big with child.—Fucked for a sovereign and pleasure.—A creole.—My misery.—Reflections.

Close by Kate's was a street with a carriage way, at one end narrowing to a footway only. On one side a row of small houses, on the other a very high blank wall. Costermongers' barrows and carts stood in the carriage way at night; clothes-lines with ragged garments hung across the street in the day. One dark night prowling about, cunt-feeling young girls and baudying generally, I went up this street. I had been up it before, and loved to hear the boys and girls chivying each other among the carts, hinting baudiness as they caught the girls, and kissed them, the girls squealing when liberties were taken with them. Occasionally standing in the shadow of the carts, I listened whilst a man would stealthily go up against the blank wall, a woman follow him. I would stand feeling my prick till I saw them come away (in two or three minutes usually), and rush into Mary Davis' or Kate's to get a relief for my excited ballocks. There was but a feeblish light in the street, and in one part of it none.

As I passed I saw a small girl standing inside the door of a house, and thought I would like the little

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one. Sometimes I wanted the biggest woman I could get, sometimes the smallest. She took no notice of me, I repassed, and there she still stood. "Is she gay?" I wondered, "she does not look it." Lots of girls and women not gay stood in a similar manner in those streets. Again I passed, and stopped. "Will you let me come in, and give you a kiss?" "Yes sir", said she stepping back.

I stepped in after her, one or two steps down. The room was below, and entered direct from the street. A miserable place; on one side a mangle, on another a poor dirty bed, a tile floor, dirty walls, wooden furniture, all miserable. Had I known, I should have been horrified at entering such a hole, but in my lust I thought of nothing but the young girl, of the probable hairless cunt, of her little bum, her smallness and freshness. She looked fifteen years of age, and was quite short.

She closed the door, and looked. I looked at her. "I'll give you five shillings." "All right sir." "Let me look at your quim." "All right sir", said she getting on the bed. I pulled up her clothes, and saw the little thighs, and the little cunt with a very small quantity of lightish brown hair on it. How tight it was to my finger! I took the guttering candle. "I'd like to fuck, but am frightened,—let me look well at your cunt." "I'm all right", said she putting her fingers down, and stretching open the lips, "quite clean indeed sir." "When were you fucked last?" "It must be a week." "Arn't you every night?" "I don't get the chance", still laying on her back, and stretching her cunt-lips open, "I only go to the door quite late, when the neighbours have gone in, cause they ain't gay close

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here." The house was the last in the street where it narrowed to a footway.

I raised her up, laid her lengthways on the bed, and put my pego into her hand, but fear came over me, and it would not stand. "I must do it to you, but play with it a little." She laid hold of my prick. "It's not stiff." "No my dear, frig it." She began. "Do you like feeling a prick?" "I likes feeling men's things", she replied, "they are such funny things, first little, then big, then little again."

"How old are you?" "Over fifteen, mother says." "Where is your mother?" "In the back room,—look it's getting bigger, I did not think it would be so big, —don't hurt me with your nail sir please", said she frigging away clumsily, and when it was stiff leaving off, but looking earnestly at my pego. I kept probing her cunt with my fingers, wondering at its smallness.

A desire came to make her youthful mouth utter baudiness. "Say cunt dear." "Cunt." "Say fuck." "Fuck." "You know what fucking is?" "Putting that into this", said she with a chuckle, "ain't you going to do it?—I'm quite clean." "Let me look again." Again the little hand down, and stretched the lips. I prepared for action, again fear seized me, and down my doodle drooped. "No dear, lay still, and I'll frig myself over you,—turn on your belly,—let me see your bum,—there that will do." I put some spittle on her bum, and rubbed my prick against it, but longed for the hole between her thighs. "Have you got a French letter?" "I'll ask mother", said she going into the adjoining room.

In came a woman of middle age suckling a baby. "She will fetch one, give her the money,—make haste

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now,—never mind your bonnet,—run,—run. She won't be long", said the woman to me.

"Your daughter?" I said to the woman who stood suckling her baby, and staring at me. "Yes sir." The baby took to howling. Swinging it about to quiet it, she went on in a whining tone, "We are so poor, we are almost starved, we are,—what was I to do for a living?—I've nearly lost all since my husband's left me, and can't afford to keep a big gal like that; if she will go wrong I can't help it, I can't send her out,—I catched her with a young Gallows, and the mischief were done, it were, I knowed it, and I knowed it would be, so I did,—I could not keep her in, and the chap were allus arter her,—she must live, and she's better at home doing that, than doing it away from me",—and much of the same sort in a whining, apologetic tone without stopping, without my asking.

"Has she been gay long?" "Bless you sir, it ain't more nor two months since I catched her with young Gallows,—he is in qued,—serve him right; but he'll be after her agin when he is out, he will." "Where is your husband?" "Oh! the vagabond's gone off with a hussey, and left me with three children,—this here's the last. Drat you", said she shaking the infant which would not leave off howling. "Oh! here she is." The girl entered the house with the cundum, and the mother and baby disappeared.

The affair was not enticing, my cock was flabby again, but the little wench's naked belly stirred and stiffened me. I prepared the letter. "Did you ever see one before?" "Yes a gent had one here one night, but he did not put his thing into it." "What did he do then?" "He blew it out, and popped it off", said the

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girl. "Oh! you wet it,—let me see how you do it,—does it not feel cold?—it's a nasty thing. Indeed I'm all right,—gals has diseases from doing it I know, but I ain't,—look",—and again the girl distended her cunt-lips without any modesty or affectation.

Fearful, but (as often was the case with me and French letters), my cock and the letter would not agree. My cock stiff without it, drooped its head directly the wet flabby sheep's-gut touched its tip. At length it was over my doodle, and shoved up the little cunt after much trouble. "It don't feel nice", said the girl. A few shoves more, and I lost all prudence, pulled it off, and drove my naked prick with such a thrust up her little quim, that she cried out. Her cry of pain gave me pleasure, and fetched me.

No one can lay so close up to you as a thin girl, two stout people can't stick together like two lean ones. As I came to myself the little girl was wriggling under me. "Oh! dear, just as it was beginning to feel nice,—why did you do it so quick?" "Do you want it?" "Oh! I do,—do shove a little",—and the little cunt squeezed itself up to my belly, and wriggled my doodle in her. I accepted the invitation, the girl spent, and I had a second pleasure up her, after I had pulled my prick out for a minute or two, to inspect it.

She brought me a basin, soap, and a napkin of beautiful quality and white. "Ulloh! is this yours?" "It's something we had to wash and mangle", said the girl. "It's a table napkin." "Yes sir."

"Don't you make a living by washing and mangling?" "No", said she, "we have lost our business, father ran away, took linen, and sold it,—people won't trust us,—none of those who lost their linen,—others

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don't know us. Thank you sir", as I gave her the five shillings, "we don't have as much sometimes in two days." "Wash your cunt my dear." She went out of the room, and came back saying she had washed it. I felt it, and she had. Then I talked for an hour with her.

I was curious. "Tell me who first did it to you." "I shant." "It was a coster lad, your mother has told me." "She has not." "She has." "Yes it was a coster I knowed, he's been locked up for a row, and breaking windows,—he is seventeen." "When did he first do it to you?" "I shant tell you", said the girl laughing, "mother's listening, I know she is." I had the poor girl on my knee, was pulling her pretty tight little cunt about. "I'd like to do it again", said I. "You may, and welcome", said the girl. "Ain't you fucked every night?" "No, I wish I were,—to get money." "Where is the five shillings?" "Mother's taken it, she always does." I fucked her again, gave her a trifle more, left, and never had her after.

Then I had a woman of a singular build: she was shortish, and had the hardest flesh on her bum I ever felt, it was impossible to pinch it. She was a very large bummed woman, it was quite out of proportion to her size, so were her breasts. She was as near as I can recollect about twenty, but had the form of a woman of thirty, her cunt was almost hairless, and had no lips, the lappels and clitoris showed when she was standing up with thighs closed; when her thighs were open her cunt looked as if the lips had been cut off, she had lightish brown hair and almost colourless eyes. Her room was ragged, and I always found her cooking, she wore garters of ragged ribbon below her

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knees, and ragged slippers. For all that I went to see her I suppose a dozen times, and nearly always fucked her from behind, dog-fashion. The arse-cheeks were so firm, that I delighted to feel, and slap them as I fucked; and spite of her big bum I recollect no woman whose cunt I got further up in that position, as I did hers.

One day she said whilst I was fucking her, "I thought you were going to try the other hole." I looked, and her arsehole was as plainly visible in the rear as her split was visible in the front. I can't tell now how it came about, but know we began talking about that hole, and its pleasures. One night from talking I got to action, she said she would like her bumhole broached. Such things were not to my taste, but egged on by her talk I tried; then she said she was afraid it would hurt, and although we talked more than once about it, and she always asked me to try, it always ended in nothing, and I avoided her soon after.

In the next street a woman after I had done her said, "You have got me in the family way." Something led to my remarking that I should like to fuck a woman in the family way, and her saying that she knew one who would be confined in a fortnight, a nice woman, a fine woman, her sister, the wife of a mechanic, but badly off just now. I can't tell what had made me take such a desire, but I said I would give a sovereign to see her cunt and big belly, and fuck her, and would give five shillings if she would get this for me, not believing she was a married woman, or her sister, although the wench said so.

Asserting that it was no gay woman, and that a sovereign would be a great help; she would go and

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see about it, if I would wait. Returning she said that if I would really give a sovereign her sister would let me, but that I could not stop long, for fear of her husband. We went into an adjacent street of poor houses, but evidently with a different class of tenants. She entered one, I waited close by till she beckoned me in, then I found a decent young woman with an enormous belly who asked me to show her the sovereign first, then to give it to her first, which I would not. She dallied, and put off the affair, and I thought I was hum-bugged. At length she got on to a clean although humble bed, the other woman pulled up her clothes, I smoothed her belly, and with much trouble got her legs open, and tried to see her cunt.

She resisted, but gave way under the persuasion of the other woman who kept saying, "Do now,—what did you say yes for, if you meant no?—a bargain is a bargain,—don't make a fool of me,—well if you are ashamed now, you should abin afore", and so forth. At length I had had a good look at her cunt.

Then I longed for a fuck, indeed took a letch for it, pulled out my prick, and asked her to let me have her. "Not she", said the sister, "you have seen all, and must be off, her man may come home at any minute." The big-bellied one was much more quiet, laughed, I took out my sovereign, wetted it with my spittle, and balancing it on the top of my prick, told her to take it off, which she did in a very clever way; for instead of taking it off with one hand, she shut one hand against the other, enclosing my prick and the sovereign too in her hands. Both women laughed, and the gay one said, "Well Mary, you've had more than one man's in your hand now at all events,—you'll never tell Jack

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I'll swear,—now go sir,—her man don't like *me* here, and he won't like *you,* I'll swear."

My letch overcame me, I forgot how poor I was, and would have given my clothes off my back for a poke up the cunt beneath that hard big belly, so asked her again, and stood with my prick out, both women laughing. I prayed her to let me again feel, and she consented. She was then sitting down, I had to put my hands up her clothes, and stoop to do it, my back was to her so-called sister. She laughed, and looking at her sister whilst I felt her, caught hold of my prick, gave it a grasp, and immediately relinguished it. Her sister did not see this done.

I dallied a few minutes with her cunt, and fancied that if the other woman was out of the way the big-bellied one would be complaisant. So I asked if there was good gin to be had. It was a bait that the sister took at once. Yes there was. I gave her money to fetch gin, and to buy a bun and a bottle of ginger-beer; a move to keep her out of the way as long as I could.

I had buttoned my trowsers up, and ceased feeling and asking; but the instant she was gone, out I pulled my stiff-stander. "Let me fuck you." "Oh! she won't be long." "I won't be a minute." I flew to the door, and locked it, the woman got up from the chair; made no resistance, raised her bum with difficulty on to the bed, opened her thighs and we fucked in a jiffy. It seemed that I no sooner was cunted than we both spent. I unlocked the door, and by the time the other woman returned, not six minutes had passed. The two sat gin-drinking a few minutes, and then the harlot and I left together.

As I uncunted I whispered, "When your sister is

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gone I'll come back." "Very well." The gay woman made off at the end of the street in the direction of her house. Waiting a minute I returned to the big-bellied one, who was at the door, we went in, and I locked the door. "My man may be home at any minute", said she, "So we must be quick." I threw her on the edge of the bed again, her cunt was still covered with my sperm, and turning her arse towards me we fucked dog-fashion. She enjoyed it. The instant my prick was out I was off. I never saw her, or her sister again.

Both women were tallish, and spoke with a strong Northern accent. I quite believe the one with the swollen belly was not gay.

These are the most noticable events which occurred during the period of my narrowest means. In that time I must have seen the privates of fifty women, and copulated with nearly that number. Had it not been for their pleasures, coarse as they were, I think I should have made away with myself, so miserable was I. How I accommodated myself to the class I can't imagine; for although a few were nice, prettyish, healthy women, the majority were low coarse creatures, living in poor single rooms which were often not clean; but both rooms and women were as good as could be expected for the few shillings I gave for their pleasures.

My strong animal wants carried me through, and added to that perhaps was a certain amusement in noticing the difference in manner between them, and the highly paid Bonarobas, whose silks, satins, and laces I had helped to pay for at the rate of a sovereign an hour, and often higher. Besides as already said,

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my imagination helped me. When my prick was up one of the ill-favored ones, and I was clasping a flabby backside, I used to shut my eyes, and fancy some charming creature whom I had had elsewhere. I cultivated these dreams in copulating.

Up to this period I had tailed a neighbourhood of free cunts, as far as trifling sums would get them me. A shilling a feel, or a look at the nudity, and for half-a-crown to five shillings at the outside for complete enjoyment was a tariff generally accepted.

Then a remnant of my former fortune which had been in litigation was settled in my favour, and I had a little ready money. Immediately I left off frequenting the poor Doxies of whom I have told, and went to a higher class, in a better neighbourhood. My money was soon gone, for I had debts among other things to settle out of it. Whilst it lasted I had some very nice women, among whom I shall always recollect a tall, superbly shaped creole, with dazzling white teeth (a feature in women which always has had a great attraction for me), and who was one of the most voluptuous women in her embraces I ever yet have had; but she was plain almost to ugliness. In the rest of my amours there was nothing to need special notice, they were all fugitive, and the women were changed frequently.

It is difficult to narrate more without divulging my outer life. I would fain keep that hidden, but it is impossible, I shall however tell as little as may be and obscure it, but without falsifying or distortitng any facts relating to my amorous pranks, some of which were not sought by me. I fain would have led a steadier life, and wished a home with a woman I could love;

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but I had an unquiet home, and a woman there whom I hated in bed and at board. I tried at times to overcome my antipathy, abstained from women for weeks at a time, so that sexual want might generate a sort of love, but it was useless, without reward, and a life of misery was before me. I broke out under it, wonder I did not break down, and should have done so, had it not been for whores. Cunt came to my rescue, and alone gave me forgetfulness, a relief far better than gambling or drinking, the only other alternatives I could have had recourse to.

And now I pass over a short period, in which I did much the same as I have just written of, until a lucky sympathy brought me a happier change in my amours.

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CHAPTER XIX.

My home life.—Heart-broken.—In the parlour.—Maid Mary's sympathy.—Don't cry master.—On the sofa.—Both in lust.—Impotent.

I was still poor, but had got into an employment, and was living in a small eight-roomed house. I kept one servant only, but was pinched to keep up appearances. None of the outside world could have known how much I was pinched. I went home regularly, sat for hours by myself reading, brooding, fretting, and even crying bitter tears, at the time I take up my narrative.

Our servant was named Mary. A tall woman about twenty-one years of age, splendidly built, stout of form, and with big breasts and haunches. Her face was lovely, her eyes almost the most beautiful hazel I ever saw, its expression dove-like, her complexion as clear and bright as a rose. She looked as if she ate three meals a day, shit regularly, slept eight hours, and was fucked nightly, and was in brief a most lovely creature, and the picture of health. She had a mouth filled with lovely teeth, one of which was missing, and showed its absence when she laughed, it was the only defect visible about her. Another handsome woman whom I have had since, had also lost two front-teeth, which showed in a similar manner, but that lady always smiled, and rarely laughed, so as to avoid showing the defect. False teeth were a rarity in those days, and quite beyond the means of poor people.

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She had been with us about three months. There was mystery about her, like a former servant of my mother's, she scarcely ever wanted to go out. At times we heard her singing, at others sobbing, and it used to be remarked that she was moping. I thought my wife knew more about her than she said, but to her I spoke as little as possible about anything. Mary was an indifferent but willing servant, was said to have come from the country, to have been living with an aunt a short time in London, and that ours was her first place. She was with us pretty well worked and scolded, but not by me.

I had been struck by her beauty and her ways, which were winning, friendly, and unlike a servant's, yet without being presuming, and I was as kind to her, both in manner and word as I dared to be; but I had been annoyed and suspected for speaking kindly to servants, and to avoid strife was cold, even harsh to them in manner. Mary was witness of the sullen domestic misery in which I lived. I had seen a pained, sympathetic glance at me at times when she heard our wrangles, and was confident that she pitied me.

Nevertheless I had no sensual intentions towards her, holding it as fitting carefully to respect my home, whatever I did out of it. I might have thought about her hidden charms and probably had had that tingling in my prick which a pretty woman often gives a man however virtuous he may be. But it went no further.

My last clap may have made me abstinent, or want of money had, or perhaps other motives which beset a man who wished a different order of things in his home affected me, for I know that for weeks I had barely had an emission, excepting by nocturnal dreams;

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and though dying for a genial fuck, yet avoided it, and worked at my occupation to get money and forget my troubles. This woman changed all my resolves, and launched me again into sexual pleasures. I may remark also, curious as it may seem, that instead of fattening, and getting strong by abstinence, I got just the reverse. Every time I spent involuntarily on my night-shirt, I awaked fatigued, agitated, nervous. I lost appetite, got thinner and thinner, and more and more miserable the less I had women.

One fine summer's afternoon I came home before my usual time, it was about four o'clock P.M. Mary opened the door, she was alone in the house. I went to my room, then came down into the parlours, and for a time sat there looking into my garden and smoking. Grief overcame me as I looked round at the home in which there was no one to welcome me, so I walked into the garden, and saw the maid doing some work at the back kitchen door. "Your mistress is out?" I had never on any day asked that before, as far as I can recollect, not caring to know; and she might have been upstairs. "Yes sir." "Did she say when she would return?" "No sir, but it will be I dare say about the usual time." "When is that?" "Half-past five, or six o'clock, perhaps later." I again turned down the garden, and as that did not relieve my dullness, returned to the house. I could not read though I tried, sat down on a chair by the dining-room table, laid my head on my hands upon it, and thought of my unhappy home till I cried bitterly.

A hand laid on my shoulder, a voice said, "Don't you take on so Master,—don't you now,—she's not worth it,—cheer up,—don't you take on so." I looked

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up, it was Mary looking full at me, her eyes full of tears.

I started up astonished. "I beg your pardon", said she looking uncomfortable, "I couldn't bear to see you so unhappy." Her interest in me struck me to the heart, without premeditation I threw my arms round her, pressed her mouth to mine, it unresistingly met it, and we passionately kissed for two or three minutes; kissed till I recovered my senses, my tears still running down, and then said, "Mary you *are* kind,—you are a dear, good girl,—a good, affectionate, loving creature, —I am unhappy, miserable, but how do you know that?" "How could I be off of knowing?—how could you be anything else with her?—but don't take on so Master,—she beant worth it,—and you so good, and so kind,—I hate her when I look at her, and then look at you. Oh! I beg your pardon sir,—don't say anything",—and as if astonished at herself, she disengaged herself, and stood looking at me. I closed with her again, folding her tightly to me, and we kissed till we could kiss no longer. My tears fell on her face, and hers ran down my cheeks, so close were they together.

The parlours divided by folding doors mostly open, ran from back to front. A sofa was close by the dining-table. "Sit down", said I. She did. I put my arm round her neck, pulled her face to mine, and kissed again that divinely pink and velvety cheek. Then her arm went round my waist, and lips to lips, each instant we kissed, and sat and talked of my miseries; yet as far as I recollect not the slightest desire to have her had then come into my head, all was delight at my trouble being shared, at a kind, soft, pretty woman commiserating me.

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After long talking and kissing, and looking at her, a sense of her great beauty suddenly struck me, just as if I had never noticed it before. I recollect telling her so.

Then a thrill of desire shot through me and staggered me. I trembled as the want overtook me, and drew her closer to me, kissed more fervently, and sighed. She sighed. My lust had kindled hers, and yet I had not spoken of it. My hand went on to her knees, I felt the thighs gently, felt their plumpness through the summer clothing, slowly my hand dropped lower kissing her all the while, and bending her forward with me, as I bent forward, with my dropping hand.

A long pause. I scarcely knew why, and then my hand went still lower, till it touched her ankles, still kissing her, and bending her with me (oh! how well I recollect it), then my right hand went quite slowly up her clothes to her knees, and there I stopped, frightened at my advances. Opening her eyes she gently repulsed me, and murmured, "Oh! Master,—Master,—what are you doing,—pray don't." Her eyes were filled with soft passion, her resistance physically would not have moved a butterfly, but morally she affected me. I became conscious of what I was driving on to unpremeditatingly.

I desisted, removed my hand, but passion now controlled me. I kissed again. "Let me feel, oh! let me dear feel you", bending her forward with me, I replaced my hand. "Oh! Master pray don't,—think what you are doing,—of who I am", said she lovingly. "Oh! I won't", said she sharply,—but too late, my fingers were on her clitoris, I had begun that gentle twiddling which always ends in fucking. "Oh!—no,—oh!—

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pray." Voluptuousness had overcome her, her mouth was glued to mine, her eyes fixed on mine; gently they closed, then opened, always looking into mine. Her breathing was short, she was past thought, she was mine. Gently pressing her back on the sofa, she raised her limbs, I lifted her clothes, and tearing open my trowsers threw myself on her. My fingers for an instant touched her cunt, a rapid probe, and then my prick! My God! it was not standing, not a bit of swell or stiffness was in it, it was as a sucked gooseberry, a mere bit of dwindling, flexible, skinny gristle, a piece of loose, flabby flesh, and nothing more.

I had been occasionally, but rarely suddenly unequal to love's duty as already told, had gone home with gay women, my prick standing as I entered their houses, then suddenly it had shrunk, something about them having upset me. Occasionally it was a sudden fear of the ladies' fever, or something looked less inviting when their petticoats were off, than I had imagined when drapery hid their charms, or else the fear that my prick would be thought small. At other times I could not account for it at all. I told my doctor of it. He said that it was nervousness, but the knowledge that I had once been so affected, affected me often afterwards when I went indoors with girls. "Shall I be able to fuck?" I used to think, I who had already fucked two hundred women. But so it was, a fear of inability brought on inability. The power often returned to me a few minutes afterwards, yet sometimes not for hours.

There was nothing to account for it now, I had more or less abstained for weeks, there lay one of the choicest female forms ever presented to man's eyes,

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a dark-brown crispy-haired cunt with a tiny bit of pink clitoris showing between a large pair of thighs like ivory, and a sweet face above turned on one side with eyes closed, and blushing a yielding up to me. And I liked the woman, felt mad for her, yet as my prick rubbed against her pleasure-pit, it became useless. I got up, looked at her as she lay motionless with thighs extended, stood almost frantic, frigged my prick, probed her, and again threw myself on her as I stiffened; but no sooner had my prick touched her beautiful cunt, than as if bewitched, it shrunk from entering it, I could not even thumb it up.

I broke into a sweat. "My God what will she think of me?" I dreaded to get off, and look her in the face, feeling so ashamed, I kissed her taking her head in my hands, again got off, kissed all round her cunt, and smelt its inciting aroma, asked her to be still, said I should be all right directly. So time wore on, she never moving excepting to push her clothes down as I rose and exposed her, nor opening her eyes, nor uttering a word. "My God what is the matter with me, I don't know but I can't", I said at last. Then she put quite down her clothes, and sitting up on the sofa gave me a kiss, said, "I must go, and see about laying the things for dinner", and off she went.

I did not stop her, but was glad when she left the room, being so ashamed that I could not look at her. It was a relief not to have to speak, to excuse, to explain. I was reeking with sweat from exertion and nervous anxiety sat thinking and frigging, felt sensation of pleasure without stiffness, and only stiffened after half-an-hour's rubbing. With prick out and in hand, downstairs then I went, she was boiling potatoes.

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"Mary come up, come, I am all right,—let me." She would not. "I can't Master, I can't,—what will Missus think if she finds nothing ready? Nor could I induce her. I incited her by talk, she kept on ejaculating "oh!" to my baudy remarks, and blushing like a rose; but I could get no more. "If Missus comes home, and sees you through the area, what will she say?—Pray go up Master." Yielding under the fear of being surprised, at length up I went to the parlour.

I knew she would be up to lay the cloth, waited in the parlour till she did, keeping my prick in hand, and trembling with anxiety. When she had laid it, "Now", said I, "look here." "No,—no,—no,—Missus may be home,—pray think of me." But a stiff prick close to a randy woman is a great persuader. "Come dear, come", and I pulled her. Again she was down on the sofa, again that divine belly was under me, again as I opened the lips of her cunt my prick dwindled to nothing. "Hush! there's Mistress' step,—there is the front-gate slamming. "Get up,—get up, oh! let me get up." Upstairs I rushed to my own sitting-room as I heard a knock at the door, and had only time to button up my disgraced doodle before I heard the woman tramping upstairs to our bed-room above. How I loathed her!

Half-an-hour after that I sat down to dinner, having composed myself. Mary brought up the dishes. The instant I saw her my cock stiffened, it kept stiff all the evening, I could not sleep for it, was tempted to fuck, or frig myself, but did neither, feeling sure I should have Mary, and would not spend a drop of my sperm till I did. "What does she think of me?—will she believe I am a man?—will she let me again?—when shall

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I get the chance?—what enervated me so at the critical moment?—oh! my God if she lets me, and I am seized so again, what shall I do then?—and so on ran my thoughts. I lay planning how to get her the whole night, and awakened haggard and unrefreshed in the morning.

Then I reflected less nervously. "My finger has been up her cunt", I thought, "no pain, no recoil,—how quiet she laid,—then she has been fucked before,—then what must she think of me?" and so on ran my thoughts till I was in an agony of disgrace. My haggard look was noticed. I was worried, and should not be home to dinner. "Why?" That was my business. Well then she would spend the afternoon with Mrs. ***,—would I fetch her? Yes at half-past ten o'clock. She wanted to come home earlier. Then she might come by herself. Well then she would wait for me till half-past ten.

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CHAPTER XX.

The next day.—On the door-mat.—On the sofa.—On her belly.—Eight hours fucking.—At a brothel. —An afternoon's amusement.

Instead of being late I went home about two P.M., just after luncheon time. "Is Mary alone, or not?" I thought, and had arranged for that. I waited in a cab, told a boy to take a letter to No. **, but not to give it unless the lady was at home; if she were not, to bring it back to me, and he should have a shilling when he returned to me. If asked, he was to say he had been told to leave it, but not to say by whom. The letter was properly addressed, but inside was a sheet of blank paper only. Back he came with the letter,—the lady was out.

Even then I was not sure, so drove up and down two or three times in front of my house, to see if I could discover any signs of Mary not being alone, and then I dismissed the cab. My prick had been standing on and off all day, I was in a fearful state of nervous erotic excitement. When I thought of her beautiful belly my prick nearly lifted me off the seat, the next minute I had fears of being taken as I had been the day previously. Would she let me now?—would she be in the mood?—would she not laugh at me, instead of putting her arms around my neck, and her eyes fill with tears? My heart beat audibly with these tumultuous thoughts as I knocked at the door. To my horror

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I felt my prick shrinking as I stood on the landing feeling it through my trowsers pocket.

Mary opened the door, surprise in her eyes, and a slight look of fear. "You sir!" "Is your Mistress in?" "No sir." To step inside, close the door, place my arms round her, and kiss her rapturously was the work of an instant. She kissed me, and I her for a minute, and glory to God my prick was like a rod of hot iron standing up against my belly, and throbbing to emit its juices up the dear girl's cunt, against which its poor little tip not twenty-four hours before had dangled and rubbed so uselessly.

A stoop, a struggle. "Adun now—Master,—you shant,—oh! you musn't", and again I was upright, my lips on her sweet lips, my finger on her clitoris, her face scarlet with modesty, her eyes closed. What woman can long withstand that irritating, voluptuous, restless movement, of the male finger on her cunt? Soft words now, "Oh! don't", as I stooped down to lift her petticoats, and she pushed them over my hand. Another slight struggle, again our lips meet, again my finger rubs the smooth clitoris, now her hand grasps a hot prick, and with her lips to mine she stands with her back up against the wall of the passage close to the street-door on the door-mat. So we stand kissing and feeling, I don't know how long, for who can count time in such delights.

"Come to the parlour, come." "No, no,—oh! pray." I edged her along, one hand still up her petticoats, she trying to push them down. "No I won't,—there now." "Do Mary dear,—let's do it,—I'm a man,—let's do it,—look, look how my prick throbs for you,—it will spend." Removing my hand from her cunt, I seized

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hold of both her hands with mine, and began gently dragging her along the passage to the parlour, she leaning back gently resisting, I leaning back tugging her, my prick red-tipped, stiff, and throbbing standing out in its randy glory between us.

I got her into the parlour, a flood of sunshine struck full on us from the back window as we did so (windows both back and front in the long room). There she seemed half unconscious. Kind of heart, pitying, liking me, her splendid healthy physique, her fully-developed passions, passions of which she had tasted the full pleasure, but which had been for a long time ungratified, were roused to intensity by the feel of my prick, by my groping her cunt, by the excitement of the position; all had relazed her nervous system, and absorbed her in voluptuousness. What did she think? Did she think at all?—did she ever know? How can I recollect what I thought in that maddening moment of fierce desire to have her? I grasped her round the waist, and pushed her to the sofa. No resistance, not a word was said. My arse knocked hard against the table, and hurt me. She is down on the sofa, her petticoats up, I see the creamy flesh, large round thighs, the dark hair on her cunt for a second, I am on her, up her, a slight sob as my prick goes up with the thrust of a giant, and we are spending in each other's embraces, mouth to mouth, belly to belly, prick to cunt, ballocks to bum-cheeks, almost the instant I had covered her, and grasped her smooth fat buttocks. I have no sense of time, all is oblivium and elysium at the same time.

Our sighs of pleasure are over, there is no uncunting, no stopping; but with rigid prick still up to its

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roots in her cunt, on again we go fucking in earnest. Now is the higher pleasure. The first was a maddening desire for each other, a fuck finished before it was begun. Now we are fucking with soft pleasure, and the thoughts of the greater pleasure to come, of my spunk to spurt, of her juices to ooze to meet it, in a cunt already flooded. I recollect smoothing her hair back from her forehead as I fucked, of kissing and meeting her tongue with mine, and spending with rapture, then waking from a doze, and finding her half asleep, I on the top of her, my cock still up her. My trowsers not let down had ridden up, and were cutting me tightly under my balls with a painful sensation, and all this was on a narrowish sofa, a modern cheap bit of furniture unlike the grand big one in mother's house, on which many a servant had had her cunt basted by me.

She lay with her beautiful head on one side, with eyes closed, with her long hair falling loose, and her cap tumbled off. As I lay I loosened my braces, and little by little took the strain off my testicles, and my balls fell down into their natural position. I put my hand down to feel how my prick lay, the sperm was oozing out all round it. I wanted to see her quim, and pulled out, then putting my hands against the sofa-squab, I pushed myself gently up, rose on to my knees between her thighs, and looking down saw the sperm between her cunt-lips.

She opened her eyes, pushing gently down her clothes; but the glance had been enough. With prick still stiffish down I fell on her, and was up her again in the twinkling of an eye, lodging my prick in preparation for another fuck.

Now all is clear, our lust assuaged. "I've fucked

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you,—I'm a man you see", I cried triumphantly. She closed her eyes, my prick came out, I pushed it back, again out, again up, and so on for a time. A long business was fucking now, long friction, no result, then a long rest, our genitals joined, their hairs glued together, yet no fear of a failure. My machine went on ramming, moans of pleasure at length came from her, her hands clasped me tightly, and with a heave and cry of "Oh! my darling", she again spent with me, my prick aching with its labour of love.

Then I dozed an instant on her, she seemed asleep, I was squeezed uncomfortably next the wall, my prick satisfied with its duty, at the first movement left her cunt. I moved her to get off, my trowsers had dropped to my knees, entangled my legs, and I gently fell on to the floor, catching at her outer thigh, and pulling it off the sofa as I did so to break my tumble. Up she sat dazed, her petticoats above her knees, I at her feet, looking intently where her closing thighs hid the seat of our pleasures from me.

"Oh! my gracious!" said she starting up, and letting down one front-blind quite, and half of the other (there were two windows that side of the room). The brilliant sun had lowered, and came into the room in a flood of radiance from the back-window, and the room was light and bright throughout its long and narrow length. Although in a very wide street, the neighbours from the houses opposite could easily have seen right into our room, could have seen us on the sofa. Usually when sitting in the room at that hour of the day, we kept down the blind of the back-window to prevent this. Worse than that, the steps to the street-door were so close to one front-window, that by stretch-

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ing forward (very much it is true, but I had done it), any one could see into the room, even on to half of the sofa on which Mary and I had been amusing ourselves. What an awful risk we had run.

We looked at each other anxiously. "Oh!" said she, "if any one saw us!" I looked through our blind. Every blind in the houses opposite was drawn down to shut out the sun. Then I sat by her side, did nothing but look at her for a time, so delighted and satisfied was I at having vindicated my manhood, until she rose to go. That aroused me, and I stopped her.

"Let me go." "No." "If Mistress comes home—" "She won't." "She may." "No,—I've fucked you,—you thought I was not a man, did you not?" "Do let me go." "Come up again then." "Well presently." "You are going to wash your cunt." "Hush Master." "You shant go." "Now let me." "Kiss me then." We kissed and kissed. Could I do it again? The idea of her moistened cunt inflamed me, I pulled her back, thrust my fingers on to her cunt spite of her resistance, and never shall I forget the feel of that and her thighs. "It's dirty of you", said Mary, and disengaged herself she rushed downstairs. I followed her into the back-kitchen, were she washed her quim in a wooden bowl, but did not dry it. I chaffed her, then we went into the front-kitchen, sat down, and looked at each other without speaking, like two amorous cats, she blushing, and turning down her eyes as if she guessed what was in my mind. At length I blurted out what was there, I always did it till much later in life, and I had grown wiser. "You've had it done to you before to-day." "Oh!" said she starting up, then sitting down again,

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and bursting into tears, "Of course I have,—poor fellow,—poor fellow,—why did he leave me!"

Embarrassed and sorry at such a consequence of my speech, I tried a few words of comfort. She dried up her tears, and began her household work. I followed her about, talking, kissing, and putting my hand up her clothes, until in due time we adjourned to the parlour, and then again I fucked her, this time on the hearth-rug, the sofa-squab under her head, the sofa was too small for comfort.

Time was before us, all seemed delicious, the domesticity of the amorous amusements, the passion with which she returned my embraces, her modesty and enjoyment were all so like the days when I fucked my mother's servants. The difference between her sensuous embraces and the matter of fact fucking at five shillings a head I had been so long accustomed to, overwhelmed me with gratification. We had tea. Then as I had had no dinner, and there was none for me, I ate bread and cheese, and opened a bottle of port-wine, and in an hour we fucked again, and again. At nine o'clock she had supper, and we fucked after it. She sat on my lap, I played with her cunt, she with my prick, and we kissed till our lips were sore. But nothing would induce her to let me see her limbs, nor do more than feel her cunt, and take my pleasure in it.

From two in the afternoon till ten at night was I feeling her quim, kissing, and fucking. We were both exhausted. I got into bed intending to say I had come home ill, took a pill to open my bowels, and begged in a pot that night to keep up the sham (there was no closet in the house). As the street-door bell rang I was in my night-shirt, standing by her side, trying to

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frig my prick up to standpoint. In bed I jumped, downstairs bolted she. In ten minutes it was, "Don't make that noise, I have a billious headache." I never closed my eyes that night, could scarcely believe what had occurred, and tossed and tumbled, thinking of the pleasure I had had. Though we had been nearly eight hours doing nothing else, it seemed not an hour. How often I fucked her I don't know, it seemed as if I was at least half of the eight hours up her cunt, which is absurd; but it was one of my greatest feats in the fucking line, the longest and most pleasureable.

Next morning, haggard, jaded, worn out, the billious attack got the credit of it, I laid abed all the morning, and went out late. When at business I fell asleep, unable to work, came home at about the same time as on the previous day with no idea of chance favouring me, but it did. Mary was alone, and we fucked as hard as we could. She laid the cloth and dinner-things my sperm dripping from her cunt. I had just spent up her as the street-door bell rang, buttoned up my trowsers, turned on my side on the sofa, and shammed sleep. "Is your Master home?" "Yes Mamm, he seems quite ill." "Where is he?" "On the sofa, fast asleep I think Mamm." Again the billious attack had all the credit of it. I had pulled down the blinds which covered the window through which the room could be partly seen from the landing outside. Five minutes after I was sitting at dinner with the smell of Mary's cunt on my fingers, my prick sticking to my shirt, for I had never washed it, nor piddled since it had left Mary's body.

Luck helped me for a day or two. The illness of a relative took the other person interested in this out of

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the house at unusual times, and Mary and I did all we could in an hour or two. It was more exciting now than ever to see a woman bolt downstairs directly she had been fucked, to cook potatoes, or to eject me from her cunt, and leave the fuck undone, because there was a ring at the bell. It was old times come again, but with greater risk, more serious consequences if found out, yet with greater zest and enjoyment.

Then luck ceased, the house was never left, and all I could get was a stray kiss, and a slight feel of her quim. But oh! the delight of that rapid feel round the warm, smooth bum and thighs, and the push up between the warm, moist cunt-lips when I got it.

Then came her holiday. We went to a baudy house in E..t.r street. She had a large paper parcel in her hand when I met her. "What's that?" "Cherries,—I know you are fond of them, so bought some."

What a jolly afternoon we spent. Although I had had her many times, she had not willingly let me see her person, I had had glimpses, and no more now. In a trice she had stripped to her chemise, I to my shirt. What lovely breasts, what splendid limbs, what thighs and arse-globes. In an instant I was on the bed with her. After a fuck we fell fast asleep, she had done so similarly at my house on the sofa, and on the floor. She always did after a spend. I never met such a woman in that respect. As regularly as she copulated she went to sleep after, and said she could not help it. When awakened she asked for cherries, and we lay and dallied, and ate cherries at intervals. There was now no reticence, all her charms were open to my sight and touch. "Why did you not let me at home Mary?" "My linen warnt clean," I remember that

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well. "How many times did we fuck that first day." "Don't you know? I've been trying to recollect, and can't", she replied laughing.

She was a lovely woman, had firm, smooth, creamy flesh, was as plump as a sucking-pig, a fat cunt of my favorite style then, and the loveliest coloured hair on it I ever saw; but it was ample, both inside and outside, I had experience enough to know that even then, though its grip of the prick was heavenly. Her form and figure was if anything, what may be called thick, the ankles and wrists were thick, but neither feet or hands were large, her breasts and bum were faultless. Take her all in all she was a superb creature, and had such a complexion!

I sent for wine and biscuits, for we got thirsty and hungry, and then amidst amorous dalliance we chatted. She astonished me not a little about her career. I was always curious with a woman whom I had poked, and till I had heard something about her was not satisfied. Whether lies or truth I always got a history of some sort out of a woman of Mary's class, and usually got the main facts truly. I have tested them. But not so with gay women, they mostly lie heavily.

"Master (she always addressed me so in country fashion and dialect), you know." "I?" "Yes." "No." "You do." "What nonsense." "Ain't she told you?" "No." "Why she knows all about me, she caught me crying one day, spoke kindly, it made me open my heart, and I told her all!—yet she has never told you?" "Never, and if you have told her anything about yourself that you had better have kept to yourself, you will regret it." "I fear I shall." Then little by little, amidst tears and caresses, she told me her history, and again

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did on future days, and I saw her letters, rings, jewellery, silks, and other proofs, I knew the town she lived in, know some of the people in it whom she mentioned, and was satisfied with the truth of every part of her story. One gentleman she named was to have married one of my sisters,—how strange!

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CHAPTER XXI.

Preliminary.—Maid Mary's seduction.—Flight.—Desertion.—Going to the post-office.—A halfpenny signal. — Against an arm-chair. — The privy watched.—Nearly caught.—Mary suspected.—Dismissed.—In lodgings.—Service again.—My cousin sir.—Letters lost.—Mary disappears.—Seven years afterwards.—Sequel.

The daughter of a small inn-keeper at the town of B..t.n, she was at a public hall. A young gentleman danced with her, afterwards paid attentions to her, and induced her to run off with him. "Oh! I was just as bad as him, poor fellow! When he got me into the room I felt sure what he was after, knew it was wrong, knew he would want me, and that I should let him. I wanted to let him do it, to be all to him, I did not want it done to me for myself, not that I recollect, I dare say I might, but don't recollect *that;* but I wanted him to do with me what he liked, anything he liked, anything he wanted to do me. I would have let him do anything that would make him happy, and seem as if I belonged to him entirely, and he to me for ever."

"And he did it?" "Yes. I stopped out all night and next day, and then went home frightened. I was father's favorite, he had been hunting for me like mad all over the town, and letting people know I was not at home. He hit me,—there was such a row!—my sister spat at me, and called me a whore. I never slept all night, and hadn't slept the night before, what with his

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a pulling me about and doing it, and my fear of being found out. I was ill, and father kept me locked up in my room a week, because I would not tell him where I had been and with who. I said I had been to an aunt's, he went to her, and found I had fibbed. At length he let me out, because he wanted me to attend to his business, and the first man I saw in the bar was my dear boy,—I nearly fainted."—These were as nearly as posible her own words describing her seduction, they are so unlike the confessions I have had from other women, that the very words sank deep into my mind.

After that he used to go and drink at the bar, her father talked with him, not knowing he was the man who had broached his daughter. She was watched till life was unbearable, her sister worried her (she had no mother), neighbours who had thought well of her began to sneer, a country swain who liked her was saucy to her, one or two swells in the neighbourhood who had been accustomed to see her about, and admired her beautty, were now free in their behaviour. One took liberties with her, and in the public-house began asking her smutty questions. Weary with all this, liking the man whose sperm had wetted her virgin cunt, perhaps longing to have more (although she always declared to me that she had no recollection of that desire affecting her), one night she ran away to London with him.

They lived in London nine months. Then came grief. He was the son of a West-India planter who had sent him to London to pass as barrister. His father's agents found out the connection with Mary, and wrote to the father that he was spending his money, but not ad-

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vancing his career. His father objected, then threatened, and then his allowance was stopped. They lived on what they had, until penniless. He wrote that he was going to marry Mary, and his father replied that if he did he need never return and might starve. He was a gentleman, and could not get his living, he tried but failed. Then the father wrote, requesting him to return, and saying he would provide for Mary. Misery stared them in the face, and he consented to go home.

His father remitted money. The first thing he did was to take all Mary's jewelry and clothes out of pawn, and then to arrange for her to live. He promised to come back, and marry her, and some sort of such promise was made by his father's agents. He begged her to go home, but she would not. Then he put her to lodge with a small middle-class woman whom he bribed to give Mary a character as a servant, for he declared he would remain, and ruin himself for ever, if she neither would go home, nor go to service. Mary remained there a couple of months, dressing plainly, and only going to see him in his lodgings at night, or to meet him at places where it would not be known. Then he went to India. Repeated threats of his father, and his want of money would let him stay no longer.

The father arranged that Mary should be paid fifteen shillings a week, and they paid it for some time. She wanted to write to her lover, but had mislaid his address, the agents said that their instructions were to stop the weekly payment if she corresponded with him; but *he* wrote to her, *she* replied, and then their payments ceased. Her lover then sent her money; but his father found that out, and kept him penniless. She was in London now alone, knowing not a person, again

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he sent her trifling sums, but begged her to go out to service, or she would become a gay woman (I have seen his letters). She used to go out, sit down on a green close by, and cry all day. One day a middle-aged woman accosted her, she told a little of her grief to her, it was something to tell her grief, even to a stranger. The woman told some plausible story, and she went to see her (I had the address). There the woman asked to see her partly undressed, and told her that with such legs and breasts she might have silk dresses and jewelry galore, in fact incited her to be a gay woman. True to her lover, she did as he advised. The female with whom she lived gave her a character as a servant, and with that she came into our house.

The way in which the old bawd got to see her legs was amusing, I often thought of it; not knowing a bawd's dodges then. She asked her if she wanted to piddle, took her to a bed-room, and as in sitting down she showed a little leg, the woman broke out into ecstacies, and asked her to show more. Much flattered she did, and then came the old woman's suggestions.

"From the time he left you till the other day, had you never been poked?" "Never, by all that is good.—I would not have injured him,—I was shocked when the old woman told me about getting money by my legs. I hoped he would come back, and always thought he would. But he never answers my letters now, although some money came for me the other day, and I know it must be from him, although the writing is not his; even when you threw me on the sofa that day, I thought I was wronging him for a moment, till I forgot everything but you.

"But oh! I have had a weary life since he left, father

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I hear has failed, what sister's doing I don't know,—sister I heard tells everybody it was all my fault, and that the old man never held up his head after I ran away,—perhaps it's true", said she with a flood of tears, "but I was a good gal to him, till my poor Alfred took me away."

I have never before or since heard anything more simple or touching than that girl's tale, as told me in the baudy house. I could almost swear that every word was true. We stopped at the house till time for Mary to leave. I had paid for the rooms two or three times over, being still inexperienced. When we came out we were famished, having eaten nothing but cherries and biscuits nearly all day. I bought buns, and we ate in the cab, I feeling her cunt at intervals, and once making a fruitless attempt at a fuck. The smell of her cunt on my fingers at that time I dare say gave a relish to the buns, for I liked her. She went in first, ten minutes afterwards I did. What a look we gave each other as she opened the door! Old times again, and this time as charming as those in every particular.

For some time afterwards it was impossible to have her, for we never were alone, our only chance of exchanging whispers or a kiss was on the stairs, or when the other woman went to the privy. In those few minutes we used to stand whispering, kissing and feeling each other. Then at table I used to feel her legs with my toes, putting my feet out of my slippers as she put things on the breakfast or dinner-table, and looking the other woman in the face all the time. This was so pleasant to me, that I came down in the morning without socks, saying the weather was so hot, and when I could get the naked toe up just to touch her thigh,

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my prick would stand at the instant. But this was poor pleasure, and I resolved on a course which I had actually to write to tell her of, so little opportunity had I of conversing with her for the time.

Our old-fashioned house was one of a row with a narrow frontage, and four stories high, had a long narrow garden, and a privy about thirty feet from the back-door, hidden by some evergreens, the common mode of building in London at that time. On the first floor was my own little sitting-room and a drawing-room, and above two bed-rooms, the back one serving as a dressing-room for me, above those a servant's attic. With one servant only we helped ourselves a good deal as may be supposed. One bath sufficed, one of us took it first, the other using the same water, it was a not very big flat tub. I usually took it first, then went downstairs, and read till breakfast-time, and so got my five or ten minutes opportunity. But she began to take her bath irregularly, or not at all, and came down at times so quickly after me, that I was cautious, and so the opportunities with Mary were lost. She was probably suspicious, but I never knew.

The scullery or back kitchen-door led up to the garden by a little flight of steps, and in the summer it was always wide open. Anything let fall out of the back-window would fall just in the doorway. This gave me the means of signalling. It was arranged that if Mary heard a penny drop on to the stones by the door, she was at once to go up quietly to the parlour, the ground-floor room as said, was divided by folding doors, in the front was the dining-table and the auspicous sofa, in the back a small table where we breakfasted.

One morning dressed I waited till the woman stepped

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into the bath, and then looking out of the window, dropped a penny. It fell just where Mary stood cleaning my boots. Then downstairs I cut, and there was Mary in the parlour waiting. She resisted me, but she wanted it as badly as I did, and sticking her back against the partition close to the door, so that we could catch the first sound of any one coming downstairs, we fucked. My God what a rapid fuck it was, but what enjoyment! it was the old trick again of but a very few years before in mother's house. Mother still lived there.

This we did several mornings, then I lost even that opportunity, after being nearly caught in the act, and with prick throbbing to let out its sperm, I had barely time to subside into a chair, and take up a newspaper. That so scared Mary that she would not come up again when I dropped a penny out of the window.

Then she asked to go out to buy some things, which being granted, again we spent a jolly hour or so at the baudy house in E..t.r street. That night I sat her on my prick, and did her in the cab, I never did so to her but once. I put her up to asking to go to the post-office with a letter, it was at about five minutes walk from our house. Close by was a lane leading to large vegetable market-gardens, and there we took our pleasure, and were nearly caught at it by a man passing by. I went home first, and when the door was opened was answered, "The girl has gone to the post-office, she must have gone somewhere else, for she has been a long time." Then in came Mary. "Where have you been such a long time? Your Mistress says you have been half an hour." She got a scolding, and the Mistress went up to bed. I told Mary to come into the

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garden, it was a dark night and cloudy, and half-way down the garden I put into her, up against the wall, then she went in, and upstairs to bed. I followed soon, and said, "What keeps that girl up so? I have been walking in the garden, and she has only just gone upstairs." "She ought to have come up directly I did", said the other. I locked all the doors of the house at night, and was the last up.

Several other risky incidents occurred in a few weeks, and then from some suspicion I imagine, I never got a chance of having her. When I came down to breakfast the girl was rang for to go upstairs, going out was refused her, she was told in the middle of the day, "If you have any letter to post, go out now, you can't go out this evening." The Mistress seemed to stay a shorter time even in the privy than usual, and often on some pretext sent the girl upstairs or somewhere just before she went to the poopery. I was evidently suspected.

One day she did not. No sooner had she gone out of the back-door than I called up Mary. "Let's do it." "I will." "I don't care if she does catch us", said I furiously. "lean forward, look out into the garden, I will do it dog-fashion." There was a lowish-backed easy-chair which I usually sat in by the breakfast-table, up against which I pushed it. Anyone stooping over it, and looking could just see through the window the head of any one coming away from the privy. My impetuousity prevailed, I threw up her clothes over her backside, and plugging her cunt, was soon in exstacies, Mary in a funk, submitting, and with me looking whilst we fucked, out of the window for her Mistress' head, which as I have said, we could not fail to see. But our

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pleasure came on, and in our joint delight we only thought of the lubricity of our position. "Look out darling." "Yes—I am." "Oh!—a—h!—are." "You're loo—k—look—ing?" "Yes—oh!—ah!—be—qu—quick,—ah!—a—h!" I had spent, my belly was still squeezed up against her bum, my prick still up her, my hands rubbing her flesh, when I heard a footstep at the back-door. To pull out my prick, drop my dressing-gown over it, let fall the clothes over Mary's posteriors was the work of an instant. Rushing towards the door I met her Mistress just as she entered it. Passing her I rushed out towards the privy saying, as if ready to shit myself, "What a time you have been there. I thought you were going to stay there all day." It had been raining, the ground was wet, and just inside the back-door she had paused to wipe her feet on the mat. Had she not done so she would have caught us in the posture, for we had both spent, and lost all consciousness for the minute, I was dreaming leaning over Mary when I heard the feet rubbing on the door-mat.

I stopped a sufficient time at the privy to show that I really wanted to go there. When I went back to the house I found Mary had fainted right off in the parlour, and dropped a tray. The shock of fear at being caught had been too much for her nerves, and she rolled on the floor showing her legs. My wife jealously told me to leave. I did, but in a funk for I saw on one of her stockings unmistakeable stains of spunk mixed with poorliness.

We talked over it afterwards, wondering if it had been noticed; but I never knew. Mary recovered and got up just as I went out of the room. Her Mistress

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afterwards remarked that she was a fine-made, but coarse, strong woman, she called all stout, well-filled women coarse.

Her Mistress asked her what she had bought the day she had gone out shopping, and she showed her some things, which most unfortunately she had shown before, then her Mistress said it had been merely a pretext to get out. She told me of it, and when Mary's regular holiday came she refused to let her go. Mary insisted, there were words, I was consulted, and said she ought to be allowed to go. "You always take a servant's part." "It's a lie", said I. "and I won't come home till time to go to bed." "I shall be alone in the house then.". "Serve you right"—and off I went. Mary met me an hour or two after the proper time whilst I kept anxiously waiting and fuming, either under the portico of the lyceum, or about there. Then we spent the rest of the afternoon and evening in voluptuous delight.

"I'm in the family way", said Mary with a sigh. "My God are you?"—how unfortunate!—are you sure?" "Yes, I knew I should be." "What is to be done?" "What I have done before." "You have been in the family way then?" "Yes twice, he wanted me to have the child, but I would not unless I were married."

I kept out for an hour after Mary's return that night, and had a row for the Mistress was sitting up. Next day I had a latch-key put on the door, and told her she need not sit up, then went home at three in the morning, and found her sitting up. Then I told her if she did so again I would stop out all night, but

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again she sat up awaiting me, so I went off and did not go home till the next night. That settled it.

Mary took medicine and was ill, another monthly holiday came, and was spent at the house. A few days afterwards Mary was looking blank. Her Mistress told me she had dismissed her. "Why?" I asked. "She was no good, and not a good servant." Mary was sacked at the end of the week, I could not of course interfere without injuring the poor woman, and implicating myself,—no good to either of us.

So soon as she had left our house I was told all that Mary had told me of herself, the Mistress evidently feared that Mary might seduce me, or go astray somehow. That is what the poor girl got for telling her true history to her. Said she also, "She has been taking strong medicine, and I believe it was to bring on her courses." She knew they had stopped. Her sister had advised her not to keep a female in the house who had diamond rings, a gold watch and chain, and silk dresses. It was evident to me that the poor girl's history had been told to more than one person.

Mary broken-hearted took lodgings in a cottage close by, and did needle-work. "Nothing", said she, "shall make me go to service again, I only did it to please him, hoping he would come back to me, but I hate service, and don't care what becomes of me." She was always at home. I visited her regularly for two or three months, giving her what little money I could, but she was reckless and would spend money in comfort, though not in show. She came out with me not in her silk dresses, but her plainest ones, and little by little pawned her dresses, rings, and all her finery. Then she worked harder and harder, besought me to

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give her just enough to keep her, however humbly, for go to service she would not again. Again she got with child.

All this time of course our fucking was regular, but although I liked her, and more than liked her, I never had a strong affection for her. When her money was gone, and she was poor in clothes, she was still cheerful. I gave what I could, but could with difficulty keep out of debt, and insisted on her going to service. "Then we shall never see each other", said she, and begged me to go on, allowing a trifle; I did so, being content with her, never finding her out, never having a suspicion of her having another man, and feeling much anxiety about her.

But none of my money was my own, and what use as a beggar could I be to her?—so yielding to my solicitations at last she again went to service at a short distance from my house. Then I found out a convenient house close by, she got out as often as she could, and we had stealthy meetings and pokings in a hurry. The old lady and her middle-aged son with whom she lived liked her, and indulged her; so we often got two or three hours together, yet the difficulty of meeting became irksome, she got restless, would go as a bar-maid (she understood the business), go to America, go anywhere so as to get away from service. Then circumstances prevented my meeting her for two or three weeks; when I did again she reproached me, and hoped I had not got any one else.

Soon after she told me her sister was in the family way, having been seduced by the young man who was to have married her, I saw the letter describing this. "I am glad of it", said Mary, "for she was hard on

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me." The sister came to town, I wanted to see her, but Mary would never arrange it, though I saw her letters frequently. Then I made one or two appointments with Mary which were not kept, went to the house one evening, and whilst Mary was whispering to me at the street door, her Master appeared, and asked who I was. Mary said I was her cousin. Then he ordered her in-doors, saying they did not allow their servants callers.

Then her Mistress began to treat her harshly; and we thought some of my letters had been intercepted. I was obliged to go abroad for a time, and wrote to tell her. On my return I found letter after letter from her at the post-office. She was about to leave, wanted my advice, would I allow her ten shillings a week, she would make it do; be faithful to me, and live close by me; go to service again she would not, she would sooner go on the streets, her sister had done so. Again an upbraiding letter,—she never thought I would have neglected her so, I who was so kind and affectionate, I whom she loved so much,—if I did not reply it was the last I would hear of her.

I dressed myself up shabbily, and at dusk went to the place she lived at. The Master opened the door but did not know me again. She had left, had gone he knew not where. "Why?" did I ask. Then I tried all possible places, but I never heard of her for years, and greatly feared she had gone gay; but although I haunted gay places to find her, I never saw her there.

Some seven years afterwards I met her. She had gone to service again, and had written to tell me where. I never had that letter. There was again a bachelor son in the house, who made advances to her, and

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finally kept her. Meanwhile I had moved my residence, and oddly enough opposite to the house in which her protector had lived for many years with his mother. Mary actually knew everything about my domestic affairs almost as well as if she had lived opposite to me herself, for my neighbours knew a good deal about me. He kept her at a nice little house some miles off.

It was opposite the National Gallery that we met in the dusk of the evening. I went to J. . . s' street with her, and to bed, and fucked her with rapture till I brought on her poorliness in floods.

Her protector had just married, parted with her, and given her money. She was going home to her native place,—what to do I don't recollect,—she was still lovely, although somewhat broken. I never saw her after that night. About five years afterwards she wrote to say she was badly off, would I send her a trifle. I sent her two pounds, she thanked me in a letter, and said in it, that she often cried when she thought of me, and past time,—and I never heard of her afterwards.

I could tell a lot more about my doings with this lovely creature, for everything connected with her is as fresh in my memory as possible; but must go back to that time when coming back to England I found she had left her last situation, and I could not find her whereabouts.

But I must add something which was omitted when I abbreviated the manuscript for printing. I revelled as said in the smell of a nice woman; with the poor cheap women I had for some time had, their smell offended me, I avoided kissing them even, why I can't say. With Mary this delight returned, her aroma over-

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powered me, and added to my voluptuous delight in her embraces. On every possible opportunity I used to lift her petticoats, and smell her flesh, it intoxicated me, and instantly made me wild with lewdness.

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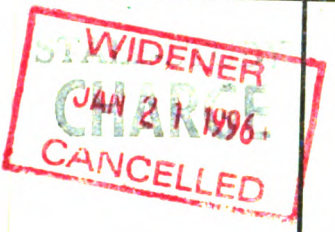

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